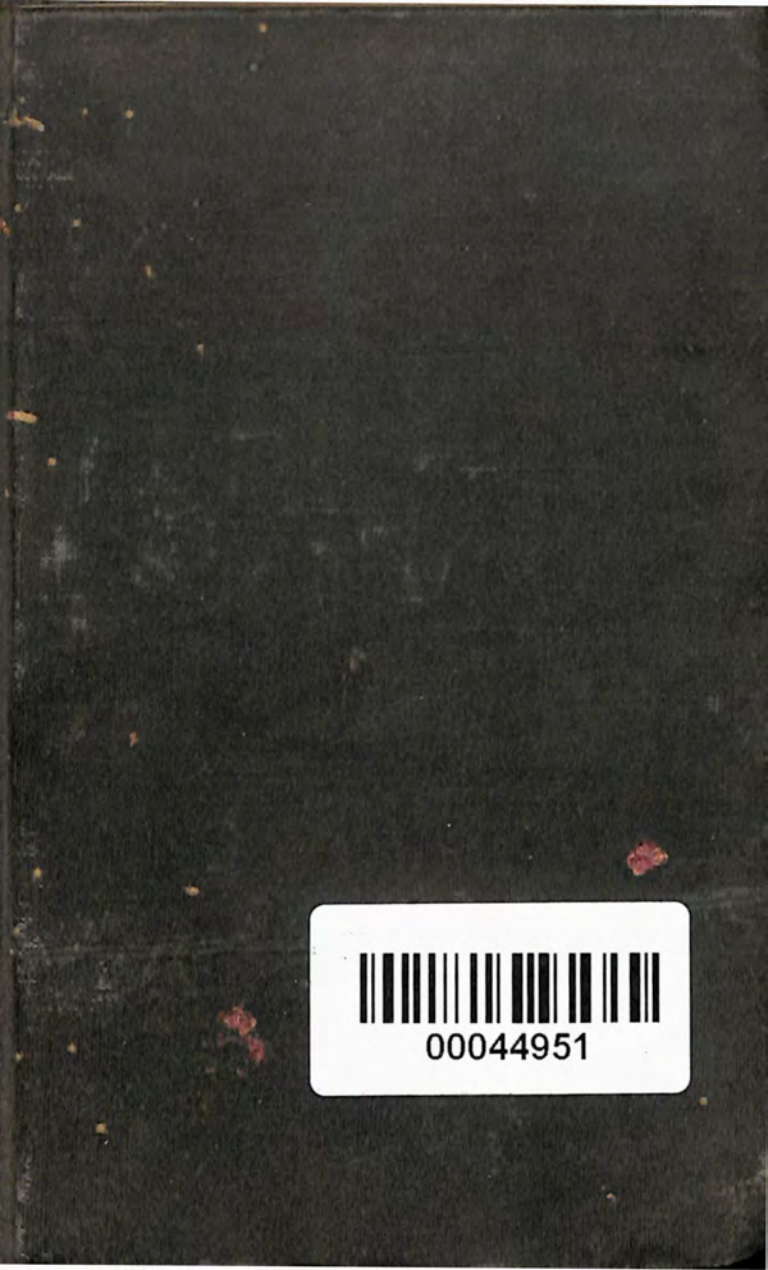
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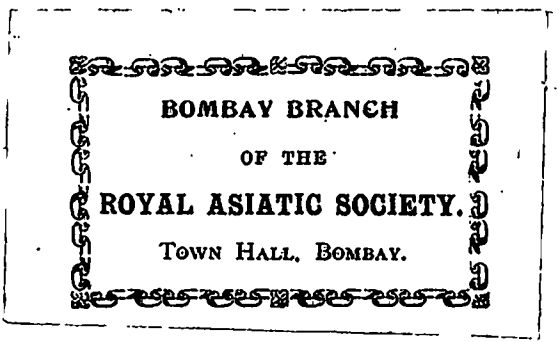

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ESSAYS ON HIS OWN TIMES

FORMING A SECOND SERIES OF

THE FRIEND

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER

44951 a

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1850

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TO THE VENERABLE

JULIUS CHARLES HARE,

ARCHDEACON OF LEWES,

These Volumes

ARE INSCRIBED BY THE EDITOR,

IN TOKEN OF HER GRATEFUL SENSE OF HIS AFFECTIONATE REVERENCE FOR THE NAME AND MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

Page

PREFACE xi

INTRODUCTION.

Section I. — Anticipated Effect of this Publication xix

Section II.—Consistency of the Author's career of Opinion xxii

Section III. — The Author's Course of Political Opinion xxv

Section IV. — His powers of Political Prophecy xxxii

Section V. — His sentiments respecting Ireland xxxv

Section VI.—Cause of Ireland's present Wretchedness considered xlii

Section VII.—Irish National Character examined xlvi

Section VIII.—Conduct of England toward Ireland lvi

Section IX. — Present Management of Ireland, and Principle of the Poor Law lx

Section X. — Remedies proposed for the unhappiness of Ireland lxvi

Section XI.—Conclusion from the foregoing statement lxx

Section XII. — Mr. Coleridge's sentiments concerning British America lxxiii

Section XIII. — Mr. Coleridge's eulogy on Washington, the Christian Hero . . . lxxvii

Page

INTRODUCTION, *continued*
Section XIV.—Mr. Coleridge's terms of connection with public Journals lxxx
Section XV.—Materials of these volumes . lxxxiv
Section XVI.—Mr. Coleridge's intercourse with the Editor of the Morning Post . . . xc

CONCIONES AD POPULUM, OR ADDRESSES TO THE PEOPLE
A Letter from Liberty to her dear friend Famine 5
Introductory Address 8
On the present War 29
The Plot Discovered; or an Address to the People against Ministerial treason . . . 56

ARTICLES FROM THE WATCHMAN 99
Review of Burke's Letter to a noble Lord . 107
Copy of a Hand-bill 119
Essay on Fasts 120
The Loan 127
A Defence of the Church Establishment from its similitude to the grand and simple laws of the Planetary System 128
Historical sketch of the Manners and Religion of the Ancient Germans, Introductory to a sketch of the Manners, Religion, and Politics of present Germany 130
Modern Patriotism 135
Origin of the Maypole 137
On the Slave Trade. Friday, March 25 . . 137
We see things with different Eyes 153
To the Editor of the Watchman. Saturday, April 2 155
Sonnet. Stonehenge 158
Sonnet 159
To Caius Gracchus 160
Foreign and Domestic Intelligence. Monday, April 14 166

Page

ARTICLES FROM THE WATCHMAN, *continued*

American States 168
Charette 170
Address to the Readers of the Watchman. Friday, May 18 177

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MORNING POST IN THE YEARS 1799, 1800, AND 1802

Thursday, December 26, 1799 179
On the French Constitution. Tuesday, December 31, 1799 183
Wednesday, January 1, 1800 189
Thursday, January 2, 1800 193
Saturday, January 4, 1800 199
Letters, From the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, and from General Buonaparte, with the answers returned to them by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Published by Authority. Monday, January 6, 1800 205
Note 209
Tuesday, January 7 212
On the late Negotiation. Wednesday, January 8, 1800 218
Friday, January 10, 1800 227
To the Editor of the Morning Post. Friday, January 10, 1800 231
Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, to Lord Grenville, Secretary of State in Great Britain for Foreign Affairs, Auditor of the Exchequer, a Lord of Trade, an Elder Brother of Trinity House, &c. 233
Tuesday, January 14, 1800 238
Tuesday, January 21, 1800 242
Thursday, January 23, 1800 248
The Overtures for Peace. Saturday, Jan. 25, 1800 253

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MORNING POST, *continued*

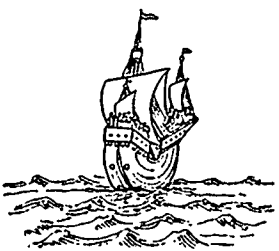
Lord Grenville's Note. Probably January 22, 26, or 27, 1800 261

Probably January 22, 26 or 27, 1800 . . 266

On the late Debate. Saturday, February 1, 1800 268

Intercepted Correspondence. Monday, February 3, 1800 275

Analysis or Skeleton of the Debate in the House of Commons, Monday, February 3, 1800. February 6, 1800 285



PREFACE.

" Things of this nature scarce survive that night
That gives them birth; they perish in the sight;
Cast by so far from *after-life* that there
Is scarce aught can be said, but that they *were*."

THIS was a favourite quotation with Mr. Coleridge; he used it more than once in reference to those same newspaper writings,—contributions to the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*—which are here restored to the Public, or rather presented to a new and somewhat different Public, under the name of *Essays on his own Times*, a title devised to express, as compendiously as may be, their general character and content. The author himself, I believe, never dreamed of their being fished up from the abysses of the Past, and at times, while engaged in this " pious but not profitable labour," as the preventive criticism of some of my friends has termed it, I have fancied I saw him with a well known smile on his face, affectionate, yet with just a tincture of disdain for the thing done, not the person doing it, at the pains I was taking to recover entire and rescue from oblivion, what he doubtless composed, with far

greater ease and rapidity than I have reproduced it, in a few hours scattered over a few years of his ever-varying life.—Such truly his life was, during all but the last part of it, comprising his abode at Highgate; and this is readily intelligible; for want of sufficient health and sufficient means is apt to render a man restless,—*full of tossings to and fro till the dawning of the day*,—or to use the words of a later poet than Job,

> Simigliante a quella 'nferma,
> Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
> Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

—A *night* it was indeed that gave birth to these writings—a season of comparative obscurity to his fame and of perplexity to his health-seeking steps. That the rolling stone gathers no moss is as true with regard to literary as to pecuniary advancement. But I must not launch out into this theme of my father's difficulties and neglected merits, neglected while he might have enjoyed the recognition of them—which some may describe to themselves as "spreading out before me like a sea without a shore!"—

It has been elsewhere observed how he was ever bent on speeding forward, finding the Past renewed and formed anew in the Present, continually casting his old thoughts into the Medean chaldron of energetic reflection; though, in some instances, when the matter could not be modified nor the manner amended, he introduced former sentences into a

fresh publication without attempting, by any disguise or artifice, to make them *appear* new. Writings *for the day* by a thinker of this cast, who, though not originally devoid of popular talent, was unfitted to please his day by reason of the nature of his intellect and his irrepressible tendency to systematize on so large a scale, that he could with difficulty adjust and proportion himself to a narrow one, may perhaps be deemed less unworthy of republication than essays, however finished and brilliant, which are *for the day* in a more exclusive sense, and may have better pleased their day, as more absolutely devoted to its service. With my Father the *subject* on which he wrote was engrossing and pursued for its own sake, the occasion and immediate object of publication being in some degree lost sight of. But though many will assent to this remark, and some do eagerly assert that nothing which he deliberately composed should be suffered to perish, let it not be imagined that these volumes are published in the expectation of their exciting a general interest even in that class of studious readers, with whom the author's more finished and methodized works find acceptance. It is rather with a view to the wants and wishes of those who now are, or those who hereafter shall be, concerned in my Father's personal history, both his literal descendants and all who are *as children to him* in affectionate reverence for his mind, that I have brought together what must, at all events, form an

important stock of material toward his biography—toward the *understanding* of his life at least, whether any regular narrative of it be composed or no. For this publication will present, in the most authentic and living form, a part of his personal career; it will show how certain portions of his time and energies were employed, and will exhibit the progress and formation of his political system more vividly and accurately than it would appear in any sketch or summary. The interests of some future biographer indeed have been present to my mind in all that I have done for editions of my Father's writings, and from this motive I have seized opportunities of recording my contemporary knowledge and impressions on certain points, regardless of probable cavils from those rash critics, the indifferent and unconcerned, against encumbering the book with commentary, feeling that, as Hooker says on a like subject, any trouble thus put in the reader's way he may absolve himself from if he chooses it, though, admitting that foot-notes are, after a sort, an evil to be endured only in case of necessity, I have in later instances banished the annotations of whatever kind, some very brief ones excepted, to the end of the volume, leaving the margin uninvaded except by notes of the author, and perusers of the work more free to omit these additions, than if they caught the eye from the bottom of the page, and connected themselves as part, yet not part, of the text.

In the Appendix to the *Biographia Literaria* I have already given extracts on the subject of my Father's politics from a disquisition by Mr. Dequincey, and I shall not scruple to quote part of those extracts again; for assuredly, if there be any periods of modern pens which, for happy construction and graceful use of our mother tongue, are worthy of repeated perusal, those of the writer just named are worthy. "Worlds of fine thinking," he says of the daily press, "lie buried in that vast abyss, never to be disentombed, or restored to human admiration. Like the sea it has swallowed treasures without end, that no diving bell will bring up again. But no where, throughout its shoreless magazines of wealth, does there lie such a bed of pearls, confounded with the rubbish and "*purgamenta*" of ages, as in the political papers of Coleridge. No more appreciable monument could be raised to the memory of Coleridge than a re-publication of his essays in *The Morning Post*, but still more of those afterwards published in *The Courier*."

Perhaps Mr. Dequincey, when he spoke thus, was hardly yet capable of viewing the essays commended apart from the illuminative glow of contemporary interest, which oft, like the candle behind the transparency, imparts a splendour and significance to sketches otherwise cold and poor, enriching the bare outline with multitudinous details, which it recalls though it does not describe, heightening its colours by an infusion of yet extant passion, the

play of hopes and fears and sympathies, of amities and resentments, and all that intricate web of emotion, which is apt to be excited in the spirit of a reader, when the events referred to are actually agitating the minds of men, and their consequences are yet in expectancy. *We* are past the Buonapartean æra—past the Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bill æras—and for the most meditative only amongst us those periods have a kind of presentness. Even to the eulogist himself the compositions here collected may have seemed more independent of the Present, when read under its influence, than they would appear on renewed perusal; and it will need a certain measure of sympathy with the writer's mind to regard them as *pearls happily won from the deep*, rather than as more fitly to be compared with the submerged remains of some hapless voyager,—relics that, having lost great part of their original lustre, have suffered no glorifying "sea-change." Without any attempt however exactly to estimate their intrinsic value, I bring them forth, confident that they will be prized as dear memorials by a band of genial appraisers; that from those to whom I owe most consideration for their cordial love and reverence for my Father, as an author and as a man,—and the man and the author were in his case especially interfused,—I shall be sure of heartfelt thanks for my unambitious care and labour in the present collection. And in reference to them, and very particularly to him to

whom it is dedicated, I may thus extend the quotation from Cartwright's Prologue:

Some influence may cross this fate; what you
Please to awaken must still come forth new.
And though the untouch'd virgin flow'r doth bring
The true and native dow'ries of the Spring,
Yet some desires there are which do
Affect that flower, chaf'd and sullied too:
For, in some bosoms stuck, it comes from thence
Double-perfum'd, and deeper strikes the sense.

INTRODUCTION.

SECTION I.

Anticipated Effect of this Publication.

THE object which has been chiefly contemplated in forming these volumes I have already mentioned—it is to furnish materials illustrative of my Father's character and principles subsidiary to his personal history: and though my intent is simply to convey the truth, whether honourable to him or otherwise, I cannot doubt but that this collection, irregular as it is, will both corroborate former defences of his political honesty, and establish his claim to the praise of patriotism and zeal on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, especially that portion of them, to whom more especially the Gospel was to be preached, whom every beneficial scheme of politics more especially concerns, namely, the Poor.—I think it will serve also as a vindication of him from contemporary charges affecting his private life and conduct, as that of indolence and practical apathy.—What is here collected—and it does not comprise all that the writer contributed to the daily press—may be little in comparison with the quantity of readable matter which a common producer of articles, who gives out nothing more

than is required for the immediate object, supplies during his course; but, considered as a part of permanent literature, — and many of the papers are composed in a style which might consign them to that class, even if their relations with the transient prevent them from keeping a place in it — it goes far to shew that some portions of his life, when he was supposed to be "steeped in idleness," were employed in promoting the good and the true, in sending abroad just views and wholesome sentiments; it will shew likewise how his hands were tied from attempting any great work at the time when his bodily faculties would have best borne him out in the execution of one. "Even if the compositions which I have made public" says he, in his Literary Biography, "and that too in a form the most certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author's self-love, had been published in books, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes."

Unfortunately for my Father's peace and welfare, many, if not most, of his friends and associates, whom *he* was wont to praise warmly, and so discriminatively, that he helped to give some of them a name never after to be taken away, held no communion with his deeper spirit. Strongly impressed as they might be by the brilliant displays which he was able to make, when meeting them on their own ground,—with a large but indefinite notion of great powers belonging to him, they were without admiration of his genius in some of its most characteristic forms,—as ignorant of his true intellectual merits as his angry enemies and unscrupulous opponents were bent on stifling them by anonymous disparagement. This is no mere filial verdict: I speak after persons, themselves of rich gifts and elevated views, when I say, that for my Father's intellect in its higher manifestations,

exercised in its most appropriate sphere, there was no appreciation where it might most surely have been expected; no interest in it—no value for it. Hence "the cold water" of which he continually complained, eager as he was both to receive and to supply a fostering warmth of sympathy and encouragement. The *Friend* was held to be hard and dry; the *Aids to Reflection* mystical and difficult; nothing was seen in the *Biographia Literaria* but its faults and deficiencies, — as if a book is not chiefly to be judged by what *it is* rather than by what it is not, even if it has sinned so deeply as to bear a promise in its title-page which it has not fulfilled; —every one of his productions was either coldly received or condemned. Censures which seemed to be issued by authority from the house of Friendship, malignants reproduced with additions,—flippant sciolists and shallow prosers, those worst foes of refined genius, continued to circulate, handing on the original criticisms from year to year, with such insensate perseverance, that even at this hour, in face of his many volumes, certainly of close thought if not of methodical composition, he is affirmed to have *done nothing* but "hatch vain empires" in the universe of mind; and while it is acknowledged, tacitly by many, who hang upon his writings, like bees upon the beds of thyme, and openly by a few, who shed their sweets abroad, that he influenced the thoughts of his generation as much as any other individual belonging to it, even the most voluminous, he is quietly disposed of by numbers as a splendid dreamer, whose dreams never brightened any imagination save his own.

But to retire from the field of personal remark, into which however I have never entered except to *reply*, I doubt not that this publication together with *The Friend* will in future evidence my Father's virtual consistency,

and shew him to have been the life-long champion of light, and of that liberty which is the child and companion of light, though like all other leaders of reflection, he was equally an opponent of the *mob*, whether consisting of the uneducated many in the humbler ranks of society, or the herd of mediocre and undisciplined intellects in the higher, who seek to tyrannize over their betters by the mere shew of hands. A volume of letters, which may hereafter appear, will add a few more touches to the portrait of S. T. Coleridge, in his character of patriot and political philosopher, and in particular will prove how real and influencive were his feelings for the privations, mental and bodily, of his poorer brethren,—that the sentiments embodied in the *Religious Musings* and some of his other poems, on this head, are no mere *poetry* in the vulgar ironical sense, as contrasted with those emotions of the heart and movements of the will, which flow forth into the outward deed.

SECTION II.

Consistency of the Author's career of Opinion.

ALTHOUGH, however, Mr. Dequincey's opinion, that my Father's disinterested pursuit of truth is luminously displayed in his conduct with respect to politics, is not at this time perhaps doubted by any one who bestows a thought upon the subject, personal prejudice apart, still, as honesty and consistency do not always presuppose each other, his steady coherency of thought and action might yet be doubted by those who impugned not his *motives*: but, from the two following premises, which will be denied, I think, by few, first

that in him an understanding strong and perspicacious was united with a temper of spiritual susceptibility; secondly, that he was at all times singularly free, by position, from external bias, having the world of political judgment before him, where to choose, unimpeded by the fetters of favour or the burden of emolument, it may be anticipated that he can have betrayed no other discrepancies in his literary political career than such as are sure to arise, when a man gradually frames his own system of belief, instead of receiving it ready-made on authority. In the former case it is truly his own, imbued with his deepest feelings and fashioned by his highest powers; he both holds and imparts it in a superior style and method to that in which a pre-formed creed can be held and handed on. But even because it is thus *a part of himself*, it needs must grow and alter with his altering growth, and will surely exhibit, in its earlier stages, the immaturity of his being.

This is all that can be made out, as respects inconsistency, from a comparison of the *Conciones ad Populum* with the *Lay Sermons*, even in regard to the Church. S. T. Coleridge of 1796, 7, differs from S. T. Coleridge of 1816, 17, less in principles and sentiments than in their applications. Perhaps it may be replied that in these latter the diversity of opinion among thoughtful men mainly consists, and that the vast majority of reasoners seek to set forth that which is conformable with the divine will and reflects the light of the Supreme Reason, differing only as to the medium of outward condition and circumstance, in which the precious essence is to be exhibited. But in a closer and more particular sense than this it may be affirmed that the cast of my Father's opinions was ever of one kind — ever reflected his personal character and individuality. In 1796, 7,

he saw in a strong light the evils of a rich hierarchy and entered into Milton's mood on Prelacy: in 1816, 17, he was supporting our Episcopal Church with a fervent *Esto perpetua;* but though, at the latter period, he was joined in no bond of sympathy either with Anti-Churchmen or with those Anti-Reformed-Churchmen, who play into the hands of the former, shedding as rosy a light over the things of the Church on the continent as Romanists themselves can wish to clothe them in, while they cast over the same class of things here the livid hue of deep disparagement, most unfilially intimating that they stand by their mother church only because she *is* their mother, while they represent her person as unworthy of reverence, — indignant as he would have been to observe the concurrence of enmity in these two parties, he was far from having lost sight of all the ills which flow from prelatical grandeur and clerical domination. He was still preaching against Mammon, still opposing the rich and powerful as much as ever. Had he come to regard the clergy as the Church, that primal falsity, as he has represented it, to which all thinkers verge in proportion as they incline *toward* Rome and *from* the doctrines and spirit of the Reformation, or to uphold in argument the proceedings of Laud and Sheldon, with "the gay religions, full of pomp and gold," and "*dim* religious light," which their views embraced; had he proceeded to decry his "idol Milton" and to exalt the Stuarts and the would-be tyrant Strafford, that "victim of his own false strength and his master's weakness," as saints and martyrs, *then* we might truly say that his mind had undergone a vital change, or at least that his opinions had undergone a total revolution. He did indeed learn to think better of our great Anglican divines, as a body, in part from the expansion and con-

solidation of his views with regard to the Church, and partly from increased acquaintance with their works, and high admiration of many of them in their literary and theological capacity, as may be seen from his *Literary Remains;* in particular he learned to think well of Horsley,—to speak of him as "the one red leaf, the last of its clan," with relation to the learned teachers of our Church, truly "*pillars*" within and not merely "buttresses" of her authority without. But he never ceased to oppose despotism in all its forms; and emphatically to oppose the encroachments of that system, which on principle endeavours to shut up light from the general eye, under pretence that it may be converted into the means of darkness. In 1811, when he united his forces with those who strove to drag the rushing wheels of the Reform-Chariot, which appeared, from the state of the public mind, to have an inclined plane to travel upon, he carefully recorded his protest in favour of reform, conducted judiciously and on sound principles of policy.* The spirit of his teaching was ever the same amid all the variations and corrections of the letter.

SECTION III.

The Author's Course of Political Opinion.

YET it is in the province of religion that his greatest changes took place. In politics, after his hour of boyish enthusiasm at the outburst of the French Revolution, when the meteor vision of Liberty was looming on the horizon vague and vast, not yet lurid

* See note to the article of April 19, 1811. The Regent and Mr. Perceval.

and terrific, but bright with undefined promise; and with exception also of some vehemences against Mr. Pitt, respecting whose character and state conduct he never changed his mind materially,—he continued to the last to defend his early political opinions and cite his early maxims. In the *rifacimento of the Friend*, published in 1818, he brought forward one of his youthful addresses *ad Populum* to form Essay XII. in vol. ii. of this mature work. "I insert it here," said he, "in support of the assertion made by me in Essay II. of this volume," ("I was never myself, at any period of my life, a convert to the Jacobinical system,") "and because this very address has been referred to in proof of my former Jacobinism." From the *Conciones* and *The Watchman* he carried into the *Morning Post* a spirit of determined opposition to the Anti-Revolution war, and on that point he thus expresses himself in the *Biographia Literaria* of 1817: "To this hour I cannot find reason to approve of the first war either in its commencement or its conduct. Nor can I understand with what reason either Mr. Perceval, (whom I am singular enough to regard as the best and wisest minister of this reign,) or the present administration, can be said to have pursued the plans of Mr. Pitt. The love of their country and perseverant hostility to French principles and French ambition are indeed honourable qualities common to them and to their predecessors. But it appears to me as clear as the evidence of facts can render any question of history, that the successes of the Perceval and the existing Ministry have been owing to their having pursued measures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's: Such for instance are the concentration of the national force to one object; the abandonment of the subsidizing policy, so far at least as neither to goad nor bribe the

continental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very heart of the nation by the system of credit and the interdependence of property." He thus continues the subject in a note. "Lord Grenville has lately re-asserted the imminent danger of a revolution in the earlier part of the war against France. But where are the evidences of the danger, to which a future historian can appeal?" Then follows an extract from *The Friend*, shewing how chimerical were the clamorous representations of Ultra-Conservatism respecting the contagiousness of French-revolutionary principles and practices from 1791 to the Peace of Amiens, and how the means resorted to for the checking of impotent Gallic doctrines tended to strengthen the truly formidable impulses of Gallic ambition.*

Before that ambition had been fully manifested, two different grounds of argument were commonly alleged in favour of the war; it was declared necessary first for the suppression of anarchical principles, and secondly for the prevention of the aggrandizement of France by means of foreign arms. In opposition to the first plea, it was persistently maintained in the *Morning Post*, that we were never in danger of catching the disease of Jacobinism, the condition of our body-politic being totally different from that of our fair neighbour, "the enchanting though frightful country which calls itself *La Belle France;*" not, like her's, predisposed to convulsions and state-quakes, which lay low the high towers that have stood for ages, while they throw up on high

* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 218.

the base things of the earth, through the misconduct of the privileged orders, whose tyrannical injustices and Lethean selfishnesses, accumulated from age to age till they affronted heaven, descended at last like an avalanche to crush a late generation of the oppressors, and to bring down in hideous ruin all the interlapidations even to the furthest bounds of the social edifice.*

The *Morning Post* maintained also against those who declared the war necessary in order to avert a sympathetic revolution here, that it was unjustifiable and a bad precedent, to interfere in the internal concerns of another state and dictate its arrangements, and affirmed, in the October of 1800, during the negotiation for peace, that in fact these principles had not been put down by the war, but had worn themselves out and received their death-blow from an act of the Directory itself. Against the second plea, that journal urged that, so far from controlling French ambition, foreign interference had occasioned a series of brilliant conquests to France; that, had we treated with Buonaparte, when peace was first offered on his part, after his disastrous expedition to Egypt, instead of triumphantly erecting a despotism founded on success in arms, he would have *gloomed* upon the eyes of all France as a rashly ambitious young man, who had wasted the blood and treasure of his country in an enterprise fruitful only in loss and mischief.

The character and conduct of Napoleon Buonaparte, indeed, as they were gradually developed, appear to have been the plank or bridge, whereon Mr. Coleridge and the *Morning Post* crossed over from warm interest in the cause of the French nation to decided Anti-Gallicanism, from earnest demands for peace to vigorous

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* *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 21.

defence of renewed and continued war, with indignant antagonism to the unpatriotic spirit that opposed it; from censure of Ministers and opposition to their measures and doctrines, to firm and serviceable, though unfettered support of Government. The military talents of Napoleon and his prudent use of power were commended by my Father in the early part of his career, with a reserve as respected further revelations of his character. While the First Consul's dispositions and designs were yet to be inscribed on the unfolding roll of time, and it remained uncertain whether he was to turn out a Washington or a Julius Cæsar, a beneficent Numa or a blood-stained Cromwell, the language of the *Morning Post* respecting him was that of observers who watch and wait. But these qualified and conditioned eulogies were withdrawn, when he began to prove "a Cæsar in all but magnanimity," a Cromwell in unscrupulousness with regard to means, no Cromwell in respect of high ends for God and his country, — (let those who call the Protector's "high ends" hypocrisy on account of some indefensible means which sullied his course, remember that "*the man after God's own heart*" committed a double crime, in face of which the *scarlet* of Cromwell's worst action becomes almost as *white as snow*); — and *then* the successive steps of his tyranny and ambition, his pride and prodigality of human life, his meanness and treachery,—for it is hard, as my Father observed, to be a tyrant without being a traitor,—were as sternly traced in the pages of the *Morning Post* and of the *Courier*, for the eye of the public, as the footsteps of any of Earth's Scourges were ever traced — I might rather say as they *never* were—before. It ought to have been perceived by the politicians of that day, as my Father maintained, and *was* perceived by a portion of them, who happily guided

the counsels of England, that a chief and a country in the position of Napoleon and his fond and admiring France, the position wherein they were placed from the first of that revolutionary career, which set them in oppugnancy with the rest of Europe, were *unable*, even if they had been so disposed, to do right and promote peace. It was "vain to expect repose from a man who," to use his own words, "was the concentration of movement:" who, to use the words of Madame de Stael, "could never breathe freely but in a volcanic atmosphere, and who found it necessary to present, every three months, a new object of ambition to the French, in order to supply, by the grandeur and variety of external events, the vacuum occasioned by the removal of all objects of domestic interest." "The rapid movement which he impressed on the affairs of Europe," says Marshal St. Cyr, "was of a kind which could not be arrested; a single retrograde step, a policy which indicated a stationary condition, would have been the signal of his fall. Far, therefore, from making it a subject of reproach to Napoleon, that he conceived an enterprise so gigantic as the Russian expedition, he is rather to be pitied for being placed in a situation where he was overruled by necessity; and this furnishes the true answer to those who would ascribe to chance, the rigour of the elements, or an excess of temerity, what was in truth but the inevitable consequence of the false position in which, for fifteen years, France had been placed." *

All the crimes of the selfish Usurper, the single assassination, the wholesale carnage, the general poisoning that anticipated the tardy hand of approaching death, were capable of the same apology no doubt; and perhaps it may be said of most great offenders against God's

* Quoted by Mr. Alison, vol. vii. chap. 25.

law, that the end of their career is involved in the beginning, — the train once set in motion, they must be whirled on to a predestined goal, on a prepared way, —the iron-bound track of a necessity which themselves have created.

Who can say whether England did not lose more by the poverty and discontent produced by the war, before it appeared clearly necessary to the nation at large, than was gained by that preparedness and that proficiency in warfare, which an early entrance into the great European contest ensured? Though it be true that Napoleon was "sustained by continually advancing," and that "a revolutionary power has never yet maintained its ascendancy in any other way;" it does not follow that hostilities ought to have been commenced before these truths, which now appear in the shape of reflections and axioms on the historic page, had been exemplified in a train of overt actions. All that line of argument which serves to defend the pacification agreed to by our Government in March 1802, namely, that "the burdens of the war were certain and immediate, the advantages remote if not illusory," that "England lost none of her means of defence by delay," that it was "worth while to avoid the heavy responsibility of having compelled Napoleon to continue a contest which brought such unparalleled calamities on the civilized world, when it might have been sooner terminated," may perhaps be alleged in proof that the *Morning Post* shewed as discerning a patriotism in opposing the earlier war with France as in advocating the later one. These are mere suggestions on a subject upon which I can but guess darkly; they occurred to my mind in conjecturing how my Father may have differenced the earlier from the later stage of the war in his own mind, with respect to the policy of our interference.

SECTION IV.

His powers of Political Prophecy.

IT has been pointed out by Mr. Dequincey that the sagacity of Coleridge, as applied to the signs of the times, is illustrated by the fact of his having distinctly foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, at a time when most people viewed such an event as the most romantic of visions. A gift of political prophecy consists in a clear intuition of the present and the nature of existing things. My Father gave fresh evidence of possessing that gift when, in the *Morning Post*, and again in *The Friend*, he insisted on the internal stability of the English constitution, and the difference of its condition, in this respect, from that of the continental kingdoms: when he declared that it had no need either of foreign war or measures of arbitrary severity at home, to preserve it from destructive change and convulsion. How clearly has this advantageous posture of our island been evidenced amid the recent revolutions of the European states! How will the middle of this century reflect, as it were in a magnifying and multiplying glass, to the eyes of a future age, its turbulent commencement together with the stormy conclusion of its predecessor! how will it at the same time mirror back the prophetic spirit which proclaimed, even in that period of suspense and uncertainty for the mere outward-looking mind, that our social frame was too firmly compacted by the interdependence of interests and reciprocation of benefits, too closely cemented by gradual reforms and nice adjustments, to be in danger of shock and dislocation, when tyrannies which had long resisted the calls of Reason and Justice were sinking for want of the support *they* ever lend to that

state which has the wisdom to receive it at their hands. In those less happily constituted aristocracies, where the higher portions of society receive no accessions of strength from those below, the whole fabric begins to fall abroad, the former, like time-eaten beams and rafters, crumbling in pieces, the latter like the too solid heavy masonry, crushing around and over them in shapeless ruin!

"Ocean speaks" not "safety to his island child," with half such force as those depths of the moral sentiment which are at once purity and power. My Father saw that our house was founded on a rock, the rock of a moral superiority;

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
> Spake laws to them and said that by the soul
> Only the nations shall be great and free!"

May we not feel and repeat these truths without losing humility in the sight of the Most High, or deepest awe of those all-seeing eyes which seek perfection? Not to ascribe the peaceful state of England, in this epoch of change, and her exemption from injurious commotions, to the cause I have indicated, is to betray want of faith in a moral Governor of the World. We need not scruple to assert our *comparative* merits, while we yet acknowledge the crimes of this nation in past ages, its errors and short comings in the present, and lend an attentive ear to the reproof of the poetic moralist:

> "Oh England! 'Merry England,' styled of yore!
> Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter where?
> The sweat of labour on the brow of care
> Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!
> The may-pole cheers the village green no more,

Nor harvest home, nor Christmas mummers rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?"

Nay, but if not merry, yet comparatively at least, and more evidently and gloriously now than ever, happy England. Merriment is the mood of simple thriving childhood — in the individual it accompanies cherry cheeks and chubby limbs, that swell upward like the juicy pear; and in nations a mirthful habit, of dancing round may-poles and running after morris dancers, belongs to a period when arts and sciences are in their infancy, and the sun of knowledge is but dawning. For the deepest feelings of love, joy, faith, reverence, admiration are all grave passions, and spite of our "ambition, envy, avarice, and pride," "the darlings of our hearts," those have yet a place in the large heart of this English nation. Perhaps merriment is scarce consistent with well being for a thoughtful people, while political Anarchy grasps with bloody hands the sceptre of sway in foreign parts, at home Famine pines on one side, and all around, "as if some airy devil hovered in the sky," an atmospheric power, mysterious and terrific, holds aloft a life-destroying vapour, able to light up into a flame whatever material of miasma or malaria lurks in the receptacles of uncleanness, that cleaving curse of poverty, on the earth below.* Mirth can hardly consist with thoughtfulness and the wisdom of the heart on such conditions; and there are never wanting *special* calls for "solemn gloom," serious if not sad; beside the dark valley ever in prospect at the end of each individual

* Written during the prevalence of the cholera, which, it is feared, is but suspended, during the cold season.

career.* Yet England is *comparatively* blest because enlightened and awake to duty; and my Father's words have not been falsified, that there is "more public spirit, more true and active patriotism in Great Britain than exists elsewhere, or ever did exist, under any other form of government, in any country equally rich and populous."

SECTION V.

His sentiments respecting Ireland.

YET far be it from me, as it was from the mind of my Father, to deny the sins of England! This thought brings me to another question, and a most important one, on which his opinions ever remained the same, and would, I doubt not, have been corroborated by the reflections which recent events would have suggested. I feel assured that whatever his precise views respecting Ireland's affairs in detail might now be, he would never, in contemplating the barbarism of the Irish poor — and the poor, nay what would elsewhere be the very poorest, in that afflicted spot of earth, constitute the mass of the population — have lost sight, or an indignant sense, of the long misgovernment of the sister isle by England, or have imagined that twenty or even fifty years of less unrighteous dealing can atone for centuries of grievous wrong; for "the outlawry of ages followed by laws

* Mr. Leigh Hunt observes that the word "*merry*" did not imply in former times, when the expression *Merry England* was first used, "exclusively what it does now: but appears to have had a signification still more desirable, — to have meant the best condition in which anything could be found, with cheerfulness for the result."

which taught the sufferers to lament their lost outlawry;" for religious persecution with denial of the most effective means of grace;* for the repression of trade and commerce; and in general for a course of policy which prevented the growth of those institutions, habits and ways of life, whereby alone a nation can be *educated.* "Bad laws are bad because their effects sink deep," says Mr. de Vere in his book on Ireland, a book which partly failed of its purpose, first from saying too much at once, though all to the purpose, but secondly and far more, because it made representations which those to whom they were addressed were pre-resolved not to hear. Truth is indeed all symmetry,—most graceful,—the express image of comeliness; yet of all beauties she most requires to be well introduced. It cannot be said of

* Berkeley in his *Querist* pointedly inquires "Whether there be any instance of a people's being converted in a Christian sense, otherwise than by preaching to them and instructing them in their own language?"

"In England the Reformation was in accordance with the sympathies of the people—in Ireland it was brought about rather nakedly by royal authority and act of Parliament. The effect was not to diffuse Protestantism through the land but simply to subvert the R. C. Church.—Faith and morals alike disregarded, two things were required—to renounce and to conform. As men skulk in caves when hurricanes prostrate their houses, the people hid their heads till that tyranny should be over-past. When they raised them again to listen, whatever sound struck their ear, it was not the service of the liturgy. As chary of your religion as of your laws, you had banned the use of that liturgy except in an unknown tongue. If the clergyman, as well as his congregation, was ignorant of English, the service was required to be celebrated in Latin."—English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds, by A. de Vere, p. 65.

her, though she is fairest of the fair, that her mere face is her fortune. Rather that face of Truth is shunned by most men as a Medusa visage, the very anticipation of encountering which renders them stony, rigid, and unbending before-hand. They who deny such a view of the case betwixt England and Ireland as that book contains, think they place the whole burden of the blame of her present wretchedness on the suffering party, when they tell traveller's tales backed by home authority,—remonstrances of the Satirist Swift and the noble Enthusiast Berkeley,*—of the low moral and industrial condition of the Irish peasantry, which removes not one grain's weight from the shoulders of England, unless it can be shown that such *phænomena* have no relation to position and circumstances, and that the conquering country did not in the main determine the circumstances of the conquered. Bygones cannot be bygones in such a matter, for the Past, which, as a record of shame, is evil enough in itself, lives in the Present.

My Father's opinions on the respective proportions of shame and blame betwixt Britain the Great and the

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* "Whether the fable of Hercules and the Carter ever suited any nation like this nation of Ireland?"

"Whether our old native Irish are not the most indolent and supine people in Christendom?"

"Might we not put a hand to the plough, or the spade, although we had no foreign commerce?"

"What should hinder us from exerting ourselves, using our hands and brains, doing something or other, man, woman, and child, like the other inhabitants of God's earth?"—with many more such queries, shewing a marvellous similarity between the state of the Irish peasantry in the reign of Queen Anne and the time of Queen Caroline, and its condition in the days of Adelaide and Victoria.

Little agreed with those of Sir James Mackintosh, no harebrained Irish agitator, or high-flown Hibernian literateur, but a calm Scottish philosopher in the calmest and wisest stage of his career, a statesman and a judge enured to business, whose benevolence was free alike from vulgar humanitarian fanaticism and from the selfishness of the declaiming demagogue, the wild oats of his early Gallicism transmuted, or retained only to form a brisker ingredient in the wheaten bread of his well-weighed philanthropy.* In this cause I might cite a third witness from among the crowd of Englishmen testifying against England, a man of learning, and a great searcher of all Scriptures from Holy Writ downward which concern the higher interests of the human race, one who, in his large knowledge of history, dwells on the moral of the historic page and its bearings on religion, as that which gives to it, for a thoughtful mind, its principal interest. I have heard this witness affirm, that the history of all nations does not furnish a picture of deeper cruelty, not even that which displays to the horror-stricken eye the treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards in South America,—when it seemed as if a new world had been discovered to be the theatre of a more

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* In Sir J. M.'s diary of the year 1808 is the following entry: "Finish Plowden's History of Ireland, a confused unwieldy pamphlet in three vols. 4to. but a repository of dreadful and damning proof against the English government of Ireland." Narrating a later part of his Father's career Mr. Mackintosh says, "All the other occasions, unhappily numerous, when the grievances of Ireland pleaded for redress, found him sympathising with her wrongs, and co-operating with their redressers." I might add the opinion of Mr. Southey, that Ireland had "always been wretchedly governed."

detestable drama, acted by Christians, than was ever performed by bedarkened Heathen in the old,—than the past procedure of the English in Ireland, as to the character of their legislation and the atrocious manner in which iniquitous laws were carried out.

My Father never ceased to be heartily sorry for these our misdoings, and he ever held the burden of them only to be lightened by confession and amendment, not by indiscriminate accusation of the Irish and their *Celtic blood.* Not but that he strongly felt the defects of their present national character, and the trouble to England connected with the guardianship of so unruly a ward. I have heard him laughingly suggest, that it would be a blessing to Albion if Erin and all her emerald plains could be snatched up by some Titan Angel to whom belongs the ordering of the terraqueous globe, like a green nest in the talons of an enormous Roc, and dropped in the middle of Polynesia to tempest the Pacific. But such as these are dangerous thoughts to indulge, and lead to harsh dealings.* David probably strode not at once to murder, but by way of a first step indulged the reflection, how convenient it would be if the husband of the beauteous Bathsheba were to die in battle. Cain too may have begun his murderous course by thinking, Were Abel, my brother, but transported to the other side of the earth or to realms above, how might I shine and carry all before me!

My Father, however, was the last man to forget one side of a case because he had begun to see a good deal of the other, not belonging to that order of intellects, who,

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* It seems that men talked thus about Ireland even in Spenser's day. "So have I often heard it wished also," says he, "that all that land were a sea-poole, which kind of speech, is the manner rather of desperate men farre driven, than of grave counsellors, &c. &c." Todd's Spenser, vol. viii. p. 300.

to use his own simile, resemble the *pleuronectæ*, or flat fish, that have both eyes on one side. He never ceased to see and acknowledge that a far-sighted Prudence and Christian Principle, which converge in the same focus though they radiate from points wide apart, oblige us to look upon Ireland as flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone.* "He that is cruel troubleth his own flesh" is a proverb applied by Mr. de Vere to this question. "There is such a thing," he observes, "as a wise expediency. Do England and Ireland constitute two kingdoms or one? If the former, vex yourselves about us no more than about Mexico or Poland. If the latter, consider whether your neighbours' side of the house can be burned without your goods suffering damage. You are more than a lodger." †

It is with feelings more like those of a mother defending unfortunate and aggrieved children than of a son protecting a parent, that he breaks forth into many a passage of indignant emotion: "You will not ask me why the people are reproached for sloth; it is because there was no object for their energy; why they procrastinate—because there is no difference between to-day and to-morrow, when each is a blank; why they are deficient in truth—*it is because truth is the language of freedom;* why

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* Berkeley asks "Whether it be not the true interest of both nations to become one people, and whether either be sufficiently apprised of this?" Afterwards he asks "Whether England doth not really love us and wish well to us, as bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh?" It should be remembered by those who cite the censures of Swift and Berkeley against the Irish that they were addressed *to* the Irish, and that Swift was an eager Tory, Berkeley an enthusiast for Passive Obedience.

† "English Misrule," p. 119.

they do not love the memory of their masters—it is because they could not love it without hating all that they are bound to love." See again that agitated paragraph, where he enumerates the various things for which Ireland has to reproach the Government of England, beginning with "precious and repeated opportunities vouchsafed and rejected," and ending with "the streams of knowledge choked in their channels and the springs of virtue poisoned at their source."

These earnest remonstrances, these keen upbraidings of an Irishman pleading the cause of Ireland, effects of a "solid" rather than "a gaseous passion," one "known by its *light*," yet not unattended by a heat which may be comfortable warmth or burning, as the occasion requires, were compendiously anticipated by the English political philosopher, S. T. Coleridge, when, in 1811, he thus took the part, not of his own dear "mother isle" but of that mother's "*little sister*,"* whose wan bosom has never yet been swollen into the fulness of prosperity. "Common justice demands that the chief and heaviest blame" *(of the low rank occupied by the main population of Ireland,)* should be taken to itself by the happier and more enlightened country, who having most the power, had most incurred the obligation, to prevent or to remedy the grounds and occasion of so glaring and so lamentable a contrast, &c. &c. And again: "If we have done wrong, *it is iniquitous to urge the effects of that wrong as exempting us from the duty of compensating for it.* Suppose the plea to be the blind ignorance and turbulent antipathy of the claimant. These may be conceived either as parts of

* Canticles, viii. 8. *What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?* is the conclusion of the verse, and in *words*, if not in sense, it fits the present occasion.

the claimant's nature, *or they may be necessary consequences of our neglect or oppression.* We may have kept him in the dark till his eye hates the light; the memory of past scourgings may make the wound in the heart ache and bleed at the sight of us, when scarce a scar is visible on the body. In this case we cannot indeed all at once trust hate with power, or blindness with guidance; but we can, and we are bound to exert all our invention in the discovery, all our power in the application of the best means to reconcile the eye, to conciliate the heart, for the purpose and with the earnest intent of gradually conceding the whole claim, as soon as, and in proportion as, we shall have succeeded in disentangling our own ravel, in recalling the claimant himself to a capability of receiving and using his own claims." *

SECTION VI.

Cause of Ireland's present Wretchedness considered.

IT is a doctrine of despair which insists that the Irish are radically evil, that English misrule is no original source of Irish misdeeds, no *causa causæ* of Ireland's actual wretchedness, the Celtic blood being the chief if not sole fountain of these ills. And despair is the mother of cruelty; for desperation dashes away temperate counsels, intoxicate with fear, and snatches at the readiest seeming stop to mischief, which often is fraught with ruin for numbers; it is a doctrine of despair; for if past circumstances of slavery and depression have not moulded the Irish character into evil, neither can any improved circumstances, in which the people may be placed, change them for good.

* Article in the Courier of Friday, September 13, 1811.

There were writers forty or fifty years ago, mentioned by Sir John Stoddart, who were hardy enough to maintain that the Celts still existing are "a medial race between men and beasts," and that methods should be adopted to "get rid of the breed!"* No man at present holds this language, and yet such a view and such a recommendation appear more logically consistent with the opinion above stated, (namely, that Ireland is miserable because the Irish are dreamy and lazy, and that dreaminess and laziness are Celtic peculiarities, originating *within* the soul and spirit of the Irishman, not at all produced by tyranny from without him,) than proposals for the amelioration of the country by improvement of the people, or the notion that help must come to Erin out of the sinews and brains of her own children. The very same writers who deny that Ireland's misery is England's guilt and ascribe the whole to the native character of the Irish, readily admit that the upper and middle classes there are equal in all respects to the corresponding ranks here;† that the Irish gentry are as good gentry, that Irish landlords are as good landlords, as any in the Empire or in the world; that Irish Quakers are just what the Friends' discipline renders most men submitted to its gentle but strong and steady influence, diligent and orderly; and that the mere construction of a railroad in Ireland causes

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* "Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland," 1801. Vol. ii. p. 196.

† "Whether the upper part of this people are not truly English, by blood, language, religion, manners, inclination, and interest?"

"Whether we are not as much Englishmen as the children of old Romans, born in Britain, were still Romans?" *The Querist.*

genuine English industry to spring up among the Irish all around. These are words of cheer, for if the giant steam-power can infuse a portion of its energy and rapidity into all employed in connection with it, this is the best work it has done yet and amends for some evil that it hath done. Extend the movement and spread the impulse over the land, from its Dan to its Beersheba, and there will be a regenerate Ireland, new born into English activity and good sense.

It is a well known fact, that Irish workmen, in some lines of labour, take the work out of the hands of the English; and it has struck me as a strong sign of the boldness inspired by the spirit of controversy, that opponents of pleaders for Ireland, have endeavoured, if not to put this fact out of sight, yet to screw it up into such narrow space as to render it insignificant. In reality it is a large fact and cannot go into a corner. Sturdy disproof of such disparagement of Hibernian power and ability for hard labour, may be found I believe in our West India docks, and on the coal barges, where a kind of work is performed by Irishmen, giants in strength if not in stature, to which English muscles are for the most part unequal.*

This doctrine that inherent Celtic pravity causes the unhappiness of Ireland falls to the ground, when the fact

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* I have heard it alleged in explanation of the success of the Irish in obtaining work here, that they are content with lower wages than the English, their bog-breeding having enured them to less accommodation of all sorts. But if their work were unsatisfactory, or if it were not regular and to be relied upon, they would not find employment in this industrious country. But then it is alleged that they are kept up to the mark *here*, indolent as they are among their native potatoes, by the tide of English industry flowing around them;

is considered, which cannot I suppose be denied, that the population of the country is derived from many different races, and in part arises from the same stock as the English and Scotch. Spenser's view of the state of Ireland affords many a pithy passage to Anti-Irish writers who seek for testimony and precedents on their side. But what is the main drift and bearing of the whole Dialogue? Is it not to attribute all the barbarism of the Irish to their *circumstances*, way of life and education in evil; and to shew that the country has been peopled by a variety of races, Britons, Saxons, Scythians (or Tartars as Berkeley calls them) Spaniards, as well as Gauls or Celts; that the turbulent Irish of Ulster have the same ancestors as the quiet orderly Scots, and that some of the most Irish-like inhabitants of Ireland were naturalized and "degendred" Englishmen? "In truth, Irenæus, this is worse than ever I heard, that any English there should be worse than the Irish. Lord, how quickly does that countrey alter men's natures!" Irenæus maintains in his reply, "Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter men's manners, but the bad mindes of the men, which having been brought up at home in a straight rule of duty and obedience, so soone as they come hither, where they see lawes more slackly tended, grow more loose and carelesse of

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that they are stimulated *here* by money-payments, whereas at home, their energies are paralysed by "a truck-system," that pays for labour in land, a remuneration, which, it is admitted, from its uncertainty and remoteness, would not command industry in England. What do these allegations go to prove, but that under the same circumstances and with the same incentives, Paddy would work very much like a son of John Bull? Paddy's son and grandson would unquestionably do so.

their duty—become flat libertines and fall to all licentiousness, more boldly daring to disobey the law, through the presumption of favour and friendship, than any Irish dareth."

Yea, even that "black ravening coil of blustering and sanguinary individuals," of whom Mr. Carlyle speaks with not unjust disapprobation in his account of Cromwell's campaign in Ireland, as of persons toward whom soft dealings and refined reasonings were inapplicable, had forefathers, perhaps, in the times of the Roman Emperors, not more blustering and bloody than those of the most elegant people now existing. A man's habits depend mainly on the social system in which he is placed, and there is even now in Ireland a system and complex of circumstances and conditions, derived from and framed upon the *Past*, which would convert into a set of sauntering, swaggering, blundering, bullying Irishmen any portion of the human race thoroughly subjected to its influence.*

SECTION VII.

Irish National Character examined.

IT is a fact, that Englishmen in Ireland gain the Irish characteristics and that Irishmen out of Ireland and the sphere of the national influences lose it. But let us examine a little more closely what this Irish character is.

It is generally admitted that beside the trifling merits of

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* Nothing in Spenser's treatise is more strongly put or oftener repeated than the fact that the Irish are a mixed race, and that the English in Ireland acquire all the Irish vices and become even more violent than the aboriginal Irish.

quickwittedness and good humour, two cardinal virtues belong to the Irish Poor in their present condition. With regard to points seven and eight of the divine law, commonly denominated the Decalogue, they are purer than most people on whom the eye of heaven looks down. It is agreed by all who know them that they are remarkably honest, and that they respect the marriage bond, both before and after marriage; and certainly if they neither seek to appropriate a neighbour's goods and chattels, nor to deprive him of "the services of a daughter," or the affections of a wife, it is not likely that they are guilty of coveting his ox or his ass or anything else that is his. These are goodly exemptions and praise-worthy negations—fruits of poverty and freedom from all that renders the rich too wide for the narrow way, as the camel for the eye of the needle. But we must look again: another aspect, other features of this physiognomy are to be considered.

The vices of the actual Irish national character, (the *educated* are citizens of the *world* and very faintly express national character—I refer to the uneducated in Ireland) may be thus arranged: 1. Confusion of Thought. 2. Levity, Inconstancy or Instability.

From the union of these two arise Vanity, Bad Taste, Idle Ostentation with Trivial Ambition, Bullying, Blustering, Flashy Speech-making, and all that airy breed, which might be painted with black bodies and gaudy insect wings, swarming forth from the Green Isle like a flight of locust dragon-flies: and underneath might be written, *Turn away mine eyes lest they behold Vanity.*

3. Untruthfulness, from the marriage whereof with Inconstancy ariseth a most unlovely offspring, Treachery, Deceit, Infidelity, Desertion and Running away from Battle, Disobedience, Rebellion, Ingratitude. (These last are

connected on one side with what will form our fifth and last head.)

4. Indolence, which conjoined with Levity and Confusion of brain, brings forth a host of faults and follies, thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in the shadiest watery glades of mother earth, and equally light, mobile and corruptible: as, Improvidence and her twin sister Recklessness; Procrastination, Day-dreaming, Passivity or Patience over much and out of place, Impracticality, Dirtiness, which goes arm in arm with Disorderliness, and the temper by Mr. de Vere archly styled "our Insolent Content and savage Merriment in Misery." Berkeley had asked long before, "Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thieving by that *cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom?*"

5. Violence in all its different forms, which seem to be evil spirits from an opposite region to that of the above-described. These are Vindictiveness, Love of quarrelling and bloodshed, Fondness for strong excitement, which, mingling fun with ferocity, produces a bubbling *vinum dæmoniacum*, that infuriates while it exhilarates. Never sure but in an assembly of Irish Middle-men, a sort of persons unsubdued by poverty, untamed by care, unreclaimed by education, unsteadied by sense of responsibility, was this liquor in full perfection fermented and poured forth! Lazy loons are all on the alert, when rushing off "five to a fight." The whole tribe of Slow can *make haste* in shedding blood; and the Addleheads and Dreamers, strangers and enemies to Forecast, are practical enough with pike or blunderbuss in hand, precise in planting their weapons, and able to calculate to a dead certainty how to bring down their man. These people cannot be called naturally malignant; yet they can

plot and lay plans for an obnoxious landlord's assassination, and perform it unflinchingly, not out of ill-nature, but for want of thought to regulate vehement impulse. Confusion of mind joined with Levity and Improbity, as far as truth is concerned, is what renders them incapable of coalition or united action, incapable of directing or unitedly obeying direction. From the suddenness of their tempers and their openness to impulse and the reception of new sympathies, they are devoid of that sentiment, so conspicuous in the Scotch, which binds men together in fraternal union, the steadiest strength, and is distinct from, however united with, national vanity.

The Irish are like aspen leaves pendent from a long lithe stem, always on the flutter, set in motion by every breath that stirs. The wind blows the aspen leaves all one way at once: but moral breezes vary as the individuals to be influenced; hence the tree of Hibernia exhibits a chaos of motions, every leaf flapping against its neighbour.

This assemblage of moral *phænomena* may be reduced to a very few primary principles. They are all symptoms of Barbarism, sure to present themselves in a sensitive people, where the evolution of mind has not kept them down, or kept in due equilibrium the impulses on which they rest. Reason is the *deepest* part of our spirit, as well as the noblest, and though, by union with the will, it becomes predominant and the very character of the regenerate man, (for this is the *idea of regeneration*, when reason, by divine power, coincides with the will and thus becomes the ruling spirit of the man) it may remain, sunk out of sight in the depths of the soul, the least influencive power within us. The lower Irish are semi-savages—an oasis of barbarism amid the circumambient softness of the nineteenth century—thrown into relief by the neighbouring

civilization, like dead metal upon a burnished ground. If the Irish blood have any peculiar quality,—and if we are to believe Antiquarians, describing their mixed origin, how it can have any peculiarity is a puzzle and a problem—it appears to be nothing more than a special Excitability; and this attribute, not calmed by reflection, or regulated by reason, or steadied by sense of duty, is sufficient to produce all the mental hues and shades and mixtures of colour, which have just been passed in review before the eye. But after all, can the blood, now flowing in the veins of our Hibernian neighbours be traced back to one original fountain? Are not the Irish eminently a many-mingled race? Spenser keeps this truth before the reader's mind during his whole discourse, and when he is disposed to break out into lamentation and reproach, it is "the genius of the soil," rather than the nature of the people, that he inveighs against.

In regard to violence, there can hardly be a bloodier history than that of the Jews; and the earlier history of the Scots bears a fearful resemblance to it. Indeed the early annals of stirring powerful nations are generally very much alike in the prevailing tint of blood, common to them all; as, in a thousand sunsets, the clouds, types of the variable and accidental, are diverse, while the red hue of the sky is continually repeated with scarce a shade of difference. Yet, bloody as were the Jews before Christianity, and the Scotch when the light of the Gospel had but faintly penetrated their mental mists, the Jews and Scotchmen of London or Paris are now as quiet and peaceful as their English and French fellow townsmen. Irishmen are not bloody in the colonies; and the Dutch, who are phlegmatic and peaceable at home, are said to be fearfully cruel as masters of slaves in foreign parts. Nay we sometimes find that the self-same indi-

viduals live two distinct and very different lives, public and domestic, murderers in the one, kindly and amiable in the other; as we read of some of the Thugs of Hindostan.

In regard to Indolence, and its attendant Dreaminess, an inward activity which wastes itself in cloud-weaving and building castles in the air, and the presentation of brain-spectacles which have nothing to do with the bread of life. I have heard a thoughtful poet observe, in reference to the Irish, that wherever the bodily sensations are *in themselves* sources of delight, and are apt, as in luxurious climates is generally the case, to generate agreeable results in the feelings and imagination, the people are tempted to forego the cultivation of their highest powers and most masculine energies. They have a Mahomet's Paradise within, and will not labour to gain a place in a nobler one—will not go forth into the outward and practical, till Calamity comes upon them, like an armed man invading some Elysian vale of lilied meads, sky-painted lakes and velvet herbage. A relaxing climate may, indeed, be reckoned one of the disadvantages of the too green Erin. But there are mental tonics and stimulants of power to overcome that Circe of the atmosphere. As slugs and snails retire from lawn and shrubbery, when a bright sky invites the nobler creatures out of doors, so will the Irishman's sluggish habits disappear, when the sun of Reason shines forth within him and the clouds of ignorance have been cleared away.*

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* Berkeley asks "Whether the natural inducements to sloth are not greater in the Mogul's country than in Ireland, and yet whether, in that suffocating and dispiriting climate, the Banyans are not all, men, women, and children, actively employed?"

The worst feature of this Irish character is its *disregard* of *Truth*—that lubricity, in consequence of which one Irishman will not trust another; and so far they are in worse plight than the very demons, who, as Milton informs us, are full of concord and sociability, full of "united hopes and counsels," in their hot home. Truth belongs to the very substrate of the mind: if in that deep flooring there is not evenness and unity, all above must needs be unstable, irregular and insecure. As untruth is the great corrupter of moral conduct, so must it be of national welfare. "Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas! false in thought first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them: who have said always to the harsh Fact, Thou art not that way, thou art this way." Such is Mr. Carlyle's account of the Irish with whom Cromwell had to deal. But as the Irishman is not specially malignant or selfish, his special falsity cannot be Satanic. Departure from truth, where no dark passions or intense selfishnesses are to be gratified, usually arises from quickness of fancy and feeling uncontrolled by principle; and looking at the matter in this point of view, I cannot agree with an earnest observer of the signs of the times and the moral condition of bodies of men, in a remark of his upon this subject, that the respect of the Irish for property, joined, as it is, with disregard of truth and of human life, is no promising feature, since it indicates such a *preposterous* collocation of moral sentiment and topsy-turvyism of conscience, that their state is but the more ungracious: as if, in being liars and not thieves, they were in a more hopeless condition than if they were liars and thieves too. Reasoning of this kind can only be reconciled with sense by being understood as an hyperbolical way of expressing a truth under the form of untruth. The dreams and falsities of

the Irish are visions of the night,—the night of ignorance and servitude. "Truth is the language of freedom," and the Irish are unveracious like the Italians and the Greeks, because like them they have wanted liberty without and within, political liberty and that royal law of the spirit, which emancipates it from the iron sway of its own native inbred tyrants.

Beside those already mentioned two other circumstances must have acted injuriously on Irish national character; the one, those peculiarities in the tenure of land which have disjoined proprietorship from responsibility and sense of duty; the other, religious disunion, associating the very idea of the spiritual with evil passions, as if *not peace but a sword* were no *accident* of Christianity, but its essential character and permanent condition; the consequence of which has been an *odium theologicum*, not confined to the study and to hours of controversy, but intruding into every place and troubling every season—a strife of hearts instead of the honourable contention and useful conflict of opposing intellects.

As for the Dirt, which cuts so large a figure in recent accounts of Ireland, it is clearly the result, as it is the outward symbol, of poverty and ignorance. Why have the Scotch been so often reproached with uncleanness? Not because they were stupid or brutishly incapable of refinement, but because they were *poor:* for though water is not so costly as wine, yet clean clothes and habitations are not to be had for nothing. But dirt is not a Celtic peculiarity, and filth is no fee simple of Hibernia in particular. Lisbon and Cologne, whose ill odours my Father has celebrated in rhyme, may vie with any town in Ireland for loading the gale with scents unlike those of Sabæa. Tourists in the sister island have been surprised to see damsels, all gaily drest above, wading barefoot

through the mud, like sweet flowers that "laugh atop" with rich blossoms, while their roots are buried in the mouldy earth. Just the same surprising sight has been witnessed many a time by tourists in Scotland.* But this unseemly habit, in persons *who could afford to dress well*, was observed only in the *North* of Ireland. Now from the North of Ireland Scotland was peopled, and a great similarity is observable, to this day, in the manners, customs and tempers of the inhabitants of Ulster and the opposite region. That mixture of indolence with martial ardour, which has been reckoned by some so peculiarly Hibernian, has been noted in the Highlanders.† Miss Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie* is a satirical portrait of the Scottish peasantry, in which idleness, carelessness

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* "Even in very respectable families in the country," says Mr. (now Sir John) Stoddart, "it is not uncommon to see the female servants barefooted. Nor is this custom so unfavourable to cleanliness as may be supposed," &c. &c. *Remarks on Local Scenery*, &c., vol. i. p. 35. In a section on Loch Lomond he says "Two beautiful young women (from the Highlands) dressed in laced cloaks and bonnets, came very nearly to the Church door barefooted, and stopping at a brook by the way side, washed their feet and put on their stockings and shoes preparatory to entering the church." The custom is mentioned in many more recent accounts. The truth is that feet can be washed without wearing out, but clothes are the worse for the wash-tub; to the simple hardy girls of Scythian descent frugality and tidiness doubtless seem to require this sort of economy.

† "That indolence which has been remarked as a general concomitant of the Highland character is probably a remnant of the old military life, which afforded long intervals of ease. That it does not proceed from a dulness of feeling is evident," &c. Ib. vol. ii. p. 4.

and acquiescence in filth are strongly marked features. It is distinguished from that which might be drawn of the Hibernian not altogether to the disadvantage of the latter.*

It is not meant to be denied that the same solvent, which serves to dissipate the characteristic vices of the Irish may be applied to neutralize and destroy their peculiar virtues too; that their honesty may be reduced to apathy; their domestic honour to indolence; their good nature to mere animal spirits. But this signifies nothing in the argument, if we admit that the ill character and conduct of the Irish peasantry, in their present state, proceed from no inferior organization or inherent pravity, such as, in my belief, has caused, and will continue to cause, the gradual extinction of some races—the permanent subjection or inferior condition of others—a belief which appears to have some sort of sanction in the prophecy at the end of the ninth chapter of Genesis. The so-called Celtic peculiarities disappear in the educated Irishman, or remain only to give a zest to his character. Some stones will not take a polish, but sure the Irishman is a jewel, virtually and intrinsically. If the main defects of the present national character of the Irish are incoherence or confusion

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* Miss Edgeworth remarks on occasion of this satire, "Nations, like individuals, can with decent patience bear to be told of their faults, if those faults, instead of being represented as forming their established unchangeable character, are considered as arising, as in fact they wholly do arise, from those passing circumstances which characterize rather a certain period of civilization than any particular people. If our national faults are pointed out as foul indelible stains, inherent in the texture of the character, we are justly offended," &c.

of thought, impracticability, and incapability of governing and directing, be it remembered that the great leader of the age is an Irishman, that the writings of the Irishmen, Swift and Burke, are extolled for their practical wisdom, and that one of the strictest chains of metaphysical reasoning which the world has seen proceeded from the Irish Bishop of Cloyne, who, in addition to his transcendant logic and his excellent Platonic style, possessed, according to Pope and other witnesses, "every virtue under heaven."

SECTION VIII.

Conduct of England toward Ireland.

THE history of a powerful nation is a history of human wickedness. England and her governments have not been more selfish and cruel than other nations and their rulers in darkling unconscientious times. Still we ought not to deny the criminality of a system which we dare no longer persist in, nor should the munificence of the present age, its Catholic Emancipation and present of ten millions,—which might be imaged forth emblematically as a tree of rapid growth and showy bloom, attired in broad white blossoms of persuasive perfume, the odour of that best sanctity, which is one with goodness,—be suffered to keep out of view the knotted thorns of past oppression, blackening in the back-ground afar into the distance, like that infernal grove beheld by Dante, where self-murderers after the resurrection are to suspend the bodies they have violently cast aside,

> *Ciascuno al prun dell' ombra sua molesta—*
> "Each on the thorn of his tormented shade."

Truly murderous was that oppression; nay, if Erin is,

as Berkeley affirms, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," it might be called suicidal, and represented in spectral vision as a huge black-thorn bearing the semi-animate mangled body of "poor Ireland."

Those chimeras respecting Celtic original defect and faultiness tend to encourage a system of permissive cruelty, adapted to the delicate selfishness and timid injustice of the present age, which, in some things, reminds one of the brilliant and accomplished Edmund, in Shakespeare's sublime play, hasting out of sight of the barbarities about to be committed on the body of his miserable and defenceless parent. And this is no contradiction of what has been alleged of the superior virtue of these times and of Great Britain, or that, to use the language of Mr. Wordsworth, as I have already cited on the same point that of my Father, this country by its institutions, which spring out of itself, has been rendered "the happiest and worthiest of which there is any record since the foundation of civil society." It only implies that as far as we have advanced beyond other lands and ages so far do we lag behind the standard we ought to attain; and that, in the nation as well as the individual, gentleness and harshness, benignity and tyranny, strict justice and unconscientious dealing may lie side by side or intersect each other, as veins of precious metal alternate with *strata* of bare earth and clay or diamonds are embedded in the unvalued rock. Men, who would shrink from persecuting the poor directly, who would regard with horror any attempt to bring back the villenage of old times, are seen to dwell with fond admiration on Malthusian theories of the Poor Law, which really enslave the poor, nay would *suffer* them to remain in a condition far worse than West Indian Slavery, all the while mocking them with the lofty

attributes of independence, dignity, and Heaven knows what. Mr. Hazlitt's account of these theories, when he describes them as teaching that "by the laws of God and Nature the Rich have a Right to starve the Poor, whenever they, the Poor, cannot maintain themselves," seems to me substantially just; for surely the Rich may be said to starve the Poor, if they make laws to protect the able and successful, the unimpeded and unincumbered, in the accumulation, augmentation and transmission of wealth, unlimited by any law providing that those who cannot obtain work or cannot perform it, shall not "want a morsel of bread while others roll in abundance," or only be granted enough to keep soul and body miserably together, while the fortunate are adding field to field and vineyard to vineyard; making the unavoidable imperfections of a truly Christian institution the pretext for putting it aside altogether. But this is the very principle of Socialism, of Communism, we are told. When Socialism and Communism have gone no further than a provision for the destitute who, in the complications of our Social System, fall through and find no standing place, it can hardly be thought to have diverged from the great High road of a wise and Christian Policy.

"It was your duty," says Mr. de Vere, addressing the English in the character of their Governments, "to have established among a people, whom you reproached with ignorance and prejudice, and among whom you had long prohibited knowledge, an ample system of education, both intellectual and industrial." They who could transplant the inhabitants of one district to another; who could root out the natives of Ulster and "drive them to the Devil or Connaught;" who could introduce hard men at arms into the soft bosom of the land; who could tie up the commerce of the Irish, persecute their religion, and turn

their laws upside down, might surely have "introduced agriculture with a high hand," according to the gentle Berkeley's recommendation, and might have regulated it too; might have prevented the ruinous growth of the potatoe, which causes men to multiply as fast above ground as itself multiplies below, but in misery and poorness of blood,—might have said to the usurping vegetable, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." We may indeed drive a horse to the water when all the power in the world cannot make him drink. Mere orders will do little, unless skill and disposition to execute them are at the same time imparted. But by what Cromwell actually did for Ireland, after his campaign in that country, and which the Restoration, coming with Laxity and Corruption in its train, undid, we may understand how much an English Government might have effected for the reformation and prosperity of the Irish people.*

* "In this way, not in the way of extermination, was Ireland settled by the Puritans.—The mass of the Irish nation lives quiet under a *new* land aristocracy; new, and, in several particulars, very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a nation. Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?"

"Ireland under this arrangement would have grown up into a sober, diligent, drab-coloured population, &c. But the Ever-Blessed Restoration came upon us, all that arrangement was torn up by the roots, and Ireland was appointed

SECTION IX.

Present Management of Ireland, and Principle of the Poor Law.

WELL were it if we could speak of English mismanagement of Ireland as a thing past or now active only in its consequences. Among other documents on this subject nine letters published last year in the *Morning Chronicle* may be cited as containing proof how much mischief may be done by the introduction of a law, most useful and equitable, when accompanied with a certain machinery for working it, without due adjustment to the circumstances and condition of the country into which it is introduced, so that it moves on like a steam-engine out of its track, crushing and ruining, till it comes to a stop, shattered but not restrained by the opposition it has met upon its course. Those letters were written by one

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to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-coloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us!" Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches by Thomas Carlyle.

It is curious to observe how Spenser's speculations and Cromwell's practicalities with respect to the Irish agree: the martial measures and economical regulations suggested by the interlocutor Irenæus, who seems, like Oliver, to have thought that the shore of Peace in Ireland could only be reached through seas of blood, were put in act by the master spirit of the Rebellion, the Hero of Puritanism. If the ghost of the Poet-Politician, in the time of the Stuarts and their mighty antagonist, haunted the shades of Kilcolman, the Curse of Cromwell, the carrying out of his stern counsels by a Protector of England, may have done much to settle his inquietude.

who might say of the calamities he describes in his native land, of these things *pars magna fui*—that they had come day by day under his eyes and within touch of him. I, a child of Coleridge and child in heart of Wordsworth, could agree or sympathize with no man, who rebelled against a Poor Law, because it implied that the Poor ought to be relieved out of the funds of those, who have more than enough, let them have come by the superfluity by ever such superior industry and merit. A member of the state, as such, is no isolated independent being; in return for the benefits of the social system, in return for protection by law of person and purse, he is bound to contribute to the general welfare of the community. The State, beheld in the character of its Ideal Sovereign, stands in a parental relation to all its members, and owes them preservative care in return for childlike submission and compliance on their part. Any man might fall into penury but for such preservation; no man could become rich but by the boon of the state; were it not for the beneficent action of the system of social life, with the infinity of powers and advantages that spring out of it, the existing rich men and poor men might not be in existence at all. If the Poor are members of the common weal, surely the State, considered in the character of sovereign,* is bound to preserve them in life and health out of the common fund, in return for their submission to the law

* I refer to the ideal sovereignty described by Rousseau in his work *Du Contrat Social.* "Cette personne publique, qui se forme ainsi par l'union de toutes les autres, prenoit autrefois le nom de *cité*, et prend maintenant celui de *république* ou de *corps politique*, lequel est appellé par ses membres *état* quand il est passif, *souverain* quand il est actif, *puissance* en le comparant à ses semblables."

and acquiescence in the tacit social compact, even when they are not in a condition to perform active service and by labour to promote the general good. Destitution is a contingency to which social life is liable and against which therefore Society ought to provide. In this way it may perhaps be shewn, that *justice* lies at the bottom of the claim made on the resources of the comparatively rich by the Poor Law.* But after all, in a land where the moral code of Christianity, if not the Saviour Christ Himself, is acknowledged by every thinking man, even by those who, doubting or denying Revelation, hold that which is called Christian *morals* to be, and comprise all that the Bible contains of divine, and that divine to have proceeded from

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* After framing the above attempt at proving that justice is embodied in the principle of a Poor Law by the reciprocation of rights and duties, and the interchange of benefits, since the poor man out of work is only by accident and for a given time, out of the condition of contributing his services to the common wealth, I found, to my delight, the argument which had possession of my mind,—the same argument in substance—more forcibly stated by Mr. Wordsworth in the fine discourse of economical polity, which is placed at the end of his Yarrow volume. Because Mr. W. is a great Poet, the misjudging many, (I do not speak of thoughtful men,) take it for granted, that he is no more to be consulted or put faith in, on such a subject as political economy, than a lion is to be sent to market with panniers on his back, like old Dobbin. The essay of which I have spoken, and which appears under the unassuming title of "Postscript," if divided and expanded, would suffice to create a reputation for a new and unknown writer. Like the many-branched oak of ages Mr. Wordsworth overshadows himself, in part, *with himself*. In common with most *great* writers he is not to be taken in during one course of study; for the individual student one

no other source than the heart and spirit of man, in their view (strange to say) the sole divinity,—in such a land, so pervaded by the moral spirit of the Christian Scriptures, whatever some portion of the community think of their origin and composition—is it not superfluous to inquire whether Justice commands what Humanity imperatively requires, whether the destitute have a right to support from those who have more than enough for the sustenance of their own life and health, when by the duty men owe their own souls, they have no right to refuse it, while yet, through mortal frailty obscuring reason, and excessive regard for self, numbers *will* refuse, if not compelled by a law without them to that which is right. The

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set of his productions postpones, if it does not prevent, the knowledge of another set. But I allude to that study whereby we receive a poet's heart and mind into our own, not to mere ordinary reading. The passage to which I referred particularly comes after one which commences with "And first for its justice;" and is as follows:

"But if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian Government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision, that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance involves the protection of the subject. And as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the State to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people, (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists), to public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves."

law is for the unjust and uncharitable to oblige them to do their part, for "the laws are a mind without appetite or passion, consequently without respect of persons," and the people, speaking collectively, have a wiser, purer judgment than belongs to every one in particular. Christian morality acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the land,—except by individuals, who may be termed demoniacs, persons possessed by special evil spirits,—amid all the diversity of religious speculation, ought to be expressed in acts of the Legislature, as it is inscribed upon the heart of every member of the community.

As to expedience, surely no man was ever yet prevented from earning and saving by the anticipation, that his frugality and industry would raise him to the rank of those, who have the privilege of being called on to save their fellow creatures from death by starvation or inclemency of weather, or worse fate!—by slowly perishing from insufficiency of clothing and diet? We are altogether in a highly artificial state? Woe be to us if we cultivate the science of rich living without a correspondent cultivation of moral science, carried out on system and interwoven into our economical polity! If the Rich make laws to benefit the Rich, if the skilful and able bring about arrangements and enactments whereby skill and ability are secured in the possession of all their possible fruits, policy as well as justice and charity, requires them to provide for their less fortunate fellow-countrymen. Policy, for if they avail themselves of *their* native power, seated in the ingenious brain and cunning finger to get and keep all they can, regardless of the cry of the wretched, how can they expect but that the Poor will avail themselves on every opportunity, of *their* native power, seated in the bones and muscles, to rise in rebellion against a

partial government, not truly representing the *whole* community, urged on by the tears of the feeble-bodied around them, those last instruments of redress and sometimes of vengeance, which God leaves to the doubly poor, who have no other means of self-succour.

Granting that Destitution is generally traceable to mismanagement as its ultimate source (though there certainly *are* causes of poverty affecting whole classes, quite independent of individual actions, and the different kinds of causes are endlessly complicated, so that few cases of pure misconduct or pure misfortune occur,) still the suffering is not the perfect and exact gauge of the faultiness; the sufferers and the authors of the misery are not always identical. They who would starve the children for the fault of the parents, or let the wife die by inches for the sake of punishing the husband, and think to justify their principle by representing it as coincident with the law of Nature, would perhaps be brought to more *natural* and humane sentiments, were *they* delivered over to the sole power and operation of Nature, unchecked by human art, unsupplemented by that Wisdom which cometh from above, the realm of the supernatural. Nature proceeds like Jaggernaut, in her unheeding, unrelenting course: and we are not bound either to throw ourselves or to let others fall and perish under the wheels of her careering chariot. This is truth in one aspect, though it is also true, that Nature is full of bountiful kindness, "more sinned against than sinning," and that she fills the universe with joy and beauty.*

The present Irish Poor Law is not complained of in those

* It has been solemnly declared of late, that the principle of the Poor Law, which implies it to be the duty of a Christian state to feed the starving children of improvident pa-

letters because it relieves destitute persons at the expense of the well-portioned or successfully industrious classes, but because it tends to pauperize Ireland more than to relieve Irish paupers. Had the Poor Law so operated here would it not have been abolished long ago? It is not against a legal provision for the poor, even in Ireland, that the author remonstrates, but against the particular arrangements of the present measure and the absence of accompanying regulations, to prevent the evils it occasions in its present ill adapted shape. Had it been devised by blundering Hibernians it could not have been worse contrived, according to the report of those who have witnessed its beggaring, paralysing operation.

SECTION X.

Remedies proposed for the unhappiness of Ireland.

THE last number of the Quarterly, (for September 1849,) in an article on Ireland, proposes three remedies for the present wretchedness of the country. 1. The elevating into a state of comfort and independence the R. C. Clergy. 2. Diffusion of education among the people, with the abandonment by Protestant Ministers

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rents,—interposes between the cause and its consequence! When we have recovered a little from the shock of this announcement, we begin to ask, whether it is self-evidently wrong to come between a natural cause and its consequence; whether if this be an impious and unhallowed undertaking, we ought not to enter upon a crusade against physicians and surgeons, who, by presuming to heal diseases which are so often nearly or remotely the consequence of intemperance and vice, and to heal contusions, concussions and fractures,

of a line of conduct, which obstructs the course of the national school system, and is conceived in a spirit of puritanical fanaticism. 3. Lord Clarendon's scheme of agricultural instruction vigorously followed up. To the second and third of these proposals *all* the friends of Ireland, fellow-countrymen and strangers, would unanimously and cordially assent. And would that all were equally agreed on the propriety and necessity of the first also! How can admirers of the Romish clergy think so ill of those spiritual leaders as to suppose they would wilfully remain in a situation, which compels them to abject practices, degrading to themselves and injurious to their flocks? On the other hand, why should staunch adherents of the Reformed doctrine and discipline, warm opponents of Rome, resist a measure, which of all others seems most likely to promote the diffusion of religious light among the benighted Papists of Ireland, by removal of the embittered prejudices, which have hitherto kept them at a distance from all who bear the Gospel torch in their hands? True it is that their allegiance to a foreign authority, and the nature of the views which as Romanists they hold, respecting their duties to their religion, and the paramountcy of those duties to ordinary moral obligation, must tend to prevent their being brought into salutary relations with the state, of a steady, trustworthy cha-

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very often the consequence of rashness and inconsideration, do systematically frustrate the lesson of virtue, prudence and caution afforded by the Author of Nature. Nay, nay, it may be replied, to set broken bones and cure disease takes no money out of the public purse; an answer which would plainly shew, that it is not the fear of contradicting Nature but desire to lighten the income-tax that inspires this reasoning and makes it pass with numbers for perfect good sense and "the truest and tenderest mercy."

racter. Berkeley saw this difficulty when he inquired "Whether in common prudence or policy any priest should be tolerated who refused to take an oath testifying allegiance to the king and disclaiming the Pope's authority in temporals?"

But there is another remedy, proposed as a necessary condition of improvement in Ireland by all who have dwelt long on her wants and miseries, and that is emigration, for the sake of colonization, assisted by Government. The parties who now emigrate without such aid are either men of capital, who carry to a foreign shore the wealth of the country, or poverty-stricken men, poor in purse, poor in strength, who seek a foreign shore but to find a grave there. Those who are best acquainted with the constitution of society in Ireland are most intent upon this measure of depletion, as a necessary preliminary before the general system can be cleared and invigorated. Ireland can never be helped *into* prosperity till the Irish help themselves; they cannot be set right ab extra, while they are "a' noddin at our house at home." But the first move may be made from without. Berkeley asks if "the fable of Hercules and the Carter ever suited any nation like this nation of Ireland." The Carter was strong enough to do the whole work himself and was unimpeded. If his hands had been tied, Hercules would have done well to free him from those shackles before leaving him to drag his cart out of the mire. In a region that is crowded the arm of Labour is stricken down and the hand of Beneficence is exhausted. A man must have room for his limbs to play if he is to work effectively.*

* Some argue that to transport moneyless men across the globe and set them down in a new country, with no definite prospect before them of the ways and means by which they

Thus speak Irishmen on behalf of Ireland, and some who, though not Irish, join heartily in the prayer that Government will accord to the Irish the means of colonizing successfully, even though these means must be golden ones, have suggested that an importation of Scotchmen, as managers of estates and farmers, might be one of the best modes of affecting and elevating the present national character of Ireland. The Scotch manage the Irish better than Englishmen do, perhaps because they manage themselves better, or because they have more in common with them in the state of thought and feeling. There is a marked want of flexibility and of adaptivity in the Englishman: his moral substance is substantial, perhaps it is even "too, too solid," somewhat, the least possible, heavy and inelastic. Again the caution and

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are to live, is but to transfer misery from one hemisphere to another, with this additional evil, that the new comers, causing a superfluity of labour, became positively injurious to the established settlers. The excellent Bishop Selwyn (a better saint, I believe, than most in the calendar, though he might disapprove of the boldness of saying so,) deprecates "the pauperised and pauperising system of free passages, given generally to relieve the workhouses." "Of all the causes," writes he, "which ruin emigrants, the worst is the sending out men without friends or connexions in the colony, to herd together in emigration barracks, and clamour to Government for the wages of idleness, as sturdy paupers, till they have lost all favour with the settlers, and have imbibed in return a rooted dislike to the country and its inhabitants."

Charity begins at home; men naturally think most of the interests of their own immediate neighbourhood. "Let one mind one and all are minded then," is no good economy; for man is not intended by the author of his being to be a unit or to live disunitedly from his kind. But if each man attended

deliberateness of the North Briton,—for he is cautious and full of forecast though with abundance of the fiery in his composition,—balances the suddenness of the Hibernian, and thus collision is avoided.

SECTION XI.

Conclusion from the foregoing statements.

ERIN is a limb of Britain, and one which in the extremest case cannot be amputated; to impute a vital gangrene to the member is to pronounce a fatal sentence upon the whole body. This truth my Father, in his sternest disapproval of Irish agitation, never forgot; it is because Irish agitation constantly forgets it that it is so madly impolitic as well as undutiful. The present Irish race indeed might perish; a hard and ill-adjusted policy might bring about this consummation and politi-

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well to his family and parish, all would be cared for; and yet even then a man must be able to hear reason respecting the interests of other families and parishes. "In the Union of Kilrush all outdoor relief was withdrawn in one day from 11,500 paupers, who will speedily die off, and the mortality within the house rose to twenty times the rate it had previously been at, the provisions being inadequate." Such facts as these respecting Ireland must modify the delicacy and cautiousness of our concern for New Zealand. At least there is space in Australia: there is a fine climate, and labour is generally in request. It seems strange if the wit of man, where there are these elements of well doing, cannot make arrangements, whereby the mischiefs pointed out by the paternal Bishop of New Zealand may be precluded. Is it inevitable that the transported labourers should herd together in emigration barracks?

cians of a certain school might keep it in view, as a catastrophe by no means to be averted by any severe sacrifice or anxiety of interference. But as this is a line of thought and conduct which hardly any British statesman, in the present day, would avow—for the least tender hearted would be incapable of giving his Sovereign such advice as the sage Spenser gave to his Gloriana * in that

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* Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland* is much extolled by Anti-Irish politicians on the score of its practical wisdom. I, for my part, should be glad if no such proof of practicality were on record to shew how little the author of the *Faëry Queen* was advanced beyond his age in political conscientiousness. The master thought in the mind of the laurelled bard, while penning it, seems to have been, "How may these rogues and vagabonds, the Irish, be most speedily brought under the absolute sway of my liege lady and royal patroness, the Queen of England? How may this fair isle of theirs, with its fertile fields, be made to yield her most ample profit?" Yet after all, it is not his proposals for reducing the country that indicate an unawakened spirit and moral insensibility half so much as the calm way in which he mentions abominable tyranny and wrong. See for example his report of the first conquering of the country in the time of Henry II. and the subsequent treatment of the conquered. Not one spark of honest indignation does the story elicit from the Tudor-honoring narrator. If we did not know how habits of thought, induced by early position, may sheathe and muffle a heart not altogether senseless; how custom lying upon the source of feeling,

"Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,"

may partially crush and benumb it,—so that things in themselves most apt to rouse pity and indignant scorn, may fail to move it in the least degree, even when brought fully within ken of the intellect,—we might wish that this prose offspring

"golden age" when if "faith and hope were in their prime," it was not altogether that *faith which worketh by love*—so it is one which none, who deserve the name, could proceed upon actively or persuasively. Loss of fortune and a property which no chance and change could restore, a priceless child burned amid the conflagration of house and home, was Ireland's retort upon the imaginative Poet when he was practical if not over much yet not wisely. Every *wise* statesman cherishes a salutary dread of an avenger, of whom the Homeric Archer-god is a type,—beholds in mental vision the arrows hurtling through the air shot forth against cruelty and wrong; remembering that public sin brings on, sooner or later, public calamity, and that we may apply to nations the ancient warning;

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.

In two generations,—I have heard an American gentleman declare,—Irishmen in America lose the Irish characteristics of self-indulgence and improvidence. If it be the *country* of Ireland, not soil or climate, much less Celtic blood, but the circumstances of the country, that cause Ireland to be, what Essex impatiently termed it "the cursedest of Islands," we might root up the whole present crop of wild vines, only to see them succeeded by wild vines again, with *grapes of gall*, or other degenerate productions. We shall have to do right by the inhabitants of Ireland, to give them our advantages, be they of Celtic, or be they of Saxon origin, if we will have them do

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of the great Poet's brain had been consumed, along with his unhappy infant, in the avenging fires at Kilcolman. Alas! "poor Spenser!" and "poor Ireland!"

right by themselves and us, and not become "Irish-like," even as the former generations of Irish. I conclude this subject with Berkeley's query: "Whether it be not the true interest of both nations to become one people? And whether either be sufficiently apprised of this?" *

SECTION XII.

Mr. Coleridge's sentiments concerning British America.

IT has been said of my Father that, "although he incurred the reproach of having ratted solely by his inability to follow the friends of his early days into what his heart regarded as a signal breach of patriotism, that in any

* Since I wrote this Introduction I have been reading with deep interest the Letters on the State of the Labouring Poor supplied to the *Morning Chronicle*, and feeling that our Paupers are by no means the most pitiable class in the community: that there is another class, the widest and unhappiest in the land, above them in the name of respectability, below them in physical comfort, for whom Humanity has to raise her voice even more loudly. May the knowledge of the dreadful mass of facts lately revealed in those Letters lead to the invention of remedies, and rouse the zeal required for carrying on the work of reformation! It seems evident, in the first place, that the Legislature might do much to mitigate the misery of the Labouring Poor throughout the land by proceeding further and further in directions wherein it has already made some progress; and secondly, that a large portion of it might at once be extinguished were all Employers and landed Proprietors to become as benevolent and conscientious,—as truly Christian,—as some few among them now are. Our poor brethren would then be raised from wretched slaves to free and happy men:—De-

eminent sense he was not a patriot." In this respect he has been compared to Goethe. "And *he*," continues Mr. Dequincey, "was thus far much below Coleridge, that the passion which he could not feel, Coleridge yet compelled himself practically to obey in all things which concerned the world; whereas Goethe disowned this passion equally in his acts—his words—and his writings."

My Father shewed his freedom from national prejudice in his language respecting British America, which he described in verses that became popular in that country, as "England with elbow room, and doubly free." I remember hearing him express contempt for the shallowness and vulgar incivility of English visitors to the United States of America,—(it is ever persons wanting in depth of refinement who are perpetually detecting indelicacy in others),—who in reporting of a land, which we ought to regard with a mixed parental and fraternal interest, dwell almost exclusively on outside defects, giving a prominence and a disproportionate importance to every thing in the social state of our Transatlantic brethren, which arises from transitory imperfection, and omitting the consideration of those higher matters which concern, and are to result from, their permanent position and condition. Doubtless their present estate does comprehend some serious disadvantages; the despotism of newspapers, their noisy influence not being silently repressed, as here, by the commanding countenance of hereditary territorial possession;—the tyranny of a political system, which obliges every man to be an active politi-

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spair, with all her evil works of self-abandonment and improvidence, which cause the human plant to spread the faster the viler weed it becomes, would be done away, and the social fabric of England strengthened to last for ages.

cian, thus inducing depressive weariness or feverish restlessness:—a social plan in some degree preclusive of those arrangements, whereby, in England, domestic ease and refined comfort are brought within reach of even moderate incomes;—slavery in the southern States, so interwoven apparently, and at all events in the belief of the dominant people, with public prosperity, that difficulties exist in the way of its extinction, which render the attempt to interfere, by argument, unavailing, by force, neither prudent nor just;—the absence of all those beautiful and venerable monuments of the artistic skill and religious fervour of former ages, which England and Europe possess; of the old treasures of literature, considered as national products; of aristocratic residences that preserve models of noble manners and of courtly grace;—these are, to my thinking, great wants, great disadvantages. On the other hand, there are three other great *Wants* in British America, which more than compensate those just enumerated: 1. In the condition of the country, the absence of abject poverty in the mass, from abundance of productive space relatively to population, or land that may become productive: 2. In the mind of the people, absence of prejudice closing the avenues to truth. Give an Englishman's inherited or acquired position, and in all ordinary cases you may infer his creed, religious and political: in America those cast-iron frameworks of position and conventionalism do not exist in anything like so great a degree: 3. In the state of society, absence of ultra-civilization in manners and customs, a civilization of effeminacy and corruptness, akin to that of the Roman Empire in its stages of decay; sophistication in matters of intellect, and in matters of taste and social sentiment, a feeble, fleering, frittering fastidiousness, which contracts the mental physiognomy

into a perpetual sneer, and spreads such a chilling atmosphere around the heart in many a circle, that a party of so-called *friends*, brought together, it might be supposed, for interchange of thought and feeling, seem under a compact to conceal from each other every particle of their real mind under a glazed coverlet of comfortless politeness. It has been observed, that Englishmen, in their social character, seem vastly more anxious not to commit any awkwardness, especially in the betrayal of that dire offence, vanity, than to perform anything agreeable. Hence the languor of many an English assembly, where exists every element of highest interest and delight, the one quality of a self-forgetful and forth-springing frankness being wanted to set free the imprisoned powers, and cause them to combine and sparkle up in joyous harmony. The surface of social life should not be coldly bright and smooth, but display a gladsome brilliance, like the bosom of a clear lake beamed upon by the great source of *heat* as well as light.

It has been maintained, and I hope truly, that in consequence of this happy want of ultra civilization and excessive refinement, moral qualities are more highly rated in America, and tell for more than in old countries, where Luxury will have her ministers at any cost, and will hire extravagantly those talents that furnish the exquisite accommodations and elaborate elegancies of outward life, with slight regard to aught else in the possessor's character. —Yes! America has doubtless grand and noble prospects before her, though her judges do sit wigless on the judgment seat, or even if it were true—(which I, for my part, believe to be one of the fibs of our naughty boys against brother Jonathan)—that some of her sons occasionally lounge with their heels raised to a level with their heads, type of plebeian ascendancy. Those who though not hers

are jealous for her, have at times felt mortified, that she has shewn herself so keenly sensitive to satire, which, as far as it was mean and captious, she ought simply to have despised, as far as it was partially founded in truth, however exaggerated, she should have used as a magnifying mirror, that by presenting our defects enlarged excites us to strenuous efforts at amendment, or if they be irremoveable, to protect ourselves against their consequences with the armour of calmness and patience. Man is alive to ridicule by no exalted part of his nature: little children and brute animals are enraged when they are laughed at. To stand unmoved the assault of scornful raillery, which is so oft, like Samson, strong but blind, and the more resolute because it fights in the dark,—secure in the panoply of that reasonable self-esteem which is but the reverse or opposite side of habitual humility,—is one of the last achievements of reflection. Perhaps we have expected from "England with elbow-room" more prowess on this head than old England has to boast. How often would we have a dear friend shew himself more sage and sensible and, self-controlled than, *mutatis mutandis*, we should have the heart to be ourselves!

SECTION XIII.

Mr. Coleridge's eulogy on Washington, the Christian Hero.

I CANNOT take leave of the Americans and my Father's opinion of their high advantages, without referring to Washington, to whom he has paid an overflowing tribute in one of his Letters to the Spaniards. "Heroism," said Sir J. Mackintosh, in the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, "has a splendour that almost atones for its excesses."

According to Mr. Carlyle, heroism ever shines with a beneficent fire, and the hero is he who by great endowments, is the benefactor of his kind, a god upon earth, worthy of worship in a certain appropriate sense, even though, like the demigods of old, full of human frailty. Thus with Coleridge we may call Cromwell "a *hero*" without insisting that his means were always as pure as his ends were originally patriotic, or that even his ends continued to the last as noble as they appear to have been at first.* Like England herself this champion of England is to be loved *with all his faults:* he performed a great work for his country, which his country needed and has never since let go; and he performed it, under God, as Luther performed *his* mighty work, principally by means of personal qualities and gifts of head and heart; not as some men become great, or *large* in the world's eye, by the conjunction of ordinary powerful

* The Protector's career in Ireland, called the Curse of Cromwell, when viewed from first to last, in its intention and its results, in its war measures and its peace arrangements, appears to have been more cursed than cursing or curse-worthy. Still even if the campaign itself were justifiable, I am not convinced that the conductor of it was wholly so, or that a pure desire to make the Bible the law of the land would have enabled any heart, "full of deepest pity and tenderness," so to resist impulses of compassion, through a deep regard to ultimate and general good, as to have conceived and executed the military part of the plan. We may say of it as of Bacon's censured conduct toward Essex, that such stoical rationality is not exhibited by men of deep feeling, unless their breasts have been steeled by a stern ambition. A resolute obedience to principle and self denying enthusiasm is vastly more concoivable however in the case of Cromwell than of Bacon.

abilities with extraordinary events and circumstances, which do great part of the business themselves, and need but an instrument, rather than a high designing agent, for the executive—an instrument like the firm and strongly welded hammer, which the rushing waters impel to certain operations, they themselves being set in motion by a power still further back.

Washington however was not a hero like Cæsar and Alexander, conquerors intent on exalting themselves alone or in the first instance; nor like Cromwell or Coriolanus, whose course was of a mixed character. He alone of all men, whom history presents to us, was absolutely uncorrupted by possession of supreme power; and this preeminence of goodness, which distinguishes him to the imagination amid the crowd of laurelled heroes, by a saintly halo, is recognised and celebrated by my father, whose glowing flood of language, like liquid amber, at once embalms, and brightly enshrines its object. A pendant to his picture I have found, and cannot refrain from presenting to the reader, in the following description of Professor Reed, contained in his address to the Art Union of Philadelphia, delivered May 7, 1849.

"I remember having seen Greenough's statue of Washington, as it is placed facing the capital, for the first time in the early morn of a bright Spring day. There was no trivial noise—no intrusive criticism to disturb the solemn impression it is fitted to give. The eye seemed to reject all sensations save what came from the unclouded sky and from the spotless marble—a harmony rather than a contrast, and the things of earth had no part in it. In that ideal portraiture the moral of the character—the history of the life in its marvellous integrity and with its perfect consummation—was visible—the one hand lay-

ing down, as if at his country's feet, the sheathed sword, and the other pointing to the sky. There was nothing between the finger of that uplifted arm and the highest heavens; and as the imagination of the spectator was thus carried upward, you could not but feel that no cloud of mortal passion had ever dimmed the glory of the character here idealized in marble, and that that soul had risen above the strife of self-will and the tumult of human frailties into the serene atmosphere of duty and of Christian heroism."

SECTION XIV.

Mr. Coleridge's terms of connection with public Journals.

WHATEVER opinion may be formed in time to come of my Father's sagacity and ability as an essayist on the events of the day, all readers, I believe, will agree as to the elevated spirit in which his connection with public journals was maintained, and the high and firm moral tone which he carried into them. In the *Biographia Literaria* he mentions that, on being solicited, soon after his return from Germany, to undertake the literary and political department of the Morning Post, he "acceded to the proposal on condition that the paper should thenceforward be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that he should neither be obliged nor requested to deviate from them in favour of any party or event; in consequence of which that paper became Anti-Ministerial indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the Opposition; and with far greater earnestness and zeal both Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican."

The terms on which he granted his services in 1799 he continued to insist upon, when he recommenced regular

newspaper writing in 1811. His proposals to write for the Courier, a copy of which, in his own hand-writing, has been kindly handed to me by Mr. H. C. Robinson, conclude thus: "The above, always supposing the Paper to be truly independent, 1st of the Administration, and 2nd of the Populace; and that the fundamental principle is the due proportion of political Power to Property, joined with the removal of all obstacles to the free circulation and *transfer* of Property, and all artificial facilitations of its natural tendency to accumulate in large and growing masses."

This is one of numberless proofs how far removed he continued to be from the blind conservation denounced by Dr. Arnold, which, like the mole, keeps digging about its burrow in the earth, to throw up heaps of mould for its own security and fortification, working solely by feel of what *touches* its own poor paltry self, while it *sees* nothing either far or near in the true sense of seeing—a vulgar selfishness consolidated into principle, like marsh water that has become sordid ice, uniting the qualities of hardness and coldness with those of fragility and of impurity. Yet, as has been intimated before, he had a high disdain for the demagogue and his mob-artifices, the strongest sense of the fitness of resisting the spirit of Communism and upholding the power and influence of that true aristocracy, without which a society of men is in worse plight than a community of intelligent though not rational insects, of ants or of bees. For such aristocratic government Milton and even Rousseau had a deeper respect than can be found associated with the doctrine of a divine right of Kings, contended for in a sense which, confounding things of the spirit with worldly politics, sets them above all obligation of duty toward the people governed, and inevitably tends to merge and overpower

claims to authority and ascendancy not founded on an immediate unction from on high. A king accountable to God alone for his rule and governance is divided by an infinite chasm from every other order in the state; and with respect to such a potentate, Lords, however humanly wise and good, however richly endowed with houses and lands, can be little more than Commons, personal and political,—all alike must be mere puppets and creatures of a direct delegate of heaven. Such views are interesting now only as matter of history, and on account of the influence they *have* exercised on the minds and actions of men. The doctrine of divine right is radically connected with that of submission to the Church as maintained by Romanists:—passive obedience to the Monarch as God's representative, and prostration of intellect before a *Majority* or dominant party of churchmen, self invested with all the authority and attributes of *the Church*,—are cognate notions. Hence the former could not die absolutely and for ever when, as far as its individual self was concerned, its end was come: but has been recalled to a sort of ghastly "after life," that *jerks* rather than moves and lives, by theologians of the school which Milton called *Antiquitarian*. Though in its own character slavish and once fostered by court-minions, fit only to be such "creatures" as their theory makes mankind in general, it has been often preached by men who were slaves to nothing but their own disinterested fanaticism, fools only where supposed allegiance was concerned. To the eyes of such "gentle lunatics," for whom the purple light of Royalty transfigures frailty into angelic innocence, nay even the features of Vice into those of Virtue,—for whom, in the last stage of delusion, the Moral is swallowed up and lost in the Mystic or imaginary Spiritual, a mirage of celestial glory pales into "ineffectual

fires" the solid glow of moral excellence, as displayed in some of earth's noblest sons, whose deeds live for us in their results, whose words burn in our hearts even to this day, while by its glittering mistiness it arrays in false splendour and a deceptive semblance of infinitude the objects of infatuated regard.

The notion that theories of kingship, admitted to be phantoms, are to be cherished for a supposed salutary influence on the minds of the masses, or that a piece of mere state-craft, granting superstitious reverence for the monarch to be such, can be innocent and advantageous, is a branch of the make-believe system, which it is strange to see openly held forth at this day. Symbols unsupported by their correspondent realities are like the brittle ice without water under it: they will bear no weight and give way upon any attempt to make use of them.

"Throwing his weight," as Mr. Gillman says, "into the scale which needed assistance," he (Mr. C.) wrote for the Courier in the tone of the following paragraph, extracted from private memoranda; but intended for publication in that Journal:

Of the Profanation of the sacred word "The People."

"Every brutal mob, assembled on some drunken Saint Monday of faction, is '*the People*' forsooth, and now each leprous ragamuffin, like a circle in geometry, is at once one and all, and calls his own brutal self 'US the People.' And who are the friends of the People? Not those who would wish to elevate each of them, or at least, the child who is to take his place in the flux of life and death, into something worthy of esteem, and capable of freedom; but those who flatter and infuriate them as they do. A contradiction in the very thought. For if really they are

good and wise, virtuous and well-informed, how weak must be the motives of discontent in a truly moral being! —but if the contrary, and the motives of discontent proportionally strong, how without guilt and absurdity appeal to them as judges and arbiters! He alone is entitled to a share in the government of all, who has learnt to govern himself—there is but one possible ground of a right to freedom, viz. to understand and revere its duties."*

In the foregoing sections I have noticed some salient points of my Father's opinions on politics,—indeed to do this was alone my original intent; but once entered into the stream of such thought I was carried forward almost involuntarily by the current. I went on to imagine what my Father's view would be of subjects which are even now engaging public attention. It has so deeply interested myself thus to bring him down into the present hour,—to fancy him speaking in detail as he would speak were he now alive; and by long dwelling on all that remains of him, his poems of sentiment and of satire, his prose works, his letters of various sorts, his sayings and the reports and remarks of others about him, I have come to feel so unified with him in mind, that I cannot help anticipating a ready pardon for my bold attempt; nay even a sympathy in it from genial readers, and such, or none at all, I think to have for the present publication.

SECTION XV.

Materials of these Volumes.

I HAVE now to give some general account of the materials of which these volumes consist, and the manner in which they have been collected, for *particulars* of

* From Gillman's Life of Coleridge, p. 223.

which the reader is referred to the notes at the end of each volume. The great mass of the contents were ascertained to be his by his signature attached to them either in print or in his own hand-writing.* A certain number of articles are assigned to him on internal evidence only, but of these there are few that do not contain sentences or phrases to be found elsewhere in his writings, or some other special marks of his style. I remember hearing my Uncle, Mr Southey, speak of pretensions to detect authorship by style, as if he considered it a point whereon aught approaching to assurance must be founded in self-deception; indeed he was disposed to look upon any attention to style *per se* as a piece of literary coxcombry; keep the *matter* in order, he seemed to say, and the *manner* will come right of itself, as the fish exudes his own exactly fitting shell, with every ornament of hue and form that can best suit the wearer. Yet who more apt than he to divine a man's character from his face?—to approve or disapprove at first sight on the score of phisiognomy?—and surely there is a *countenance* in an author's mode of expression; not that a man's whole being will look forth from his writings, as it does from his visage, or conform his sentences as it impresses itself upon his features; but that enough of his intellectual character and temperament will appear in his compositions, wilful mimicry or intentional disguise being out of the question, to render the author clearly recognizable by those well acquainted with his mental idiosyncrasy.

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* "The character of Pitt" is given to my Father on repeated testimony of Mr. Stuart, which indeed was scarcely needed to confirm the strong internal evidence of both style and matter.

Two articles of 1811, *On Buonaparte*, are the most dubious of the *conjecturals*. They contain my Father's opinions, but, I now think, may not have been from his pen.

" How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style,
When every one, who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oftener than his clothes! "

An author may shift his style as a man wears a different habit on different occasions; he may adapt it to the club or to the lecture room, to the sun-shiny breakfast parlour or the lamp-lit study, and yet the writer's personal identity will shine through it, as a man's shape and gait are discerned through his clothes. The author, who can assume different persons as well as different costumes, is one who has no very marked personal character of his own; he may be a man of talent, but he is not a man of genius. Versatility, as such, is hardly an attribute of intellects of the highest order. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante are ever each himself alone; not a passage in either of them resembles, in manner or spirit, that of any other poet; and each adhered to certain forms of composition into which his poetic genius naturally evolved itself. The more energetic and powerful is any original genius, the more strongly individualized its products must be, and though its creations will be various as well as numerous, all will have a common character among themselves distinguishing them from all others. In the large creative mind versatility is merged in a higher kind of power. The great genius does not turn itself into many forms but makes many various modes all represent itself.*

* The mere forms of literary composition, as distinguished from the matter, can never be the subject or test of creative power. The different modes of poetry, Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, Didactic, Meditative, Satiric, Epigrammatic, are different in the *matter* of thought. A man who had great power in all these kinds would be more properly de-

My Father's genius was never hidden in the different forms it assumed or modes in which it was manifested. The identity was more impressive than the diversity in all that proceeded from his mind. In his prose writings the union of ardour with precision is one of the most general characteristics of his manner; and another is the combination of learning with imaginativeness. He was wont to illustrate a subject by images borrowed from the realm of Faëry, illumined by "the light that never was on sea or land;" and the deep treasury of Scripture continually furnished him with analogies or parallels. His prose was that of a poet, yet possessed the appropriate prosaic rhythm; and this is the most general mark, whereby it is distinguished from the elegant or forcible writings of his distinguished contemporaries and immediate successors. Perhaps there are few *good* styles, such as are not encrusted with icy mannerisms, but pure and free and flowing, like a mountain stream in April, which are so recognizable as my Father's,—except that of Jeremy Taylor, whose prose is poetical rather than merely the prose of a poet. Nevertheless, as men are sometimes deceived in their physiognomical divinations, indubitable as it is that mind does shine through the vizor of clay, and even, in some measure, mould it, I may have been mistaken in some of my few conjectural attributions, and I shall

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signated as of an energetic and extensive, than a versatile genius. The greatest epic and dramatic poets have possessed lyrical powers; but some great lyrical poets are without power for the drama. My Father's genius was not dramatic; he exhibited the versatility of *talent* in producing, with little dramatic genius, a play which was not without temporary success on the stage, and possesses some good theatrical effects, both in the cast of Ordonio's character, and in several of the situations.

be thankful to any one, who will give me information on the subject, or point out to me any errors, known or supposed, as to matter of fact, (or indeed, if he were so inclined, of reasoning,) in this or other editions of my Father's writings, especially the posthumous ones.

After much inquiry, and availing myself of every clue which has been supplied to me by persons well informed on the subject, I have never been able to discover any file of the *Morning Post* except one at Peele's Coffee House in Fleet Street, which is beginning to feel the tooth of Time. It struck me indeed that the old man of the scythe had been especially *edacious* of my Father's compositions, as if he anticipated an attempt to rescue them from his maw for ever. There is an hiatus in one of the Letters to Fox, of which I possessed no separate copy, and still larger ones in other articles, which I was able to repair, by copies possessed independently.*

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* Whatever may be thought of these Letters it will at this time be generally felt that they have nothing in them which can be properly called *personal:* the censure they contain is against a *public* man on grounds that *concerned the Public;* it is vehement but not rancorous or even acrimonious. Mr. Lamb however was offended by it, and thus wrote to one of his friends on the subject: "Coleridge has indited a violent philippic against Mr. F. in the M.P., which is a compound of expressions of humility, gentleman-ushering in most arrogant charges. It will do Mr. Fox no real injury among those who know him."

Now if the act condemned by my Father was devoid of all sense and significance, if it was no sign of sympathy, no tribute of respect, no mark of heart homage, then indeed it was not inconsistent in a friend of peace and liberty and the progress of mankind—then were those Letters a piece of moral parade and a boisterous *Much ado about nothing*. If the

For the privilege of examining the *Courier* of all the years in which my Father wrote for that Journal, I am indebted to the Secretary of the Alfred Club House, and I seize this opportunity of making my acknowledgments for his courtesy in allowing the files of the Paper to remain so long in my hands. Copies of many of the numbers of the *Morning Post* and the *Courier* which were aided by my Father's pen, though by no means a complete set of his contributions, had been kept in one of his abodes in the North of England. These passed into his late Editor's hands and thence into mine. I have not printed the whole of what proceeded from him ; the mere narrative and report of public events has been for the most part abstracted, as far as this could be detached from the portions of more permanent interest without rendering the comments and reasonings unintelligible. Some articles which I thought probably his, I declined inserting in this collection, because the more certain marks of his authorship seemed wanting to them.* My Father's fine odes, *France*, *Dejection*, and I believe that *On the De-*

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courtesies and obeisances of a Levee are shadows without relation to substance, the strictures in question were as shadows too, equally vain and empty. But dear Mr. Lamb could never tolerate any censure on principle of those whom he was resolved to go on loving and liking, let them violate principle as they might, without abating a grain of his regard and affection. He felt every such censure to be a piece of arrogance, and gave way to something like arrogance in his arraignment of it.

* According to Mr. Stuart, Sir James Mackintosh wrote for the Morning Post during one year after the spring of 1799. My Father did not begin to contribute prose articles to it till the end of that year. He had given twelve poems to the Paper before he went to Germany.

parting Year, with twenty or thirty other pieces since included in his Poetical Works, among which was *Love*, one of the most popular poems of this age, were first published in the *Morning Post*.

SECTION XVI.

Mr. Coleridge's Intercourse with the Editor of the Morning Post.

MR. Coleridge's assertion in his auto-biography respecting the increased sale of the Paper just mentioned, which he adduces as a "pledge that genuine impartiality, with a respectable portion of literary talent, will secure the success of a newspaper, without the aid of party or ministerial patronage," was corroborated beforehand by the editor, (Mr. Daniel Stuart) himself: for according to his own statement the Journal rose from a sale of only 350 per day in August 1795 to an average of 2090 in April 1802, when he published an account of the numbers sold in a week,—namely from 2991 to 3002,—and shewed that it stood higher at that period in point of sale than any other Morning Paper, the order in respect of circulation from high to low being this: Morn. Post, Morn. Herald, Morn. Advertiser, Times, Morn. Herald. When my Father said in conversation that he had raised the sale of the Journal to 7000, a remark which appeared in the first edition of the *Table Talk*, to the displeasure of Mr. Stuart, he probably confounded the numbers sold with those sold of the *Courier* some years afterwards, and he may also have been thinking of what took place on the appearance of The *Devil's Thoughts* and the *Character of Pitt*, of which Mr. Stuart says in a private letter "Each of these made a sensa-

tion which any writings unconnected with the events of the day rarely did;" and again, "the Paper was in demand for days and weeks afterwards."* The truth is, my Father may have done much to raise the reputation, and enhance the importance, of the *Morning Post*, while yet its general sale depended in the main on such popular causes as Mr. Stuart enumerated. But that Mr. S. himself had the highest opinion of Mr. Coleridge's power of serving his Paper is evidenced by what is thus mentioned in a communication of the former to Mr. Poole, in March 1800:—"If I had the least love of money I could make almost sure of 2000*l.* a year, for Stuart has offered me half shares in the two papers, the *Morning Post* and *Courier*, if I would devote myself with him to them. But I told him that I would not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pound—in short that beyond 350*l.* a year I considered money as a real evil."—

"I think there are but two good ways of writing—one for immediate and wide impression, though transitory—the other for permanence. Newspapers are the first—the best one can do is the second. That middle class of translating books is neither the one nor the other. When I have settled myself *clear*, I shall write nothing for money but for the newspaper. You of course will not hint a word of Stuart's offer to me. He has behaved with abundant honour and generosity." Mr. Stuart himself said long afterwards in a letter to my husband: "Could Coleridge and I place ourselves thirty years back, and he be so far a man of business as to write three or four hours a

* See the *Biographia Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 397, with the extracts of letters of Mr. Stuart concerning the sale of the M. P. and Mr. C's. services to the Paper.

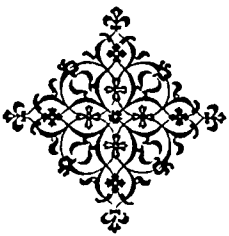
day, there is nothing I would not pay for his assistance. I would take him into partnership and I would enable him to make a large fortune."*

Now it appears that Mr. S. was more generous and confiding, if my Father misunderstood not the nature of his proposition, than he represented himself years afterwards; that in the full view of his contributor's unworldly ways and unbending principles, his indisposition to receive directions or materials from any one, his horror of becoming the organ of a party or tool of a government, in face of his uncertain health and consequent proneness to slip away from any appointed task, of which he had by that time given some inconvenient proofs, the Editor of a successful paper would have given him an interest in its profits, and in the fruits of his own industry and editorial ability. It was honorable to him that he could thus estimate a man of genius before his power had been acknowledged by the world,—could seek to ally himself with a man of principle, who must always, to a certain extent, have been against the world and had the world against him; the more is the pity that he ever displayed any other but this excellent spirit respecting S. T. C. This I can vouch for, as a truth of my own certain knowledge, that every fact of his intercourse with my Father, creditable to his character and calculated to prevent any apprehended misinterpretation, to his disadvantage, of the

* Mr. Wordsworth thus expresses his opinion on the same point in a letter which is cited in the Introduction to the second edition of the *Biographia Literaria*. "So convinced was I of the great service that your Father rendered Mr. Stuart's paper, that I urged him to put in his claim to be admitted a proprietor; but this he declined, having a great disinclination to any *tie* of the kind."

language used in the *Biographia Literaria* respecting the *Morning Post*, language, as he himself acknowledged, not intended by the writer to reflect upon him, but having a very different object, would have been brought forward in due time, had none but private communications been made on the subject. I shall conclude with some beautiful lines, germane to this matter, from the *Oliver Newman* of my Uncle, Mr. Southey, which no man, I think, would have written, who had not acted habitually in the spirit they breathe and according to the principle they indicate.

"Moments there are in life,—alas, how few!—
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,
We take a generous impulse for our guide,
And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,
Commit to Providence the rest,
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise
Of shame, or sorrow, for the heart is wise.
And happy they who thus in faith obey
Their better nature: err sometimes they may,
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;
But, like a shadow, these will pass away
From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind."



CONCIONES AD POPULUM,

OR

ADDRESSES TO THE PEOPLE.

νῦν οὖν ἀτεχνῶς ἥκω παρεσκευασμένος
βοᾷν, ὑποκρούειν, λοιδορεῖν τοὺς ῥήτορας,
ἐάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήνης λέγῃ.

ARISTOP. ACHARN. 37.

PREFACE.

THE two following addresses were delivered in the month February, 1795, and were followed by six others in defence of natural and revealed Religion. There is "a time to keep silence" saith King Solomon;—but when I proceeded to the first Verse of the fourth Chapter of the Ecclesiastes, "and considered all the oppressions that are done under the Sun, and behold the Tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power"—I concluded, that this was *not* the "time to keep silence."—For Truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times, when to speak Truth is dangerous.

Clevedon,
November 16th, 1795.

A LETTER FROM LIBERTY TO HER DEAR FRIEND FAMINE.

DEAR FAMINE,

YOU will doubtless be surprised at receiving a petitionary letter from a perfect stranger. But *Fas est vel ab hoste.* All whom I once supposed my unalterable friends, I have found unable or unwilling to assist me. I first applied to GRATITUDE, entreating her to whisper into the ear of Majesty, that it was I, who had placed his forefathers on the throne of Great Britain—She told me, that she had frequently made the attempt, but as frequently had been baffled by FLATTERY: and that I might not doubt the truth of her apology, she led me (as the Spirit did the prophet Ezekiel) "to the door of the COURT, and I went in, and saw—and behold! every form of *creeping Things.*" I was however somewhat consoled, when I heard that RELIGION was high in favour there, and possessed great influence. I myself had been her faithful servant, and always found

her my best protectress: her service being indeed perfect freedom. Accordingly in full confidence of success I entered her mansion—but alas! instead of my kind mistress, horror-struck I beheld "a painted patched-up old harlot." She was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, and upon her forehead was written "MYSTERY." I shrieked, for I knew her to be the dry-nurse of that detested imp, Despotism. I next addressed myself to PRUDENCE—and earnestly besought her to plead my cause to the ministers; to urge the distresses of the lower order, and my fears lest so distrest they should forget their obedience. For the prophet Isaiah had informed me "that it shall come to pass, that when the people shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves and curse the King." The grave matron heard me—and shaking her head learnedly replied, "*Quos Deus* vult perdere, prius dementat." Again I besought her to speak to the rich men of the nation, concerning ministers of whom it might soon become illegal even to complain—of long and ruinous wars—and whether *they* must not bear the damage. All this (quoth PRUDENCE) I have repeatedly urged; but a sly impostor has usurped my name, and struck such a panic of property, as hath steeled the hearts of the wealthy and palsied their intellects. Lastly, I applied to CONSCIENCE. She informed me, that she was indeed a perfect ventriloquist and could throw her voice into any place

she liked; but that she was seldom attended to, unless when she appeared to speak *out of the Pocket.*

Thus baffled and friendless, I was about to depart, and stood a fearful lingerer on the Isle, which I had so dearly loved—when tidings were brought me of *your* approach. I found myself impelled by a power superior to me to build my last hopes on you.—Liberty, the MOTHER of PLENTY, calls Famine to her aid. O FAMINE, most eloquent Goddess! plead thou my cause. I meantime will pray fervently that Heaven may unseal the ears of its vicegerents, so that they may listen to your first pleadings, while yet your voice is faint and distant, and your counsels peaceable.—

I remain
Your distrest Suppliant,
LIBERTY.

Dover Cliffs.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

*Ἀεὶ γὰρ τῆς ἐλευθερίας ἐφίεμαι· πόλλα δὲ ἐν καὶ τοῖς φιλελευθέροις μισητὰ, ἀντελεύθερα.**

WHEN the wind is fair and the planks of the vessel sound, we may safely trust every thing to the management of professional mariners: in a tempest and on board a crazy bark, all must contribute their quota of exertion. The stripling is not exempted from it by his youth, nor the passenger by his inexperience. Even so, in the present agitations of the public mind, every one ought to consider his intellectual faculties as in a state of immediate requisition. All may benefit society in some degree. The exigences of the times do not permit us to stay for the maturest years, lest the opportunity be lost, while we are waiting for an increase of power.

Companies resembling the present will, from a variety of circumstances, consist *chiefly* of the zealous advocates for freedom. It will therefore be

* For I am always a lover of liberty; but in those who would appropriate the title, I find too many points destructive of liberty and hateful to her genuine advocates.

our endeavour, not so much to excite the torpid, as to regulate the feelings of the ardent; and above all, to evince the necessity of *bottoming* on fixed principles, that so we may not be the unstable patriots of passion or accident, nor hurried away by names of which we have not sifted the meaning, and by tenets of which we have not examined the consequences. The times are trying; and in order to be prepared against their difficulties, we should have acquired a prompt facility of adverting in all our doubts to some grand and comprehensive truth. In a deep and strong soil must that tree fix its roots, the height of which, is to " reach to heaven, and the sight of it to the ends of all the earth."

The example of France is indeed a " warning to Britain." A nation wading to their rights through blood, and marking the track of freedom by devastation! Yet let us not embattle our feelings against our reason. Let us not indulge our malignant passions under the mask of humanity. Instead of railing with infuriate declamation against these excesses, we shall be more profitably employed in developing the sources of them. French freedom is the beacon, which while it guides to equality, should shew us the dangers that throng the road.

The annals of the French revolution have recorded in letters of blood, that the knowledge of the few cannot counteract the ignorance of the many; that the light of philosophy, when it is

confined to a small minority, points out the possessors as the victims, rather than the illuminators, of the multitude. The patriots of France either hastened into the dangerous and gigantic error of making certain evil the means of contingent good, or were sacrificed by the mob, with whose prejudices and ferocity their unbending virtue forbade them to assimilate. Like Samson, the people were strong — like Samson, the people were blind. Those two massive pillars of Oppression's temple, monarchy and aristocracy,

> With horrible convulsion to and fro
> They tugg'd, they shook—till down they came and drew
> The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
> Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
> Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, and priests,
> Their choice nobility!—MILTON. *Sam. Agon.*

There was not a tyrant in Europe, who did not tremble on his throne. Freedom herself heard the crash aghast!—

The Girondists, who were the first republicans in power, were men of enlarged views and great literary attainments; but they seem to have been deficient in that vigour and daring activity, which circumstances made necessary. Men of genius are rarely either prompt in action or consistent in general conduct: their early habits have been those of contemplative indolence; and the day-dreams, with which they have been accustomed to amuse their solitude, adapt them for splendid speculation,

not temperate and practicable counsels. Brissot, the leader of the Gironde party, is entitled to the character of a virtuous man, and an eloquent speaker; but he was rather a sublime visionary, than a quick-eyed politician; and his excellences equally with his faults rendered him unfit for the helm, in the stormy hour of revolution. Robespierre, who displaced him, possessed a glowing ardour that still remembered the *end*, and a cool ferocity that never either overlooked, or scrupled, the *means*. What that *end* was, is not known: that it was a wicked one, has by no means been proved. I rather think, that the distant prospect, to which he was travelling, appeared to him grand and beautiful; but that he fixed his eye on it with such intense eagerness as to neglect the foulness of the road. If however his first intentions were pure, his subsequent enormities yield us a melancholy proof, that it is not the character of the possessor which directs the power, but the power which shapes and depraves the character of the possessor. In Robespierre, its influence was assisted by the properties of his disposition.—Enthusiasm, even in the gentlest temper, will frequently generate sensations of an unkindly order. If we clearly perceive any one thing to be of vast and infinite importance to ourselves and all mankind, our first feelings impel us to turn with angry contempt from those, who doubt and oppose it. The ardour of undisciplined benevolence seduces us into malignity: and whenever our hearts are

warm, and our objects great and excellent, intolerance is the sin that does most easily beset us. But this enthusiasm in Robespierre was blended with gloom, and suspiciousness, and inordinate vanity. His dark imagination was still brooding over supposed plots against freedom — to prevent tyranny he became a tyrant—and having realized the evils which he suspected, a wild and dreadful tyrant. — Those loud-tongued adulators, the mob, overpowered the lone-whispered denunciations of conscience — he despotized in all the pomp of patriotism, and masqueraded on the bloody stage of revolution, a Caligula with the cap of liberty on his head.

It has been affirmed, and I believe with truth, that the system of terrorism by suspending the struggles of contrariant factions communicated an energy to the operations of the Republic, which had been hitherto unknown, and without which it could not have been preserved. The system depended for its existence on the general sense of its necessity, and when it had answered its end, it was soon destroyed by the same power that had given it birth — popular opinion. It must not however be disguised, that at *all* times, but more especially when the public feelings are wavy and tumultuous, artful demagogues may create this opinion: and they, who are inclined to tolerate evil as the means of contingent good, should reflect, that if the excesses of terrorism gave to the republic that efficiency and *repulsive* force which its circumstances

made necessary, they likewise afforded to the hostile Courts the most powerful support, and excited that indignation and horror, which every where precipitated the subject into the designs of the ruler. Nor let it be forgotten, that these excesses perpetuated the war in La Vendée and made it more terrible, both by the accession of numerous partizans, who had fled from the persecution of Robespierre, and by inspiring the Chouans with fresh fury, and an unsubmitting spirit of revenge and desperation.

Revolutions are sudden to the unthinking only. Political disturbances happen not without their warning harbingers. Strange rumblings and confused noises still precede these earthquakes and hurricanes of the moral world. The process of revolution in France has been dreadful, and should incite us to examine with an anxious eye the motives and manners of those, whose conduct and opinions seem calculated to forward a similar event in our own country. The oppositionists to "things as they are," are divided into many and different classes. To delineate them with an unflattering accuracy may be a delicate, but it is a necessary task, in order that we may enlighten, or at least beware of, the misguided men who have enlisted under the banners of liberty, from no principles or with bad ones: whether they be those, who

admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:

or whether those,

> Whose end is private hate, not help to freedom,
> Adverse and turbulent when she would lead
> To virtue.

The majority of democrats appear to me to have attained that portion of knowledge in politics, which infidels possess in religion. I would by no means be supposed to imply, that the objections of both are equally unfounded, but that they both attribute to the system which they reject, all the evils existing under it; and that both, contemplating truth and justice "in the nakedness of abstraction," condemn constitutions and dispensations without having sufficiently examined the natures, circumstances, and capacities of their recipients.

The first class among the professed friends of liberty is composed of men, who unaccustomed to the labour of thorough investigation, and not particularly oppressed by the burthen of state, are yet impelled by their feelings to disapprove of its grosser depravities, and prepared to give an indolent vote in favour of reform. Their sensibilities unbraced by the co-operation of fixed principles, they offer no sacrifices to the divinity of active virtue. Their political opinions depend with weather-cock uncertainty on the winds of rumour, that blow from France. On the report of French victories they blaze into republicanism, at a tale of French excesses they darken into aristocrats; and seek for shelter among those despicable adherents to fraud

and tyranny, who ironically style themselves constitutionalists. — These *dough-baked patriots* are not however useless. This oscillation of political opinion will retard the day of revolution, and it will operate as a preventive to its excesses. Indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence.

Wilder features characterize the second class. Sufficiently possessed of natural sense to despise the priest, and of natural feeling to hate the oppressor, they listen only to the inflammatory harangues of some mad-headed enthusiast, and imbibe from them poison, not food; rage, not liberty. Unillumined by philosophy, and stimulated to a lust of revenge by aggravated wrongs, they would make the altar of freedom stream with blood, while the grass grew in the desolated halls of justice. These men are the rude materials from which a detestable minister manufactures conspiracies. Among these men he sends a brood of sly political monsters, in the character of sanguinary demagogues, and, like Satan of old, " the tempter ere the accuser," ensnares a few into treason, that he may alarm the whole into slavery. He, who has dark purposes to serve, must use dark means — light would discover, reason would expose him: he must endeavour to shut out both —or if this prove impracticable, make them appear frightful by giving them frightful names: for farther than names the vulgar inquire not. Religion and reason are but poor substitutes for " church

and constitution;" and the sable-vested instigators of the Birmingham riots well knew, that a syllogism could not disarm a drunken incendiary of his firebrand, or a demonstration *helmet* a philosopher's head against a brickbat. But in the principles, which this apostate has, by his emissaries, sown among a few blind zealots for freedom, he has digged a pit into which he himself may perhaps be doomed to fall. We contemplate those principles with horror. Yet they possess a kind of wild justice well calculated to spread them among the grossly ignorant. To unenlightened minds, there are terrible charms in the idea of retribution, however savagely it be inculcated. The groans of the oppressors make fearful yet pleasant music to the ear of him, whose mind is darkness, and into whose soul the iron has entered.

This class, at present, is comparatively small — yet soon to form an overwhelming majority, unless great and immediate efforts are used to lessen the intolerable grievances of our poorer brethren, and infuse into their sorely wounded hearts the healing qualities of knowledge. For can we wonder that men should want humanity, who want all the circumstances of life that humanize? Can we wonder that with the ignorance of brutes they should unite their ferocity? Peace and comfort be with these! But let us shudder to hear from men of dissimilar opportunities sentiments of similar revengefulness. The purifying alchemy of education may transmute

the fierceness of an ignorant man into virtuous energy — but what remedy shall we apply to him, whom plenty has not softened, whom knowledge has not taught benevolence? This is one among the many fatal effects which result from the want of fixed principles. Convinced that vice is error, we shall entertain sentiments of pity for the vicious, not of indignation — and even with respect to that bad man, to whom we have before alluded, although we are now groaning beneath the burthen of his misconduct, we shall harbour no sentiments of revenge; but rather *condole* with him that his chaotic iniquities have exhibited such a complication of extravagance, inconsistency, and rashness as may *alarm* him with apprehensions of approaching lunacy!

There are a third class among the friends of freedom, who possess not the wavering character of the first description, nor the ferocity last delineated. They pursue the interests of freedom steadily, but with narrow and self-centering views: they anticipate with exultation the abolition of privileged orders, and of acts that persecute by exclusion from the right of citizenship. They are prepared to join in digging up the rubbish of mouldering establishments, and stripping off the tawdry pageantry of governments. Whatever is above them they are most willing to drag down; but every proposed alteration, that would elevate the ranks of our poorer brethren, they regard with

suspicious jealousy, as the dreams of the visionary; as if there were any thing in the superiority of lord to gentleman, so mortifying in the barrier, so fatal to happiness in the consequences, as the more real distinction of master and servant, of rich man and of poor. Wherein am I made worse by my ennobled neighbour? Do the childish titles of aristocracy detract from my domestic comforts, or prevent my intellectual acquisitions? But those institutions of society which should condemn me to the necessity of twelve hours' daily toil, would make my *soul* a slave, and sink the *rational* being in the mere animal. It is a mockery of our fellow creatures' wrongs to call them equal in rights, when by the bitter compulsion of their wants we make them inferior to us in all that can soften the heart, or dignify the understanding. Let us not say that this is the work of time—that it is impracticable at present, unless we each in our individual capacities do strenuously and perseveringly endeavour to diffuse among our domestics those comforts and that illumination which far beyond all political ordinances are the true equalizers of men.

We turn with pleasure to the contemplation of that small but glorious band, whom we may truly distinguish by the name of thinking and disinterested patriots. These are the men who have encouraged the sympathetic passions till they have become irresistible habits, and made their duty a

necessary part of their self-interest, by the long-continued cultivation of that moral taste which derives our most exquisite pleasures from the contemplation of possible perfection, and proportionate pain from the perception of existing depravation. Accustomed to regard all the affairs of man as a process, they never hurry and they never pause. Theirs is not that twilight of political knowledge which gives us just light enough to place one foot before the other; as they advance the scene still opens upon them, and they press right onward with a vast and various landscape of existence around them. Calmness and energy mark all their actions. Convinced that vice originates not in the man, but in the surrounding circumstances; not in the heart, but in the understanding; he is hopeless concerning no one — to correct a vice or generate a virtuous conduct he pollutes not his hands with the scourge of coercion; but by endeavouring to alter the circumstances would remove, or by strengthening the intellect, disarms, the temptation. The unhappy children of vice and folly, whose tempers are adverse to their own happiness as well as to the happiness of others, will at times awaken a natural pang; but he looks forward with gladdened heart to that glorious period when justice shall have established the universal fraternity of love. These soul-ennobling views bestow the virtues which they anticipate. He whose mind is habitually imprest with them soars above the present state of huma-

nity, and may be justly said to dwell in the presence of the Most High.

> ——————————— would the forms
> Of servile custom cramp the Patriot's power?
> Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
> Of ignorance and rapine, bow him down
> To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
> Lo! he appeals to nature, to the winds
> And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
> The elements and seasons—all declare
> For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
> The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
> His energy divine: he tells the heart
> He meant, he made us to behold and love
> What he beholds and loves, the general orb
> Of life and being—to be great like him,
> Beneficent and active.—AKENSIDE.

Such is Joseph Gerald! Withering in the sickly and tainted gales of a prison, his healthful soul looks down from the citadel of his integrity on his impotent persecutors. I saw him in the foul and naked room of a jail—his cheek was sallow with confinement—his body was emaciated; yet his eye spoke the invincible purposes of his soul, and he still sounded with rapture the successes of freemen, forgetful of his own lingering martyrdom! Such too were the illustrious triumvirate* whom as a Greek poet expresses it, it is not lawful for bad men even to praise. I will not say that I have abused

* MUIR, PALMER, and MARGAROT.

your patience in thus indulging my feelings in strains of unheard gratitude to those who may seem to justify God in the creation of man. It is with pleasure that I am permitted to recite a yet unpublished tribute to their merit, the production of one who has sacrificed all the energies of his heart and head, a splendid offering on the altar of Liberty.

To the Exiled Patriots.

Martyrs of Freedom—ye who firmly good
Stept forth the champions in her glorious cause,
Ye who against corruption nobly stood
For justice, liberty, and equal laws.

Ye who have urg'd the cause of man so well,
Whilst proud oppression's torrent swept along,
Ye who so firmly stood, so nobly fell,
Accept one ardent Briton's grateful song.

For shall oppression vainly think by fear
To quench the fearless energy of mind?
And glorying in your fall, exult it here
As tho' no honest heart were left behind?

Thinks the proud tyrant by the pliant law,
The timid jury and the judge unjust,
To strike the soul of liberty with awe,
And scare the friends of freedom from their trust?

As easy might the Despot's empty pride
The onward course of rushing ocean stay;
As easy might his jealous caution hide
From mortal eyes the orb of general day.

For like that general orb's eternal flame
Glows the mild force of virtue's constant light;
Tho' clouded by misfortune, still the same,
For ever constant, and for ever bright.

Not till eternal chaos shall that light
Before oppression's fury fade away;
Not till the sun himself be lost in night;
Not till the frame of nature shall decay.

Go then secure, in steady virtue go,
Nor heed the peril of the stormy seas,
Nor heed the felon's name, the outcast's woe;
Contempt and pain, and sorrow and disease.

Tho' cankering cares corrode the sinking frame,
Tho' sickness rankle in the sallow breast;
Tho' death were quenching fast the vital flame,
Think but for what ye suffer, and be blest.

So shall your great examples fire each soul,
So in each free-born breast for ever dwell,
Till man shall rise above the unjust controul,
Stand where ye stood, and triumph where ye fell.

Yes! there are those who have loved freedom with wise ardour, and propagated its principles with unshaken courage; For it was ordained at the foundation of the world, that there should always remain pure ones and uncorrupt, who should shine like lights in darkness, reconciling us to our own nature.

That general illumination should precede revolution, is a truth as obvious, as that the vessel should be cleansed before we fill it with a pure liquor. But the mode of diffusing it is not discoverable with equal facility. We certainly should never attempt to make proselytes by appeals to the selfish feelings—and consequently, should plead *for* the oppressed, not *to* them. The Author of an essay on political justice considers private societies as the sphere of real utility—that (each one illuminating those immediately beneath him,) truth by a gradual descent may at last reach the lowest order. But this is rather plausible than just or practicable. Society as at present constituted does not resemble a chain that ascends in a continuity of links.—There are three ranks possessing an intercourse with each other: these are well comprized in the superscription of a perfumer's advertisement, which I lately saw — "the Nobility, Gentry, and People of Dress." But alas! between the parlour and the kitchen, the tap and the coffee-room—there is a gulph that may not be passed. He would appear to me to have adopted the

best as well as the most benevolent mode of diffusing truth, who uniting the zeal of the methodist with the views of the philosopher, should be *personally* among the poor, and teach them their *duties* in order that he may render them susceptible of their *rights*.

Yet by what means can the lower classes be made to learn their duties, and urged to practise them? The human race may perhaps possess the capability of all excellence; and truth, I doubt not, is omnipotent to a mind already disciplined for its reception; but assuredly the over-worked labourer, skulking into an ale-house, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that barbarous tumult of inimical interests, which the present state of society exhibits, *religion* appears to offer the only means universally *efficient*. The perfectness of future men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate on a few visionaries, whose studious habits supply them with employment, and seclude them from temptation. But a distant prospect, which we are never to reach, will seldom quicken our footsteps, however lovely it may appear; and a blessing, which not ourselves but *posterity* are destined to enjoy, will scarcely influence the actions of *any*—still less of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the selfish.

"Go, preach the GOSPEL to the poor." By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts,

it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are indeed both

> " from within and from without
> *Unarm'd* to all Temptations."

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them. For the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

> The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law.
> The world has got no law to make *me* rich.

They too, who live *from hand to mouth*, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no *stock* of happiness they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love an object if, as often as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who gaining scarcely more, than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children, not as the soothers of finished labour, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced the tyranny of the *present* can be overpowered only by the tenfold mightiness of the *future*. Re-

ligion will cheer his gloom with her promises, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.

But if we hope to instruct others, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few indeed stand motionless, and not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze laugh at the failures of their brethren. Yet with little reason: for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the *means*; which he will never seriously attempt to discover, who has not habitually interested himself in the welfare of others. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy, which affects to inculcate philanthropy while it denounces every

home-born feeling, by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence. The nearer we approach to the sun, the more intense his heat: yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify?

The man who would find truth, must likewise seek it with an humble and simple heart, otherwise he will be precipitant and overlook it; or he will be prejudiced, and refuse to see it. *To emancipate itself from the tyranny of Association*, is the most arduous effort of the mind, particularly in religious and political disquisitions. The asserter of the system has associated with it the preservation of order, and public virtue; the oppugner imposture, and wars, and rapine. Hence, when they dispute, each trembles at the *consequences* of the other's opinions instead of attending to his train of arguments. Of this however we may be certain, whether we be Christians or Infidels, Aristocrats or Republicans, that our minds are in a state unsusceptible of knowledge, when we feel an eagerness to detect the falsehood of an adversary's reasonings, not a sincere wish to discover if there be truth in them; —when we examine an argument in order that we may answer it, instead of answering because we have examined it.

Our opponents are chiefly successful in confuting the theory of freedom by the practices of its advo-

cates: from our lives they draw the most forcible arguments against our doctrines. Nor have they adopted an unfair mode of reasoning. In a science the evidence suffers neither diminution nor increase from the actions of its professors; but the comparative wisdom of political systems depends necessarily on the manners and capacities of the recipients. Why should all things be thrown into confusion to acquire that liberty which a faction of sensualists and gamblers will neither be able nor willing to preserve? "The simplicity of wants and of pleasures may be taken as the criterion of patriotism. Would you prove to me your patriotism? Let me penetrate into the interior of your house. What! I see your antechamber full of insolent lackies; they give you still those vain titles, which liberty treads under foot, and you suffer it and you call yourself a patriot! I penetrate a little further;—your ceilings are gilded—magnificent vases adorn your chimney-pieces—I walk upon the richest carpets—the most costly wines, the most exquisite dishes, cover your table—a crowd of servants surround it—you treat them with haughtiness;—No! you are not a patriot. The most consummate pride reigns in your heart, the pride of birth, of riches, and of talents. With this triple pride, a man never sincerely believes the doctrine of equality: he may repeat its dogmas, but efficient faith is not in him." *Preface to Brissot's Travels in America.*

You reply to Brissot, that these luxuries are the employment of industry, and the best means of circulating your property. Be it so. Renounce then the proud pretensions of democracy; do not profess tenets which it is impossible for you, surrounded by all the symbols of superiority, to wish realized. But you plead, it seems, for equalization of *rights*, not of *condition*. O mockery! All that can delight the poor man's senses or strengthen his understanding, you preclude; yet with generous condescension you would bid him exclaim "LIBERTY and EQUALITY!" because, forsooth, he should possess the same *right* to an hovel which you claim to a palace. This the laws have already given. And what more do *you* promise?

A system of fundamental reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanized into revolution. Yet rejected intreaty leads in its consequences to fierce coercion. And much as we deprecate the event, we have reason to conjecture that throughout all Europe it may not be far distant. The folly of the rulers of mankind grows daily more wild and ruinous: oppression is grievous — the oppressed feel and are restless. Such things *may* happen. We cannot therefore inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earnestness the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of anger and hatred. The

temple of despotism, like that of Tescalipoca, the Mexican deity, is built of human skulls, and cemented with human blood;—let us beware that we be not transported into revenge while we are levelling the loathsome pile; lest when we erect the edifice of freedom we but vary the style of architecture, not change the materials. Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these intemperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force, which now carelessly scattered explode with an offensive and useless noise, directed by wisdom and union, might heave rocks from their base,—or perhaps (dismissing the metaphor) might produce the desired effect without the convulsion.

For this "subdued sobriety" of temper a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical necessity seems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of surrounding circumstances, the object therefore of condolence not of anger, is a proposition easily understood, and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections, to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism, but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life, requires the most watchful attentions of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths — we must feed

on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by their qualities, and shew its food in every the minutest fibre.*

Finally, in the words of an Apostle,

Watch ye! Stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced! Quit yourselves like men! Be strong! Yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.

February, 1795.

ON THE PRESENT WAR.

Bellum infandum cunctisque negatam
Movisti, funeste, aciem—
—— te series orbarum excisa domorum
Planctibus assiduis, te diro horrore volantes
Mille et mille animæ circum noctesque diesque
Adsilient.—*Stat. Theb.* Lib. III.

Te merito: ast horum miseret, quos sanguine viles
Conjugibus natisque infanda ad prælia raptos
Projicis excidio, *bone* • • • !—*Ibid.* Lib. II. †

IN the disclosal of opinion, it is our duty to consider the character of those, to whom we address ourselves, their situations, and probable

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* I hope that this last paragraph, in all the fulness of its contrast with my present convictions, will start up before me whenever I speak, think, or feel intolerantly of persons on account of their doctrines and opinions. Oct. 30, 1818. —S. T. C. See Note A. at the end of the volume.—S. C.

† See Note B.

degree of knowledge. We should be bold in the avowal of *political* truth among those only whose minds are susceptible of reasoning: and never to the multitude, who ignorant and needy must necessarily act from the impulse of inflamed passions. But however carefully the advocate of freedom may preserve this distinction, the child of prejudice and the slave of corruption will industriously represent it as confounded: whatever may be the sentiments and language of the present address, the *attempt* to promote discussion will be regarded as dangerous, and from fools and from bigots I shall be honoured with much complimentary reviling, and many panegyrical abuses. But the conduct of the speaker is determined chiefly by the nature of his audience. He therefore, who shall proclaim me *seditious* because I speak "against wickedness in high places," must prove the majority of my hearers to be unenlightened, and therefore easily deluded—or men of desperate fortunes, and therefore eager for the *scramble* of a revolution.

In private life well-informed men are generally found the most quiet and friendly neighbours; but in the dictionary of aristocratic prejudice, illumination and sedition are classed as synonymes; and ignorance prescribed as the only infallible preventive for contention. It has been my lot to have had many fierce ARISTOCRATS obtruded on my notice. Their modes of education and the peculiar direction of their immediate interests have in general

acted upon them with such blended influence, that it was difficult or impossible either to impeach their sincerity or praise their honesty. Susceptibility of truth depends on the temper of our hearts more than even on the strength of our understandings. The mind is predisposed by its situations: and when the prejudices of a man are strong, the most over-powering evidence becomes weak. He "meets with darkness in the day-time, and gropes in the noon-day as in night." Some unmeaning term generally becomes the watch-word, and acquires almost a mechanical power over his frame. The indistinctness of the ideas associated with it increases its effect, as "objects look gigantic through a mist." The favourite phrases of the present day are — "It may be very well in *theory*" — and the "effects of Jacobin principles." Aided by the one and alarmed by the other, the shuddering bigot flings the door of argument in your face, and excludes all parley by gloomy anticipation of the *consequences*. There are however of this class, who boldly provoke discussion, but finding themselves unable to keep the field, are enraged where they should have been convinced, and probably *inform* against their opponent. High-spirited disputants! they first challenge you to box with them, and then call in the constable. In all public meetings these men signalize themselves. Argument they answer by inarticulate noises, and their zeal for the constitution they manifest by *breaking the*

peace. Certain to make a riot in their great ardour to prevent one, and prepared to persecute what they are determined not to hear, they wilfully blind themselves to truth, and like angry cowards shut their eyes as they strike the blow.

> But how can truth or virtue guide the head
> Where love of freedom from the heart is fled?
> Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke
> When the prime function of the soul is broke?

Regardless of these men I shall endeavour to preserve "the unity of truth in the bond of peace."

Yet deem not that these disquisitions are pleasant to me. He, who wanders in the maze of POLITICAL ENQUIRY, must tread over corses, and at every step detect some dark conspirator against human happiness, or startle at the fierce visage of some imperial murderer. Every ungentle feeling will be excited in his bosom, and now he will shiver with horror, and now glow with indignation, and now sicken with contempt. I delight not to paint wickedness or misery, and if I followed impulse rather than duty should abandon myself to those pursuits

> "That heighten to the youthful poet's eye
> The bloom of nature, and before him place
> The gayest happiest attitude of things."

But my reason confirms the regulation of the Athenian lawgiver, which ordained, that it should be infamous for a man, who had reached the years of discretion, not to have formed an opinion con-

cerning the state of affairs in his country, and treasonable, having formed one, not to propagate it by every legal mean in his power. This duty we should exert at all times, but with peculiar ardour in seasons of public calamity, when there exists an evil of such incalculable magnitude as the PRESENT WAR. Of its peculiar crimes and distresses we shall endeavour to give a comprehensive view, that each of us may proportion his energies to the vastness of the general evil, not to the weight of his individual grievances. But its total causelessness must be proved:—as if the War had been just and necessary, it might be thought disputable whether any calamities could justify our abandonment of it. On a subject so universally discussed it would be a vain endeavour to adduce any new argument. The war might probably have been prevented by negociation: negociation was never attempted. It cannot therefore be *proved* to have been a *necessary* war, and consequently it is not a just one.

It has been repeatedly said, that we could not honourably negociate with men so stained with atrocious guilt, so avowedly the enemies of religion, as the popular leaders in France. Admire, I pray you, the cautious delicacy of our government! that will profess itself the ally of the Immaculate only — of the MERCIFUL Catharine, the HONEST King of Prussia, and that most CHRISTIAN Archpirate, the Dey of Algiers! It is a more plausible objection, that the French possess no fixed go-

vernment; but this the war itself has disproved. The Girondists began it, the Jacobins carried it on, and the moderate party are now prosecuting it with increased vigour: — a fact, which while it shews the fickleness of their domestic politics, demonstrates the uniformity of their measures with regard to foreign nations. — But the ground of argument has been lately changed, and the dangerous tendency of French politics assigned as a sufficient reason for continuing the contest. It has been asserted, that internal disturbances are the evil to be prevented, even by external distresses — a tenet which depraves the suspicious heart which adopts it, and realizes the event which it affects to prophecy. It was a favourite opinion with the unfortunate Charles, that it was more honourable for a king to have his realm almost destroyed, and its very existence endangered by an enemy, than to hazard the diminution of his prerogatives among his own subjects. But the absurdity as well as iniquity of thus opposing the diffusion of popular principles by a foreign war, I shall not press on your recollection. If the people ever wish for a revolution, this proneness to change must originate in the sense of their wants and grievances: and it must be a notable remedy which cures the disease by doubling the causes of it. O the wonderful wisdom of ministers, who would *cónjure* restlessness into content by adding famine to poverty, and calamities abroad to oppressions at home!

French principles are widely different from those of the British constitution: French excesses are disgraceful to humanity: it is therefore impossible to treat with the French. But might not the American States refuse to negociate with us on the same foundation? The principles industriously propagated by the friends of our government are opposite to the American constitution—and indeed to liberty every where; and in order to form a just estimate of our excesses, let us recollect that prominent feature of the late war—*Scalping*.

What the wisdom of Agur wished, the inhabitants of Wyoming enjoyed — they had neither riches nor poverty: their climate was soft and salubrious, and their fertile soil asked of these blissful settlers as much labour only for their sustenance, as would have been otherwise convenient for their health. The fiend, whose crime was ambition, leapt over into this paradise — hell-hounds laid it waste. *English* generals invited the Indians "to banquet on blood:" the savage Indians headed by an Englishman attacked it. Universal massacre ensued. The houses were destroyed: the cornfields burnt: and where under the broad maple-trees innocent children used to play at noontide, there the drinkers of human blood, and the feasters on human flesh were seen in horrid circles, counting their scalps and anticipating their gains. The English Court bought scalps at a fixed price! SCALPING this *pious* Court deemed a fit punish-

ment for the crimes of those, whose only crime was, that being men, and the descendants of Britons, they had refused to be slaves. Unconditional submission was the only terms offered to the Americans — and death the immediate menace. Our brethren, (if indeed we may presume to call so exalted a race *our* brethren,) indignantly rejected the terms, and resolved to hazard the execution of the menace. For this the horrors of European warfare afforded not a sufficient punishment. Inventive in cruelty and undistinguishing in massacre, savages must be hired against them: human tigers must be called from their woods, their attacks regulated by discipline, and their ferocity increased by intoxication. But did not this employment of merciless scalpers rouse the indignation of Britons? Did not they avert public ignominy by public vengeance? The hand, that subscribed these hellish orders, should have been withered; the voice, that proposed them, should have been echoed only by the arches of a dungeon! Alas! the nation slept — and the sleep of nations is followed by their slavery. But perhaps this foul iniquity was preserved among the secrets of the Cabinet? — No! the fact was publicly known: the sun of enquiry shone full and fierce upon it, and the blood of the innocent was steaming up to heaven! Yet during the whole war the savages were regularly employed — and the ministry, who authorized it, were not even removed. Such were our hideous

excesses during that holy rebellion: — yet who among the Americans considered them as precluding a treaty of peace? Nor has their aversion from war been less exemplary since the revolution. Lord Dorchester had roused the war-whoop among the savages: instigated by his agents the merciless tribes poured in on the back settlements; and the Algerines were incited against their commerce. The conduct of the English was every where insolent, and through all the Union detested. The lower classes of the people cried aloud for war. But the legislature well knew, that the evils even of a *just* war were not to be calculated, and that no war could be just, unless it had been preceded by *sincere* negociations for the permanence of peace. They knew the English nation to be practical Atheists, professing to believe a God, yet acting as if there were none. In Europe the smoking villages of Flanders, and the putrified fields of La Vendée—from Africa the unnumbered victims of a detestable slave-trade — in Asia the desolated plains of Indostan and the million whom a rice-contracting governor caused to perish — in America the recent enormities of their scalp-merchants — the four quarters of the globe groan beneath the intolerable iniquity of this nation! Yet these high-minded republicans did not refuse to negociate with us. They thought it criminal folly to make themselves miserable because their enemies were wicked. — But a lying spirit hath descended

upon us, " which hath made the heart of this people fat and shut their eyes"—and " therefore hell hath enlarged itself and opened her mouth without measure."

We will now take a rapid survey of the consequences of this unjust because unnecessary war. I mean not to describe the distressful stagnation of trade and commerce: I direct not your attention to the wretches that sadden every street in this city, the pale and meagre troop, who in the bitterness of reluctant pride, are forced to beg the morsel, for which they would be willing to " work their fingers to the bone" in honest industry: I will not frighten you by relating the distresses of that brave army, which has been melted away on the continent, nor picture to your imaginations the loathsome pestilence that has mocked our victories in the West-Indies; I bid you not hear the screams of the deluded citizens of Toulon—I will not press on your recollection the awful truth, that in the course of this calamitous contest more than a million of men have perished—a * MILLION of men, of each one of whom the mangled corse terrifies the dreams of her that loved him, and makes some mother, some sister, some widow start from slum-

* By the internal disturbances of France in La Vendée and other places, disturbances excited by English agents, and rendered obstinate by our ministers' promises, more than *Three Hundred Thousand* have been butchered.

ber with a shriek! These arguments have been urged to satiety—a British senator has sneeringly styled them mere *common-place* against wars. I could weep for the criminal patience of humanity! These arguments are *hacknied;* yet *wars* continue!

Horrors, the same in kind though perhaps not equal in degree, necessarily attend all wars: it was my intention to detail those only that are peculiar to the present. And first and least — the loss of our national character. At the commencement of the war the government solemnly disclaimed all intervention in the internal affairs of France: not six months passed, ere with matchless insincerity the restitution of monarchy became its avowed aim. This guilt however may perhaps rest on its first authors, and fly unclaimed by the people, unless it should be thought, that they, who permit, perpetrate. The depravation of private morals is a more serious and less transient evil. All our happiness and the greater part of our virtues depend on social confidence. This beautiful fabric of love the system of spies and informers has shaken to the very foundation. There have been multiplied among us "Men who carry tales to shed blood!" Men who resemble the familiar spirits described by Isaiah, as "dark ones, that peep and that mutter!" Men, who may seem to have been typically shadowed out in the frogs that formed the second plague of Egypt: little low ani-

mals with chilly blood and staring eyes, that "come up into our houses and our bed-chambers!" These men are plenteously scattered among us: our very looks are deciphered into disaffection, and we cannot move without treading on some political spring-gun. Nor here has the evil stopped. We have breathed so long the atmosphere of imposture and panic, that many honest minds have caught an aguish disorder; in their cold fits they shiver at freedom, in their hot fits they turn savage against its advocates; and sacrifice to party rage what they would have scornfully refused to corruption. Traitors to friendship, that they may be faithful to the constitution—enemies of human nature, that they may prove themselves the adorers of the God of peace—they hide from themselves the sense of their crime by the merit of their motive. Thus every man begins to suspect his neighbour, the warm ebullience of our hearts is stagnating: and I dread, lest by long stifling the expressions of patriotism, we may at last lose the feeling. "Society is in every state a blessing: Government even in its best state but a necessary evil." We are subverting this blessing in order to support this evil —or rather to support the desperate quacks who are administering it with a life-or-death temerity.

This causeless panic prepared us to endure the further suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—endure it, after three successive verdicts of impartial Juries had proved, that a conspiracy against the

constitution had existed only in the foul imagination of the accusers. " In the first of these trials, (Mr. Sheridan observes,) one pike was produced, which was afterwards withdrawn from mere shame —a formidable instrument was talked of, to be employed against the cavalry :—it appeared upon evidence to be no other than a teetotum in a window at Sheffield. These desperate conspirators, it appeared, had formed their encampment in a back garret—their arsenal was provided with nine rusty muskets—and the formidable preparation which was to overturn the constitution was supported by an exchequer containing nine pounds and one bad shilling—*all* to be directed against the armed force and established government of Great-Britain !——fellow citizens ! our laughter may be raised by the cause, but our indignation and sorrow must be excited by the consequences. Not one definite reason assigned, not one fact proved, we have been impelled by dark and terrifying generalities to sacrifice the personal security of ourselves and perhaps of our posterity. The august and lofty tree, which, while it rose above the palace of the monarch, sheltered the distant dwelling of the cottager, stripped of its boughs, now stands the melancholy memorial of conquered freedom.— We can only water its roots with our tears, or look forward with anxious eye to the distant springtide, when it shall branch forth anew !—We are no longer freemen, and if we be more secure here

than in Morocco or at Constantinople, we owe this superiority to the mildness of our masters, not to the protection of our laws. It is an insult to tell us that we cannot suffer death at the pleasure of a minister, as is the case under arbitrary governments.— Suffer death! we can be torn from the bleeding breast of domestic affection—we can be thrown into foul and damp dungeons—we can hear of the death of a dearly loved wife, heart-broken by our imprisonment—till overpowered by disease and wounded sensibilities we sink into the grave; or if we live, live only to wish in bitterness of soul, that "th' Almighty had not placed his canon 'gainst self-murder." And what if the Habeas Corpus act be restored?—O degenerate people, and bloated with the emptiness of recollected liberty! SYLLA may resign the dictatorship—but alas! he will have given a tempting proof to CÆSAR, how much ye can endure.

Who is this minister, to whom we have thus implicitly trusted every blessing? Are his qualities commensurate with the giant evils, which he has occasioned? My mind may be jaundiced by my abhorrence of the man's actions — but whether truth or prejudice be the source of my failure I must acknowledge, that having investigated attentively the speeches and measures of William Pitt, I am as little able to discover genius in the one, as virtue in the other. I think of Edmund Burke's declamatory invectives with emotion; yet while I

shudder at the excesses, I must admire the strength, of this Hercules Furens of oratory. But our Premier's harangues!—Mystery concealing meanness, as steam-clouds invelope a dung hill. To rouse the fears of the wealthy, and the prejudices of the ignorant is an easy task for one, who possesses the privilege of manufacturing royal eloquence and sticking up royal hand-bills. But what question proposed to him by his great political adversary has he ever directly answered? His speeches, which seemed so swoln with meaning, alas! what did they mean? In the outset of his political career he did indeed utter some sentences which a man and a citizen might acknowledge—and that his present conduct might not lose the advantages of contrast, he ably supported Mr. Fox's motion to facilitate a peace with America. "*The war* (he said) *was conceived in injustice and nurtured in folly: it was pregnant with every kind of mischief, and with every thing that constituted moral depravity and human turpitude. While in black revenge it meditated the destruction of others, the mischief recoiled upon the unhappy and deluded people of this country.*" William Pitt observed that, "*by this iniquitous and unjust war the nation was drained of its vital resources of men and money.*" William Pitt exclaimed that "*our expences were enormous, while our victories were indecisive, and our defeats fatal—victories celebrated with short-lived triumph over men strug-*

gling in the holy cause of freedom, and defeats which filled the land with mourning." All this —O calumniated Judas Iscariot! all this WILLIAM PITT said!

In opposing the address to his Majesty on the speech delivered from the throne after the capture of Lord Cornwallis, William Pitt observed, that "*in the better days of Parliament the attempt to entrap the house into a countenance of assertions wholly unexplained and unexamined, on the mere authority of a minister, would have been treated with the indignation and severity it deserved.*" — "*The fact was* (he said) *that the war was an appendage to the first lord of the Treasury, too dear to be parted with: it was the grand pillar raised on the ruins of the constitution, by which he held his situation.*" This man, William Pitt, did not then know that he should be a minister compared with whom Lord North might be canonized: and that with unheard of artifices and oppressions that may not be named, he should carry on a causeless war against a patriot people, more fertile in horrors even than the American. The penetration of the great and good Dr. Jebb foresaw his apostacy—and he is said to have been greatly agitated. "Elisha settled his countenance stedfastly on Hazael, and the Man of God wept. And Hazael said, Why weepeth my Lord? And he answered, because I know the evil that thou wilt do! strong holds wilt thou set on fire! and the

young men wilt thou slay with the sword! and because of thee the widow and the orphan shall cry for bread. And Hazael said — But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do these things? Elisha answered, The Lord hath shewed me, that *thou shalt be ruler over Syria.*"

If they, who mingled the cup of bitterness, drank its contents, we might look with a calm compassion on the wickedness of great men. But alas! the storm which they raise, falls heaviest on the unprotected innocent: and the cottage of the poor man is stripped of every comfort, before the oppressors, who send forth the mandate of death, are amerced in one luxury or one vice. If a series of calamities succeed each, they deprecate the anger of Heaven by a FAST!—A word that implies, prayers of hate to the God of Love — and after these, a turbot feast for the rich, and their usual scanty morsel to the poor, if indeed debarred from their usual labour they can procure even this. But if victory be the event,

> They o'er the ravaged earth,
> As at an altar wet with human blood
> And flaming with the fires of cities burnt,
> Sing their mad hymns of triumph, hymns to God
> O'er the destruction of his gracious works,
> Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughter'd sons!

It is recorded in the shuddering hearts of Christians, that while Europe is reeking with blood, and smoking with unextinguished fires, in a contest

of unexampled crimes and unexampled calamities, every bishop but one voted for the continuance of the war. They deemed the fate of their religion to be involved in the contest! — Not the religion of peace, my brethren, not the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, which forbids to his disciples all alliance with the powers of this world — but the religion of mitres and mysteries, the religion of pluralities and persecution, the eighteen-thousand-pound-a-year religion* of episcopacy.

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* Wherever men's temporal interests depend on the general belief of disputed tenets, we must expect to find hypocrisy and a persecuting spirit, a jealousy of investigation, and an endeavour to hold the minds of the people in submissive ignorance. That pattern of Christian meekness, Bishop Horsley, has declared it to be the vice of the age and government that it has suffered a free and general investigation of the most solemn truths that regard society — and there is a remark in the last charge of the disinterested Bishop Prettyman, that the same busy spirit which inclines men to be Unitarians in religion, drives them into republicanism in politics. And truly, the most exalted forms of society are cemented and preserved by the purest notions of religion. But whatever I may deem of the justice of their Lordship's observations, the prudence and policy of them have gained my immediate assent. Alas! what room would there be for bishops or for priests in a religion where deity is the only object of reverence, and our immortality the only article of faith — immortality made probable to us by the light of nature, and proved to us by the resurrection of Jesus. Him the high priests crucified; but he has left us a religion, which shall prove fatal to every HIGH PRIEST — a religion, of which every

Instead of the ministers of the Gospel, a Roman might recognise in these dignitaries the high-priests of Mars — with this difference, that the ancients fatted their victims for the altar, we prepare ours for sacrifice by leanness. War ruins our manufactures; the ruin of our manufactures throws thousands out of employ; men cannot starve: they must either pick their countrymen's pockets — or

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true Christian is the priest, his own heart the altar, the universe its temple, and errors and vices its only sacrifices. Ride on, mighty Jesus! because of thy words of Truth, of Love, and EQUALITY! The age of priesthood will soon be no more — that of philosophers and of Christians will succeed, and the torch of superstition be extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank, which is prodigal of its own virtue and its own happiness to invest a few with unholy splendours; — that subordination of the heart, which keeps alive the spirit of servitude amid the empty forms of boasted liberty! This dear-bought grace of cathedrals, this costly defence of despotism, this nurse of grovelling sentiment and cold-hearted lip-worship, will be gone — it will be gone, that sensibility to interest, that jealous tenacity of honours, which suspects in every argument a mortal wound; which inspires oppression, while it prompts servility; — which stains indelibly whatever it touches; and under which supple dulness loses half its shame by wearing a mitre where reason would have placed a fool's-cap! The age of priesthood will be no more—Peace to its departing spirit! With delighted ears should I listen to some fierce orator from St. Omers' or from Bedlam, who should weep over its pageantries rent and faded, and pour forth eloquent nonsense in a funeral oration.

cut the throats of their fellow-creatures, because they are Jacobins. If they choose the latter, the chances are that their own lives are sacrificed: if the former, they are hung or transported to Botany Bay. And here we cannot but admire the deep and comprehensive views of ministers, who having starved the wretch into vice send him to the barren shores of New Holland to be starved back again into virtue. It must surely charm the eye of humanity to behold men reclaimed from stealing by being banished to a coast, where there is nothing to steal, and helpless women, who had been

Bold from despair and prostitute for bread,

find motives to reformation in the sources of their depravity, refined by ignorance, and famine-bitten into chastity. Yet even these poor unfortunates, these disinherited ones of happiness, appear to me more eligibly situated than the wretched soldier—because more innocently! Father of mercies! if we pluck a wing from the back of a fly, not all the ministers and monarchs in Europe can restore it—yet they dare to send forth their mandates for the death of thousands, and if they succeed call the massacre victory. They with all that majestic serenity, which the sense of personal safety fails not to inspire, can "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," or rather like the gloomy spirits in Ossian, "sit on their distant clouds and enjoy the death of the mariner."

In former wars the victims of ambition had crowded to the standard from the influence of national antipathies; but this powerful stimulant has been so unceasingly applied, as to have well nigh produced an exhaustion. What remains? Hunger. Over a recruiting place in this city I have seen pieces of beef hung up to attract the half-famished mechanic. It has been said, that government though not the best preceptor of virtue, procures us security from the attack of the lower orders.—Alas! why should the lower orders attack us, but because they are brutalized by ignorance and rendered desperate by want? And does government remove this ignorance by education? And does not government increase their want by taxes?—Taxes rendered necessary by those national assassinations called wars, and by that worst corruption and perjury, which a reverend moralist has justified under the soft title of "secret influence!" The poor infant born in an English or Irish hovel breathes indeed the air and partakes of the light of Heaven; but of its other bounties he is disinherited. The powers of intellect are given him in vain: to make him work like a brute beast he is kept as ignorant as a brute beast. It is not possible that this despised and oppressed man should behold the rich and idle without malignant envy. And if in the bitter cravings of hunger the dark tide of passions should swell, and the poor wretch rush from despair into guilt, then the government indeed assumes the right of punishment though it had

neglected the duty of instruction, and hangs the victim for crimes, to which its own wide-wasting follies and its own most sinful omissions had supplied the cause and the temptation. And yet how often have the fierce bigots of despotism told me, that the poor are not to be pitied, however great their necessities: for if they be out of employ, the king wants men! — They may be shipped off to the slaughter-house abroad, if they wish to escape a prison at home! — Fools! to commit robberies and get hung, when they might fight for their king and country, — yea, and have sixpence a day into the bargain!

Bounties in truth are offered — great and unexampled bounties — though not always as faithfully paid as magnificently promised. The price of man-flesh offered to the British private has almost reached the sum paid to the German princes — "Death's prime slave merchants." And here we may properly describe the method of raising and packing up the human commodities in the German market. Schiller, a German himself, (beneath the tremendous sublimity of whose genius we have glowed and shuddered, while we perused the "Robbers,") in his tragedy of "Cabal and Love," represents a German prince as having sent a casket of jewels to his concubine. On her enquiring what might be the price of the jewels, she is told, they were bought with the money which the prince had received from the English government, for seven

thousand young men sent to America. "All by compulsion. No sooner were they counted over and their names taken down, than Huzza for America! was the dreadful word all over the plain. The trumpets were ordered immediately to be sounded, and the drums to be beaten, in order to drown the shrieks and cries of the young men torn from their parents at an instant's call!—Bride and bridegroom parted by the pointed bayonet and drawn broadsword! Father and child separated by the inhuman threats and oaths of some savage corporal. Just as they were out of the city they looked back, and with one voice exclaimed,—God bless you, Father! God bless you, Mother! at the last day we shall all meet again!"

But even these means have proved insufficient; and the poor wretches, whom hunger had driven or artifice seduced into the deeds of death, have fallen so fast, that crimping has been found necessary. Crimping has been established into a trade, and accompanied with such an apparatus of horrors, as would arm Mercy with the thunderbolt. The Irish* Regiment, recently landed at Pill near this city is a melancholy instance—By long confinement and by filth they have almost ceased to resemble men. My brethren! they who authorize

* They who wish to mangle their feelings by perusing the particulars of this complicated wickedness, are referred to a pamphlet of William Bryant, who himself attended on, and medically relieved these disfigured wretches.

or connive at such enormities, retain still less resemblance!

Lastly, in this inventory of guilt as the immediate and peculiar effect of the present war, and justly attributable to our ministry, we must place the excesses of the French, their massacres and blasphemies, all their crimes and all their distresses. This effect the war produced by a two-fold operation of terror: — First, on the people of France, secondly, on their rulers.

First, on the people of France. Instant death was threatened to all taken in arms;—beheading and confiscation to the members of the departments, districts, and municipalities; military execution to the members of the national assembly, magistrates, and all the inhabitants of Paris; and total destruction to that city. All places and towns shall incur the same punishments as those inflicted on the inhabitants of Paris.—Such was Brunswick's manifesto. "The mode of civilized war will not be practised," says Burke. Our government were projecting to *starve* the whole nation, and many of our senators did not scruple to proclaim the war a war of *extermination*. If we by the shadow and mockery of unreal things have been alarmed into blind reliance on men the most weak and unprincipled, can we wonder that a nation, whose whole horizon was black with approaching tempests, should be equally incautious! Hunted on all sides, insulted by unceasing and brutal me-

naces, they felt the blended influence of terror and indignation—by the first they were impelled to become voluntary slaves to the bloody fanatics, whose wild energies seemed alone proportionate to the danger; by the latter their gentler feelings were suspended, and the military spirit with all its virtues and all its vices seized at once a whole nation. In the truly prophetic words of Isaiah—"They have trode the wine-press alone, and of the nations there was none with them. They looked and there was none to help; they wondered that there was none to uphold. Therefore their own arm brought salvation unto them, and their fury *it* upheld them."

Secondly, on their leaders. They and their country were in the case of "extreme necessity,"—which, according to Archdeacon Paley, dissolves the ordinary ties of morality. I mean not to imply approbation of such systems of morals: but doubtless the terrorists at the commencement of their power knew that the general consequences of their actions would be evil, but they thought the occasion so vast and pressing, as to make the particular good consequences over-balance the general evil ones—especially as those actions could never be imitated in after times with any shew of reason, unless in the rage and tempest of some future revolution.

> Are not the congregated clouds of war
> Black all around us? In our very vitals
> Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
> Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
> Of wretches, cold of heart, nor aw'd by fears

Of Him, whose power directs th' eternal justice?
Terror? or secret-sapping gold? The first
Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it,
And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
By the necessities that gave it birth:
The other fouls the fount of the Republic
Making it flow polluted thro' all ages;
Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
That once imbib'd, must be continued ever!

FALL OF ROBESPIERRE. †

Thus from the influence of the understanding they continued to do what the heart sickened at; but a course of action, which the heart disapproves, will vitiate the heart and make it callous: and when the heart is vitiated, the understanding will not long remain pure. But TERROR intoxicates more than strong wine; with the which, who forcibly drenches another man, is the real cause and sole responsible agent of all the excesses, which in the hour of drunkenness he shall have committed. It was a truth easily discovered, a truth on which our minister has proceeded, that valour and victory would not be the determiners of this war. *They* would prove finally successful whose resources enabled them to hold out the longest. The commerce of France was annihilated; her money'd-men were slow and cold from that selfishness, with which Mammon fails not to incrust the heart of his votaries. Immense armies were to be supported—immense to the confu-

† A Tragedy, of which the first act was written by S. T. Coleridge.

sion of the faith of posterity. Alas! Freedom weeps! The guillotine became the financier-general.—That dreadful pilot, Robespierre, perceived that it would at once furnish wind to the sails, and free the vessel from those who were inclined to mutiny.—Who, my brethren! was the cause of this guilt, if not He, who supplied the occasion and the motive?—Heaven hath bestowed on that man a portion of its ubiquity, and given him an actual presence in the sacraments of hell, wherever administered, in all the bread of bitterness, in all the cups of blood.

Such in addition to the evils attending all wars, are the peculiar horrors of the present. Our national faith has been impaired; our social confidence hath been weakened, or made unsafe; our liberties have suffered a perilous breach, and even now are being (still more perilously) undermined; the dearth, which would otherwise have been scarcely visible, hath enlarged its terrible features into the threatening face of famine; and finally, of us will justice require a dreadful account of whatever guilt France has perpetrated, of whatever miseries France has endured. Are we men? free men? rational men? And shall we carry on this wild and priestly war against reason, against freedom, against human nature? If there be one among you, who departs from me without feeling it his immediate duty to petition or remonstrate against the continuance of it, I envy that man neither his head nor his heart!

February, 1795.

THE PLOT DISCOVERED;

OR AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE AGAINST MINISTERIAL TREASON.

Hoc placet, O Superi, cum vobis vertere cuncta
Propositum. *Lucan.* Lib. vii.

We have entrusted to Parliament the guardianship of our liberties, not the power of surrendering them. Shame fall on the mitred mufti, who aims to persuade us. that it is the Almighty's will that the greatest part of mankind should come into the world with saddles on their backs and bridles in their mouths, and the remaining few ready booted and spurred for the purpose of riding them.

"THE mass of the people have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them!"——Ere yet this foul treason against the majesty of man, ere yet this blasphemy against the goodness of God be registered among our statutes, I enter my protest! Ere yet our laws as well as our religion be muffled up in mysteries, as a Christian I protest against this worse than pagan darkness! Ere yet the sword descends, the two-edged sword that is now waving over the head of freedom, as a Briton, I protest against slavery! Ere yet it be made legal for ministers to act with vigour beyond law, as a child of peace, I protest against civil war! This is

the brief moment, in which freedom pleads on her knees: we will join her pleadings, ere yet she rises terrible to wrench the sword from the hand of her merciless enemy! We will join the still small voice of reason, ere yet it be overwhelmed in the great and strong wind, in the earthquake, and in the fire! These detestable bills I shall examine in their undiminished proportions, as they first dared shew themselves to the light, disregarding and despising all subsequent palliatives and modifications. From their first state it is made evident beyond all power of doubt, what are the wishes and intentions of the present ministers; and their wishes and intentions having been so evidenced, if the legislature authorize, if the people endure one sentence of such bills from such manifest conspirators against the constitution, that legislature will by degrees authorize the whole, and the people endure the whole—yea, that legislature will be capable of authorizing even worse, and the people will be unworthy of better.

The first of these bills is an attempt to assassinate the liberty of the press: the second to smother the liberty of speech. And first of the first, which we shall examine clause by clause.—The outrage offered to his majesty is the pretext—which outrage is ascribed to "the multitude of seditious pamphlets and speeches daily printed, published, and dispersed with unremitting industry and with a transcendant boldness." At the time that Thomas Paine's books were dispersed "with an unremitting industry and a

transcendant boldness" unexampled since that time, was not the same complaint made in a proclamation from the throne? The circumstances stated as causes in this bill, the same circumstances then existed; but did they appear to produce a similar effect? Were not the higher classes infatuated, were not the multitude maddened with excess of loyalty? The dispersion therefore of seditious pamphlets was not the cause: *that* was the cause which gave to sedition the colouring of truth, and made disaffection the dictate of hunger, the present unjust, unnecessary, and calamitous war—a war that brought dearth, and threatens slavery! It was hunger and the sense of insulted wrongs that urged the ignorant mob with misplaced indignation to utter groanings and hisses against the sovereign; and with regard to the stone or bullet I can best express my sentiments by adopting the language of the resolutions affixed to the Sheffield address: That I truly believe, there is only one herd of abandoned miscreants in his majesty's dominions capable of committing so wicked and treasonable an attack on the first magistrate of the land, those perjured conspirators against the lives and liberties of the people, the disbanded troops of spies and informers who, since the late state trials, had been out of employment.

But whatever the causes may have been, on account of these outrages the ministers "have judged that it is become necessary to provide a further

remedy against all such treasonable and seditious practices and attempts. A man suspected from confused evidence of having thrown a stone at his majesty has been committed for high treason; and another who only exclaimed, No war! bread! no war! has been committed for a high misdemeanour: and yet it has been judged necessary to provide further remedies! O that our beloved sovereign may never have cause through the machinations of his quacking ministers to adopt the old epitaph, I was well, they would make me better, and so destroyed me. In all ministerial measures there are two reasons, the real, and the ostensible. The ostensible reason of the present bill we have heard; the real reason will not elude the search of common sagacity. The existing laws of treason were too clear, too unequivocal. Judges indeed (what will not judges do?) judges might endeavour to transfer to these laws their own flexibility; judges might make strange interpretations. But English juries could not, would not understand them. Hence instead of eight hecatombs of condemned traitors behold eight triumphant acquitted felons! *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—The present bills were conceived and laid in the dunghill of despotism among the other yet unhatched eggs of the old serpent. In due time and in fit opportunity they crawled into light. Genius of Britain! crush them!

The old treason laws are superseded by the exploded commentaries of obsequious crown lawyers,

the commentary has conspired against the text: a vile and useless slave has conspired to dethrone its venerable master. "If any person within the realm or without shall compass, imagine, invent, devise, or intend death or destruction, maim or wounding, imprisonment or restraint of the person of our sovereign lord, the king, or if he levy war against his majesty, or move or stir any foreigner or stranger to invasion—he shall be adjudged a traitor." We object not. But "whoever by printing, writing, preaching, or malicious and advised speaking, shall compass, or imagine, or devise to deprive or depose the king, or his heirs and successors from the style, power, and kingly name, of the imperial crown of this realm, he shall be adjudged a traitor." Here lurks the snake. To promulge what we believe to be truth is indeed a law beyond law; but now if any man should publish, nay, if even in a friendly letter or in social conversation any should assert a republic to be the most perfect form of government, and endeavour by all argument to prove it so, he is guilty of high treason: for what he declares to be the more perfect, and the most productive of happiness, he recommends; and to recommend a republic is to recommend an abolition of the kingly name. By the existing treason laws a man so misused would plead, it is the privilege of an Englishman to entertain what speculative opinions he pleases, provided he stir up to no present action. Let my reasonings have been monarchical or republican, whilst I act

as a royalist I am free from guilt. Soon, I fear, such excuse will be of no avail. It will be in vain to allege, that such opinions were not wished to be realized, except as the result of progressive reformation and ameliorated manners; that the author or speaker never dreamed of *seeing* them realized; though he should expressly set forth, that they neither could be, nor would be, nor ought to be, realized in the present or the following reign; still he would be guilty of high treason: for though he recommends not an attempt to depose his present majesty from the kingly name, yet he evidently recommends the denial of it to some one of his distant successors. All political controversy is at an end. Those sudden breezes and noisy gusts, which purified the atmosphere they disturbed, are hushed to death-like silence. The cadaverous tranquillity of despotism will succeed the generous order and graceful indiscretions of freedom—the black moveless pestilential vapour of slavery will be inhaled at every pore. But, beware, O ye rulers of the earth! For it was ordained at the foundation of the world by the King of kings, that all corruption should conceal within its bosom that which will purify; and they who sow pestilence must reap whirlwinds.

But not only are the exertions of living genius to be smothered by the operation of this execrable clause! All names of past ages dear to liberty are equally proscribed! He who prints and publishes against monarchy, as well as he who writes against

it, is a traitor. The future editions will be treasonable. If the legislature can pass, if the people can endure such a law, it will soon pass, they will easily endure a domiciliary inquest, which will go through our private and our public libraries with the expurgatorial besom! This has been already done in Hanover; it was done by order of the government there in the course of the last year. We hope and struggle to believe, that the measure proceeded entirely from the resident ministers; we hope and struggle to believe, that the first magistrate of a free country, that a monarch whose forefathers the bold discussion of political principles placed and preserved on the throne of Great Britain, could not be the author of an edict which assumes the infallibility of the Pope, and the power of the Inquisition. We hope and struggle to believe it, lest an unbidden and unwelcome suspicion force its way into our bosoms, that they, who ordered such a measure in Hanover, must wish it in England. Sages and patriots that being dead do yet speak to us, spirits of Milton, Locke, Sidney, Harrington! that still wander through your native country, giving wisdom and inspiring zeal! the cauldron of persecution is bubbling against you,—the spells of despotism are being muttered! Blest spirits! assist us, lest hell exorcise earth of all that is heavenly!

Our ancestors were wisely cautious in framing the bill of treason; they would not admit words as sufficient evidences of intention. How often does

the tongue utter what the moment after the heart disapproves! these indiscretions are blamable in the individual, but the frequency of them was honourable to the nation at large, as it demonstrated the unsuspecting spirit of a free government, too proud to be jealous!—Besides, words are easily misstated without ill intention; how easily then, where power can pay perjury? Hired swearers were not perhaps so numerous in former days, as (we may judge by the state trials) they are now. But our ancestors however had read, that when the rulers and high priests were interested in making a man appear guilty, even the spotless innocence of the Son of God could not preserve him from false witnesses.

But I hear it suggested, that the two acts will not be administered in all their possible stretch of implication! Pale-hearted men, who cannot approve, yet who dare not oppose a most foul ministry, is it come to this, that Britons should depend on clemency not justice, that Britons should whine to ministers to stand between them and the law? But if honest pride and burning indignation prevent not the question in you, experience answers — that wherever it shall suit the purposes of a corrupt and abandoned ministry, these acts will be administered to the utmost stretch of possible implication. Read the trial of Gerald, and then ask your own hearts, on what evidence a man may not be condemned? and what are these bills but an edition of Scotch

laws with large additions? Know ye not, there is a numerous peace-establishment of king's tradesmen, of pensioners, of hired spies, of hungry informers, and of witnesses most learned in their profession, who have graduated in guilt and passed through all the degrees of serviceable iniquity from loss of memory to equivocation, and from equivocation to perjury? Of these mysterious slave-masons know ye not who is the grand master? And that from these he will find it possible to pack juries? And when not packed, are not juries often ignorant, and sometimes timid? Do ye not know, that our nature is liable to corruption? and that to be delivered from evil we must not be led into temptation? Have we not then the authority of Christ for asserting that men, who have been made judges by a ministry and hope to be made Lord Chancellors, may and sometimes will be the creatures of that ministry? But enough of so contemptible an argument for bills so big with ruin? I paid it too great reverence, when I honoured its nonsense with the ceremony of refutation.

The next clause of this bill is, "and be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons within that part of Great Britain called England, shall maliciously and advisedly, by writing, printing, preaching, speaking, express or publish any words, sentences, or other thing or things, to incite or stir up the people to hatred or dislike of his majesty, his heirs or successors, or

the established government and condition of this realm, every such person shall be liable to punishment such as is inflicted in cases of high misdemeanour; and if convicted of a second offence, be transported for seven years." This clause is, first of all, a gross libel on his majesty. No monarch ever yet reigned, and none ever will reign without some calumny and abuse. This is a debt which he pays to his situation. But where no occasion for abuse exists, the offenders will be few and contemptible; and where the abuse is gross, our existing laws have provided severe penalties. But to declare by authority of parliament that the offenders are so numerous, and the abuse of so spreading and dangerous a nature, that the severe penalties already enacted are inadequate to the preventing it, will not this suggest to every unprejudiced man the dread, that enemies so numerous could not have arisen without previous oppression, and that abuse so calculated to spread must have some foundation in truth? All censure tends to excite *dislike;* to forbid all discourses and publications that may tend to produce *dislike* of his majesty, is in other words, to bestow on the first magistrate of a free country an immunity from all censure. I am aware, it will be objected, that such discourse or book must have uttered or published *maliciously*. But will the offender himself plead guilty to the malicious intention? and if he himself does not plead guilty, what witnesses can be brought against the secrets of the heart? The

law must in these cases judge of the intention by the effect; and where the effect is strong and clear, a complaisant judge will always find himself incapable of conceiving, how it could be produced, if not maliciously. DISLIKE! Gracious heaven! To make such a law to prevent an idle talker from exciting DISLIKE! why it is arming a man cap-a-pee with cumbrous steel, to prevent the contingency of a scratch! Is not this a confession, that so bad is the state of his body, that a scratch might eventually terminate in a mortification! Punishment is unjust in proportion as the invective is true; punishment is unnecessary in proportion as the invective is false. For it confutes itself, and striking against a rock flies back, and repeating the diminished calumny proclaims only its own repulse. An abusive fellow followed Pericles home with much panegyrical reviling. Pericles conscious of its injustice, ordered his servants to light the man back again, as one who had chosen a delicate though unusual way of reminding him of his merits. But Pericles was a republican, and therefore it may be objected, not an apposite precedent; but, my friends! if monarchs would behave like republicans, all their subjects would act as royalists. Secondly, this clause is pernicious as tending to shut out his majesty from the possibility of hearing truth;—which I hold to be high treason against the sovereign's better part—his intellect. For this law would prevent *all* censure of the king's measures. But so unfavourable

are the circumstances with which a monarch is necessarily surrounded, that advice offered to him by any of his people cannot be supposed likely to make any impression, unless conveyed in the most startling language. There is a somewhat in all power which makes it dead except to the strongest stimulants. But by what means can advice so couched be wafted to the ear of royalty? The man who offers it becomes an accused felon (for the secretary of war, too sublime and *vigorous* for the slow-paced decencies of law, holds that felony is a something not necessarily determined by the sentence of a jury, but dependent on his individual opinion) the man who offers it becomes an accused felon. I have read, I think, that in some eastern courts the ambassadors from Europe have their arms pinioned while they speak to the despot. Our ministers faithful to despotism, intend to improve on the hint, and no man who sets forth grievances (and who is therefore properly an ambassador from the people) must speak to his majesty, unless in handcuffs and in fetters. And when the people dare not advise, who will remain? Wolseys that breathe foul disorders into the ear of majesty; and whole flights of priests and bishops, black men, and black men with white arms, like magpies and crows that pick out the eyes of sheep! Thirdly, this clause is a gross libel on human nature, for it forbids all writings and all speeches that excite hatred or dislike of the constitution; now the power of exciting ha-

tred or dislike consists in this only, in shewing or appearing to shew that any person or thing is hostile to happiness. To forbid therefore this demonstration, or this attempt to demonstrate, that the constitution is hostile to the happiness of man, argues (supposing the ministers acted on principle) that they already possess a prior demonstration that this constitution affords the utmost possible quantity of happiness, the standing point of eternal and omnipresent good. Now if these ministers believe this, namely, that the constitution as it at present exists is the best possible, they must likewise believe either that there is no God, or if there be a God, that he is not all-powerful or not benevolent. For this said *summum bonum* as it at present exists, doth evidently prevent little evil and produce much. An omnipotent devil in a good humour would grant a much better extreme of possible good. But if the present constitution be progressive, if its only excellence, if its whole endurableness consist in motion; if that which it is be only good as being the step and mode of arriving at something better; if these be truths (and despotism shall dote on the wretch who dares call them falsehoods,) then are our ministers most unnaturally dwarfing what they dare not at once destroy. As ladies of high rank and sensibility give gin to young dogs, even so are they drenching the constitution with a poison, to prevent its further growth and keep it a fit plaything for themselves to dandle. This is the conclusion

of the new treason bill. I will only add, that the word majesty in its original signification, meant that weight which the will and opinions of the majority imparted. Majesty meant the unity of the people; the one point in which ten million rays concentered. The ancient *lex majestatis*, or law of treason was intended against those who injured the *People*;—and Tiberius was the first who transferred this law from the people to the protection of tyrants.—In our laws the king is regarded as the voice and will of the people: which while he remains, it is consequently treasonable to conspire against him.

We proceed to the second bill, for more effectually preventing seditious meetings and assemblies. At my first glance over it, it recalled to me by force of contrast the stern simplicity and perspicuous briefness of the Athenian laws. But our minister's meaning generally bears an inverse proportion to the multitude of his words. If his declaration consist of fifty lines, it may be compressed into ten; if it extend to five hundred, it may be compressed into five. His style is infinitely porous: deprived of their vacuities the το παν, the universe of his bills and speeches would take up less room than a nutshell. The bill now pending is indeed as full-foliaged, as the manchineel tree; (and like the manchineel, will poison those who are fools enough to slumber beneath it); but its import is briefly this—first, that the people of England should possess no unrestrained right of consulting in common on

common grievances: and secondly, that Mr. Thelwall should no longer give political lectures.

The public amusements at the theatre are already under ministerial controul. And if the tremendous sublimity of Schiller, if "the Robbers" can be legally suppressed by that thing yclept a Lord Chamberlain, in point of literary exhibition it would be unreasonable for Mr. Thelwall to complain. But in proportion as he feels himself of little consequence he will perceive the situation of the ministry is desperate. Nothing could make him of importance but that he speaks the feelings of multitudes. The feelings of men are always founded in truth. The modes of expressing them may be blended with error, and the feelings themselves may lead to the most abhorred excesses. Yet still they are originally right: they teach man that something is wanting, something which he ought to have. Now if the Premier with the influence of the wealthy and the prejudices of the ignorant on his side, were evidently struggling to supply these perceived *desiderata*, could an unsupported malcontent oppose him? Alas! it is the vice of this nation, that if a minister merely promise to increase the comforts or enlarge the liberties of the people, he instantly conjures up such a wild and overwhelming popularity, as enables him to execute with impunity the most ruinous schemes against both. But William Pitt knows, that Thelwall is the voice of tens of thousands, and he levels his parliamentary thunder-bolts

against him with the same emotion with which Caligula wished to see the whole Roman state brought together in *one* neck, that he might have the luxury of beheading it at *one* moment. But we shall revert to this clause in due time, and gird ourselves up to this consideration of the restrictions of the right of petitioning.

" Whereas assemblies of divers persons collected for the purpose or under the pretext of deliberating on public grievances, and of agreeing on petitions, complaints, remonstrances, declarations, or other addresses, to the king or to both houses or either house of parliament, have of late been made use to serve the ends of factious and seditious persons to the great danger of the public peace, &c."

Where? when? and by whom have factious and seditious speeches been made, and the public peace endangered, by assembled petitioners? Unless these questions are circumstantially answered, and the answers proved by legal evidence, an act for repealing the constitution will have passed on the strength of a ministerial assertion. Where, when, and by whom? Within the last years in various parts of the kingdom heavy grievances have called together crowded meetings. Which of these have endangered the public peace? As far as my information, as far as the newspaper accounts may be trusted, the more numerous the assembly, the more strict has been the good order. What were the factious and seditious speeches? Let them be spe-

cified. Are they such as Locke and Lord Somers would have disavowed? Or were they only bold and constitutional remonstrances against dark and ministerial iniquities? If not such, if they are truly factious and seditious (that is, exciting to violence) the existing laws are sufficient authority for apprehending the speakers; let them be brought forward and examined; let them and the ministers be confronted! Let the Honourable Mr. Dundas be asked, whether or no they are among his old correspondents! or if the *modesty* of this senator be overpowered, spare his blushes, and intreating the Right Honourable Mr. Pitt to recover his *memory*, put him upon his oath—no! not on his oath—for why should God's name be taken *in vain?* but closely question him, whether or no those speakers are not the "reporters of government? gentlemen (as a chief justice would express himself) who have received acknowledgments for secrèt services?" It is highly probable, that this would appear to be the real case; and if it be only possible, while the contrary remains unproved, such a whereas must be a most inadequate ground for the present bill.

"Be it enacted by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the
no meeting of any description of persons, exceeding the number of (other persons than and except any meet-

ing of any county, riding, or division, called by the Lord Lieutenant, Custos, or more justices of the peace of the county, or place where such meeting shall be holden, or any meeting of any corporate body) shall be holden for the purpose or on the pretext of considering or for preparing any petition, complaint, remonstrance, declaration, or other addresses, to the king, or to both houses, or to either house of parliament, for alteration of matters established in church and state, for the purpose, or on the pretext of deliberating upon any grievance in church or state, unless notice of the intention to hold such meeting, and of the time and place, when and where the same shall be proposed to be holden, and of the purpose for which the same shall be proposed to be deliberated upon in such meeting, shall be given by public advertisement in days at the least before such meeting shall be holden, and unless the authority to insert such notice shall be signed by persons at the least, being housekeepers resident within the county, city, or place where such meeting shall be proposed to be holden, and unless such authority so signed shall be written at the foot of a true copy of such notice, and shall be delivered to the person required to insert the same in any such as aforesaid; which person shall cause such notice and authority to be carefully preserved, and shall produce the same whenever thereto required by any one or more justice or justices of the peace, for the county, city, town, or place, where such person shall reside, or where such shall be printed; and shall also, if required, cause a true copy of such notice, and authority so signed, to be delivered to any such justice who shall require the same."

"Other than except any meeting called by the Lord Lieutenant," &c.

Admirable exceptions! and truly consoling to the six millions who inhabit "that part of Great Britain called England." The unrestrained right

of petitioning against grievances confined to Lord Lieutenants, sheriffs of counties, and bodies corporate! to men and to sets of men, against whom as being themselves an heavy grievance, we should do well to petition. And to justices of peace; men appointed in a moment by government and displaced in a moment: whose office is absolutely dependant on the will of the crown, and who are therefore nothing more or less than a scattered army of king's guards! men whose own privileges are an insult on liberty, are appointed exclusively the guardians of British Liberty;—ah no! not her guardians, but her sole executors!

"Any special circumstances"

All the former particularizing of circumstances, is superseded and rendered unnecessary by the phrase "any special circumstances"—which phrase gives to any brace of trading justices an unlimited and arbitrary power of dispersing the most numerous and respectable assembly: and if human nature and common sense struggle against obedience, to seize them as felons or slaughter them as rebels. If this clause had passed, the word "constitution" ought to have been erased. The bill would have been not only in its consequences (such perhaps it still is) but in its immediate operation, a repeal of the constitution. A government indeed we should have had: there is not a slave-plantation in the world that has not a government! but a constitu-

tion, if it mean any thing, signifies certain known laws, which limit the expectations of the people and the discretionary powers of the legislature. Such is the bill of rights; the most essential article of which would have been annulled: this clause therefore could not have become a law, or have been entitled to moral obedience. It would have been only an edict, which holding the pistol of military despotism at our hearts, would have cried, "stand and deliver up your freedom!" Burleigh, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, said truly, "England can never be undone but by a parliament:" for Burleigh said it before the contract of the bill of rights had been entered into by the people and their governors. But now we cannot be *legally* undone even by a parliament: for (as Bolingbroke remarks) parliament cannot annul the constitution. The constitution is the law paramount, and prevents the supreme from becoming an arbitrary power. Whenever the constitution shall be violated, then the right of resistance will commence; a right restricted only by prudence, that is, a knowledge of the means. Such sentiments "amount to legal treason," exclaims our minister. So said King James the second, and the Pope swore by his infallibility that King James spoke truth! But our ancestors thought otherwise. They thought that the people alone were the rightful vicegerents of God, and that to the people is delegated the divine attribute of "exalting the humble and debasing the mighty." So "the de-

scendant of a long line of kings" they sent a begging, and a foreigner brought from a petty spot in Germany they placed on the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. May the principles, which gave it to him, preserve it to his descendants! Amen! Amen!

This execrable clause has been withdrawn. The dark Nimrod has hastily skulked off scared by the drowsy roar of the slow-awakening lion: but the coward's *wish* shall not be forgotten! Is it possible, that this man should remain the confidential servant of a free nation? that a nation should admit one encroachment on freedom from a wretch who dared menace its total destruction? Is it possible, that a matron should court the company and suffer the lesser loves of the foul-hearted libertine, whom she had with difficulty repelled from the last violence? then were the check, which he has received, only the fie! fie! of a willing prude, who rejected his haste, but approves his passion.

But there are dreadful encroachments yet unrepelled. The poison is disguised not killed. 1. Any man, whom a magisterial neighbour chooses to insult under pretext of suspicion, is liable to a domiciliary inquest. Our houses are no longer our castles. 2. A justice of peace* cannot indeed im-

* Is it no grievance (said Sir J. Hinde Cotton in the debate on the repeal of the septennial act, A. D. 1734) that a little dirty justice of the peace, the meanest and vilest tool a minister can make use of, a tool who perhaps subsists by

mediately disperse an assembly of petitioners, but he can prevent them from deliberating: he can stop every speech and seize every speaker, if he choose to suspect it or him to be seditious:—and if by the

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his being in the commission; and who may be turned out of that subsistence whenever the minister pleases?—is this, I say, no grievance that such a tool should have it in his power, by reading a proclamation, to put perhaps twenty or thirty of the best subjects in England to immediate death, without any trial or form of law? See debates of the commons, vol. viii. p. 179. The intention of the Riot Act being to seize and bring to regular trial by jury, (see the act) nothing can be more absurd (besides the cruelty of it) than the application of fire-arms; because (as Burgh most sagaciously remarks) fire-arms do not seize people but murder them! It is now three or four hundred years (said a speaker in the House of Peers—See debates of the Peers, vol. v. 172.) since fire-arms first came in use amongst us; yet the law has never suffered them to be made use of by the common officers of justice. Pikes, halberts, battle-axes, and such like, are the only weapons that can be made use of according to law, by such officers, and the reason is extremely plain—because, with such weapons they can seldom or ever hurt much less kill any but such as are really opposing or assaulting them: whereas if you put fire-arms into their hands, they may as probably hurt or kill the innocent as the guilty. See Burgh's political Disquisitions, vol. iii. page 230; the last of the three volumes was published in 1775. The whole work should be in the possession of every lover of freedom; its remarks on laws and government are as profound as they are pointed, and it is an invaluable treasure to those, whose occupations allow them but little time for reading, on account of the multitude and pertinence of historic facts collected. He who carefully peruses the "Political Disquisitions" will meet with little new information in later writers.

wanton and moorish exercise of this privilege he can ensnare the assembly into marks of indignation, then the clause (withdrawn only in appearance) commences its bloody work.

Of unexampled measures the causes and effects might be deemed uncertain; the prophecies of philosophical prescience too often acquire authority only from their accomplishment. But these bills though most strange, are not new. Lord Grenville professes to imitate the "precautions of our ancestors;" and the precedents, which he would pursue, are those of Elizabeth and Charles the second. To ascertain therefore what effects they *will* produce, and to what purposes they *will* be employed, we need only revolve the pages of history and discover what effects they *did* produce, and to what purposes they *were* employed. The measures of Elizabeth were imitated by the first James, and deemed safe precedents by the first Charles; who, "wisely* and spiritedly adopted such provisions and passed such laws, as gave a security to the monarchy, as *the essential part* and pillar of the constitution." And it is in imitation of these illustrious examples, that he (Lord Grenville) as a servant of the crown, called on their Lordships to pursue similar measures of precaution and safety!!"

* From Lord Grenville's speech, Friday, Nov. 6th 1795, quoted on the authority of the Senator, or Clarendon's Parliamentary Chronicle, page 121 of the third number, of the present session.

Such measures, good Lord Grenville, produced that civil commotion, *vulgarly* called, the great REBELLION! The measures and laws of the second Charles followed up by the second James, produced that other commotion, *vulgarly** called, a revolution.

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* "Thoughts on the English Government," a pamphlet attributed to Mr. Reeves, chief justice of Newfoundland, and captain-commandant of the spy-gang. I take this opportunity to enter my protest against the prosecution. I am afraid, that the pleasure generally felt when the attack against Mr. Reeves was commenced, arose from a something like revengeful hatred towards the man. Moral truth, (by which I mean all that we in our consciences believe to be true,) may be nevertheless criminal and libellous when directed against private characters; for the charge will reach the minds of many who cannot be competent judges of the truth or falsehood of facts to which themselves were not witnesses against a man whom they do not know. But no part of this reasoning applies against political writings. Government concerns all generally and no one in particular: all are equally witnesses; if the charge be truth, it ought to be received with gratitude; if false, it is easily detected: and the effort being made for common good, the intention should be taken for the deed. I wish it to be understood as my opinion that the opposition have disgraced themselves by their alacrity to persecute. They could have no proof that Mr. Reeves did not believe what he published; and if he believed it, and believed it to be for the public good, and yet the opposition think him a fit object of punishment, I am afraid, that the difference between the ins and the outs is not so great as we wish or imagine. Mr. Pitt who had been advised of the pamphlet, and (together with Mr. Wyndham) at first attempted to defend it, has now gone over to the side of the

Such *effects* did these measures eventually produce: and as to what *purposes* they were applied, history informs that they were employed to destroy first the liberty of the press, secondly, the freedom of speech: in short to scare away the people from the exercise of all right of political interference. As sufficient evidence of the first, we refer to the well-known case of Page, who in the reign of Elizabeth had his right hand barbarously cut off for having written against a marriage alliance of the Queen with the Duke of Anjou: and as proof of the second, we shall quote a passage from historical essays on the English constitution, describing the conduct of the pensioned parliament of Charles the second, from whose reign the placemen of George the Third adduce most apposite precedents: "As the people had in both cases lost the exercise of their annual power of election, with that they had lost the remedy for all their grievances. And under this mode of things may be observed all the marks of tyranny that can be found under the despotic government of *one* man. The laws were no longer any protection to the innocent. Judgment and justice were directed by court-policy: severity and cruelty took the place of mercy and modera-

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accusers; for the accusers were on the side of despotism, and our ministers were prompted by inspiration of the evil spirit to adopt one text of scripture—"If Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself, how then shall his kingdom stand!"

tion: slitting of noses, cutting of ears, whipping, *pillorying*, branding, fining, *imprisoning*, *hanging*, and *beheading*, were the *constant lot of those who had virtue enough to speak, write or act in defiance of constitutional liberty. And so far was the House of Commons from relieving the people under this dreadful distress, that they contributed all in their power to prevent even their cries and prayers from either approaching the throne or themselves. They passed a law, by which no man durst ask his neighbour to join him in a petition for relief to the king or either House of Parliament. It was a melancholy consideration to see the people refused the benefit of prayers and tears for relief* AGAINST THEIR OWN INFAMOUS DEPUTIES. Hist. Ess. Engl. Const. 120.

But we will take a nearer view of the subject. These bills are levelled against all who excite hatred or contempt of the constitution and government: that is, all who endeavour to prove the constitution and government defective, corrupt, or fraudulent. (For it has been before observed, that all detection of weakness, imposture, or abuse, necessarily tends to excite hatred or contempt.) Now the constitution and government are defective and corrupt, or they are not. If the former, the bills are iniquitous; since they would *kill off* all who promulge truths necessary to the progression of human happiness: if the latter, (that is, if the constitution and government are perfect) the bills are

still iniquitous, for they destroy the sole boundary which divides that government from despotism, and *change* that constitution, from whose present perfectness they derive their only possible justification. In order to prove these assertions, we must briefly examine the British constitution, or mode of government.

Governments have assumed many different forms; but in their essence and properties, all possible modes of government are reducible to these three: government *by* the people, government *over* the people, and government *with* the people.

The government is *by* the people, when the affairs of the whole are directed by all actually present; as among the American Tribes, and (perhaps*) in Athens and some other of the ancient Grecian states, or by all *morally* present, that is, where every man is represented, and the representatives act according to instructions. Such, I trust, will be the government of France. France! whose crimes and miseries posterity will impute to us. France! to whom posterity will impute their virtues and their happiness.

Government *over* the people is known by the name of despotism, or arbitrary government: which term does not necessarily imply that one man pos-

* We say *perhaps* on account of the large proportion of slaves in the ancient states, which seems to destroy their claim to the title of republic.

sesses exclusively the power and direction of the state, for this is no where the case. The Grand Seignior has his divan:* nor does even the king of Spain dare act in direct opposition to the wishes of the priests and grandees; who in *every* country influence the measures of the government, and partake in its rapine. Despotism is that government in which the people at large have no voice in the legislature, and possess no other safe or established mode of political interference: in few words, where the majority are always acted upon, never acting.

The *third* mode is government *with* the people. This ought to be a *progressive* government ascending from the *second* mode to the first: at least, it is bad or good according to its distance from, or proximity to, the first mode.

The constitution and government of Great Britain is evidently not the first mode, that is, a government *by* the people. They who contend that it is the second mode, will detail from what the people

* In reality the government of Turkey is more free in its forms than the British. They have a constitution, which determines the rights of the subject and of the Emperor; I mean, the Koran: and they have a grand national council, called the Ulama, composed of some taken from the people, and of others, the Moulahs, the hereditary counsellors of the state. If the grand Seignior violate the constitution, the Ulama have the right of deposing him: and without a decree of the Ulama he cannot be deposed.

at large are excluded: they, who would prove it to be the third or mixed mode, must point out to what the people are admitted. And for the honour of our country let these have the first hearing. We are astonished (these would say) at the audacity, as well as the blindness, of men who dare entertain a doubt on this subject. The English constitution is the freest under heaven: our liberty suffers restrictions only to acquire steadiness and security. The people by their proxies in the House of Commons, are a check on the nobility, and the nobility a check on the people: while the king is a check on both. The best disciplined people are subject to giddy moments, which will be most effectually resisted by the wisdom of men educated from their infancy for the senatorial office; whose privileges and even prejudices are an antidote against the epidemic disorders of discontent, and thirst of innovation. And what is the king, but the majestic guardian of freedom, gifted with privileges that will incline, and prerogatives that enable him to prevent the legislative from assuming the executive power: the union of which is one distinguishing feature of tyranny? Such is the constitution, concerning which it is asked whether or no it be despotism!!!

Their opponents reply, it is very possible to sketch out an admirable theory of government, and then *call* it the British constitution. A philosopher, who should attack the Popish, or Abyssinian creeds,

would not be satisfied, if in answer to him the defendant should prove the excellence and perfectness of the gospels. We do not ask what a British constitution might be, nor what the British constitution has been, we inquire what it now is. We affirm, that a government, under which the people at large neither directly nor indirectly exercise any sovereignty, is a despotism. You have asserted that the people act by their proxies in the House of Commons: and Blackstone (Vol. I. p. 171.) says, " In England where the people do not debate in a collective body but by representation, the exercise of this sovereignty consists in the choice of representatives. If then it can be proved, that the people at large " have proxies," or " debate by representation," or have " the choice of representatives," the question will decide in your favour, who assert the British constitution to be the second or mixed mode of government. If these points cannot be proved, in favour of us who suspect it to be a despotism. Now we are of opinion, not only that such points connot be made evident, but that the contrary may be demonstrated. The people (you say) exercise a legislative power by proxies, that is, by the majority in the House of Commons. But in the House of Commons three hundred and six are nominated or caused to be returned by one hundred and sixty peers and commoners with the treasury, and three hundred and six are more than a majority: the majority therefore of the House

of Commons are the choice, and of course the proxies of the treasury, and the one hundred and sixty two.* Of the rest (that is, the minor number of the House of Commons) some are elected by corporate bodies, others through the undue practices of returning officers, and twenty eight have seats in parliament by *compromises.* And after that these are subtracted, with regard to the yet remaining members, it would be an insult to common sense to assert, they are elected by the people at large. The voters are so contemptibly few, that for this reason only they are almost or altogether useless: and from non-residence, taking up of freedoms, complicated rights, &c. &c. their charges for voting are so enormous, that they become worse than useless: since in order to be elected by them many men ruin themselves. And for what? from public spirit? "*Credat*" who likes; I am sure "*Judæus Apella*" will not; the cunning Isaac would tell you that those, who buy dear, cannot live by selling cheap. If to all this you add the drunkenness, perjury, and murder that attend a general election, you must draw an unheightened picture which

* Consult "the state of the representation of England and Wales," delivered to the Society, the friends of the people, associated for the purpose of obtaining a parliamentary reform. In this dispassionate report, the *names* of the one hundred and sixty two are given, and the boroughs specified; both those for which they nominate, and those which they influence, so as always to secure the return.

would make every honest man wish that the lesser number of the House of Commons were elected as the majority (or actual legislative power) that is, by the one hundred and sixty two peers, gentlemen, and treasury. The right of election therefore, as it at present exists in England, must be considered not as an exception to despotism, but as making it more operose and expensive from the increased necessity of corruption. The people at large exercise no sovereignty either personally, or by representation. Such would be the reply of those who might contend that the government of England is despotism. The constitutionalists, those of them, I mean, who condescend to argue, would be forced to allow the truth of this statement: but they would attempt to do away the consequences. "If (they would say) men the most likely by their qualifications to know and promote the public interest, be actually returned to parliament, it signifies little who return them. We *have* a House of Commons composed of 548 members, in which number are to be found the most considerable landholders and merchants of the kingdom; the heads of the army, the navy, and the law; the occupiers of great offices in the state; together with many private individuals eminent by their knowledge, eloquence, or activity. Now if the country be not safe in such hands, in whose may it confide its interests? If such a number of such men be liable to the influence of corrupt motives, what assembly of men will be secure from

the same danger? The different *interests* are actually represented, and of course, the people *virtually*." Paley Mor. and Pol. Philosophy, Vol. II. 220.

Such is Mr. Paley's solution. The plausibility of his reasonings amuses not satisfies the opponents. Struck (they say) with their ingenuity and acuteness, we thence infer that, first among the first, the author himself must have detected their fallacy. Charity with unwilling ear half-listens to the report, that the reverend moralist* *cannot afford to keep a conscience.* In whose hands can the public welfare be safely intrusted, if not to the heads of the army, the navy, and the law? men receiving much and expecting more, men, who must have cut and squared their notions and feelings to the grand scheme of *getting forward in the world?* to answer one question by another, in whose hands could it be worse intrusted? are not men who are the *servants* of government out of the house, likely to prove its very convenient *friends* within the house? and *merchants!* has the archdeacon never heard of *contracts*, and how judiciously they may be distributed! and "many individuals eminent by their abilities and eloquence!" that is, in plain language, needy young men of genius are occasionally picked up by one party or the other, presented with a title or a place, and then brought

* Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
δὲ τὸ πᾶν, ἑρμηνέων
χατίζει. *Olymp.* ii. 152.

forward as rhetorical gladiators for the amusement of the good people of England. A prize or two gained at Oxford sometimes proves an excellent advertisement to a young man who wants the lucrative office of an accommodating legislator. With regard to the independent landholders, they are indeed independent of the people. Their honesty is therefore an *accident*, and must not be admitted into calculation. When it occurs, it may ameliorate our service, but (unless the mode of representation be improved) it cannot make us free-men; I mean, that although it may occasionally procure good laws, it cannot secure to us the permanence of them. It is security which distinguishes liberty from a virtuous despotism: and this security never exists unless when the legislative power is in the hands of those, whose worldly self-interests manifestly preponderate in favour of the incorrupt use of it. It has indeed been affirmed, that we are secure with the wealthy: since in impoverishing their country they must injure themselves most of all, and that their wealth lifts them above the reach of temptation. We might quote in answer every page of the history of England for these last hundred years: but supposing the assertion not to have been confuted by facts, we yet deny the probability of it. For first, the taxes are not levied in equal proportions, so that without directly injuring himself a legislator may vote away the pittance of the poor: secondly, where the actual, efficient,

independent legislators are so few, and the revenues of government so immense, the administration can always put into a great man's pocket incalculably more than they take from his estate: thirdly, his wealth so far from lifting him above temptation exposes him to it. A man of large fortune lives in a splendour and luxury, which long habit makes him consider essential to happiness. He has perhaps a number of children, all of whom share his affection equally. He wishes that *all* his children should continue to live in the style in which they have been brought up, but by the law of primogeniture the eldest only will possess the means of so doing. Hence, he seeks fortunes for the rest in the enormous patronage of the crown. A man of moderate wealth is not exposed to this temptation. His rank does not make industry disgraceful, and by industry all his children may be as well off as their father. Besides (though we would not dispeople St. Stephen's by such an exclusion-bill,* as was passed in the days of Cromwell) yet while gaming is so much the rage, no man can be safely called wealthy, or supposed to be armed against temptation. Thus the actual possessors of power are few, and independent of the people: which is

* None were eligible to parliament at this time, but persons fearing God: none who denies the Scripture to be the word of God: *no habitual swearer and curser: no drunkard: no adulterer: no gamblers: no fornicators:* no &c. &c. Parl. Hist. xx. 386.

despotism. And the manners of the great are depraved, the sources of corruption incalculable, and consequently the temptations to private and public wickedness numerous and mighty: all which unite in precluding the probability of its proving a *virtuous* Despotism.

Hitherto nothing has been adduced that truly distinguishes our government from despotism: it seems to be a government *over*, not *by*, or *with* the people. But this conclusion we disavow. The liberty of the press, (a power resident in the people) gives us an *influential* sovereignty. By books necessary information may be dispersed; and by information the public will may be formed; and by the right of petitioning that will may be expressed; first, perhaps, in low and distant tones such as beseem the children of peace; but if corruption deafen power, gradually increasing till they swell into a deep and awful thunder, the VOICE OF GOD, which his vicegerents must hear, and hearing dare not disobey. This unrestricted right of over-awing the oligarchy of parliament by constitutional expression of the general will forms our liberty: it is the sole boundary that divides us from despotism.

τοὐλεύθερον δ' ἐκεῖνο, ΤΙΣ ΘΕΛΕΙ ΠΟΛΕΙ
ΧΡΗΣΤΟΝ ΤΙ ΒΟΥΛΕΥΜ' ΕΙΣ ΜΕΣΟΝ ΦΕΡΕΙΝ, ΕΧΩΝ;
καὶ ταῦθ' ὁ χρήζων, λαμπρὸς ἔσθ'· ὁ μὴ θέλων,
σιγᾷ. τί τούτων ἐστ' ἰσαίτερον πόλει;

EURIP. SUPPLIC. 448.

By the almost winged communication of the press,

the whole nation becomes one grand senate, fervent yet untumultuous. By the right of meeting together to petition (which, Milton says, is good old English for *requiring*) the determinations of this senate are embodied into legal form, and conveyed to the *executive* branch of government, the parliament. The present bills annihilate this right. The *forms* of it indeed will remain; (the *forms* of the Roman republic were preserved under Tiberius and Nero) but the reality will have flown. No political information from the press can previously enlighten the people; and if they meet, the deliberation must be engrossed by the hireling defenders of that scheme of cruelty and imposture, which the ministry choose to call our constitution. We can no longer consult in common on common grievances. Our assemblies will resemble a silent and sullen mob of discontented slaves who have surrounded the palace of some eastern tyrant. By the operation of lord Grenville's bill, the press is made useless. Every town is insulated: the vast conductors are destroyed by which the electric fluid of truth was conveyed from man to man, and nation to nation. A French gentleman in the reign of Lewis the fourteenth was comparing the French and English writers with all the boastfulness of national prepossession. Monsieur, (replied an Englishman better versed in the principles of freedom than the canons of criticism), there are but two subjects worthy the human intellect — politics and religion, our state here, and our state here-

after: and on neither of these *dare* you write! This spirited reproof may now be retorted on us. By Mr. Pitt's bill Britons are allowed to petition—with justices of peace at their elbow! Justices of peace invested with absolute censorial power over the individuals, and the chance-right of military domination over the assembly. British liberty leaves her cell by permission, and walks abroad to take the air between two jailors; fettered, and handcuffed, and with a gag in her mouth!!!

There are four things, which being combined constitute despotism. 1. The confusion of the executive and legislative branches. 2. The direct or indirect exclusion of all popular interference. 3. A large military force kept separate from the people. 4. When the punishments of state-offenders are determined and heavy, but what constitutes state-offences left indefinite, that is, dependent on the will of the minister, or the interpretation of the judge. Let the present bills pass, and these four things will be *all* found in the British government. 1. By the enormous patronage of the crown and the depravity of manners among the great, by the immensity of the powers of corruption and the fewness of the persons to be corrupted, the executive branch is actually the legislative. 2. The liberty of the press abolished, and the right of free discussion in petitioning assemblies, the people of Britain will possess no greater control over their governors than the inhabitants in Russia. 3. A vast military force is maintained throughout

the kingdom for the purpose of intimidating the disaffected; and that the soldiers may become in their notions and feelings a body distinct from citizens they are placed in barracks, instead of the constitutional mode of scattering them among their countrymen. (The sum of three hundred thousand pounds has been expended in building these barracks in less than two years.) 4. The treason and sedition bills are so framed, that they include all men who recommend reform by the only possible mode of recommendation, the detection of a defectiveness in our constitution, and of iniquity and abuse in our government. The selection of particular persons for punishment depends entirely on the minister. The bills are a vast aviary, and all the honest are incaged within it.

In 1660 the people of Denmark made a voluntary surrender of their liberties to the crown: and it is said, they have found it a wise and beneficial measure. I am not acquainted with the Danish constitution prior to this, nor have I seen the form of their petition; I will draw out what I suppose it might have been; and let me be pardoned, if the notions are too much *anglicized*.

To our sovereign Lord, the King, a Petition from the oppressed People of DENMARK.

SIRE!

WE have been dreaming that we were a free nation: and when the voice of truth has half-awakened

us, we have scared her away with the angry impatience of slumber, and again resigned ourselves to the pleasing delusion. But, sire! we are now awake! we perceive that we are not free, and we are conscious likewise, that from our ignorance or depravity we are incapable of true freedom. The sole objects of the present petition are, that you would make our chains less heavy, and prevent our manners from becoming more depraved: and in order to this, that you would be graciously pleased to assume to yourself the *forms* of that absolute power, the realities of which you have long possessed. Even in that house, which in our old laws is supposed to be the organ of the people; a large majority of the members hold their seats by their own right, or by the nomination of private patrons. The remainder are elected indeed; but the electors are so few, that they must be considered a burdensome privileged order, and in no wise the people. Their votes are notoriously bought; and so ignorant and corrupt are they, that the right of election is not merely useless; it is fatal to our prosperity and morals. It is a right given to them to sell their consciences: a right to bring down the curse of heaven upon the nation by the frequency and daringness of their perjuries: a right by the contagion of their gluttony, drunkenness, and party-feuds to render us less and less susceptible of that liberty, with the forms of which it would mock us. And with regard to the legislature, we are con-

scious, sire! that the plans, which your royal wisdom and the wisdom of your honourable counsellors prepare in your cabinet, are always adopted by the house of nobles, and by that body, misnamed, the house of the people. By dismissing them from a participation of the sovereignty, we should therefore *lose nothing:* and we should gain much. For to them we do owe in great measure the weight and multitude of our taxes, the frequency of wars, and the decay of virtue and piety among us. For although they constantly adopt all your royal plans, yet they expect to be rewarded for their promptness: in order to which an infinity of pensions and places is necessary, to the great impoverishment of the honest and the laborious part of your Majesty's subjects. And we suspect, sire! that your servants, to whom is intrusted the management of this market, feel less aversion from the horrors of war from the knowledge, that a war may afford a specious pretext for multiplying such pensions, and doth necessarily increase their patronage to an extent which may be truly styled enormous.

We observe, sire! a second source of war in that noisy and incessant abuse of your majesty's measures, which it has become a fashion of state for a few men to pour forth in the legislature, and by which they make known their desires to be admitted to a share of your royal bounties. This abuse, springing altogether from their angry disappointment, or their eager hopes, or their impatient ne-

cessities, is mixed up with the noblest sentiments borrowed from the works of the enlightened and unluxurious ancients, and falsely and dangerously applied to these times and this nation. For we are convinced, sire! that our vast commerce has made general among us that dependence and selfishness and unmanly love of splendour and pleasure, which necessarily preclude all public spirit. Freedom is the right and natural consequence of virtue; but for the vicious to claim it is sedition. Self-love however prevents men from perceiving or remembering this truth: and the harangues of an ambitious faction daily dispersed through your majesty's realms by means of printed reports spread far and wide principles of innovation and discontent, which sometimes assume so threatening an aspect, that the evils of a foreign war are resorted to in order to prevent their diffusion. And from the same source it arises, that government which ought to employ itself for the benefit of the people, is engrossed by the anxieties of self-preservation, and that legislative power, which might have been successfully exerted to the cure and prevention of national immorality, is wasted in degrading hostilities against libels and treason. Hence arises an appearance of a diversity of interest in the crown and the nation; and hence too it becomes possible, that even in your majesty's bosom the feelings of paternal anger may occasionally displace the emotions of parental love. We therefore your people

of Denmark, are willing, O beloved king! to concentre in you all the forms and powers of national sovereignty. We acknowledge with heart-felt joy, that piety, temperance, and humanity are the distinguishing marks of your majesty's character; and we believe, that by this solemn and public manifestation of our love and filial confidence, we shall incline you yet more to wish above all things the virtue and comfort of us, your assembled children; and by removing the obstacles (arising from the present necessity of corruption and terror in order to carry on the business of government) we shall enable you to realize such wishes. Henceforward we expect, that the treasures which are yearly scrambled for by the sons of clamour, will either remain with the people and increase their domestic comforts, or be drawn out for the reward of genius and virtue, and the promotion of arts, sciences, and true religion. Countless millions will no longer be expended to shed blood and bring famine and pestilence. The barracks so thickly scattered over your majesty's realms, we have full confidence that you will convert into national schools: the instruments of slaughter, will be beat into ploughshares and pruning-hooks: and the immense magazines, in which they were piled up, will burst with grain reapt by rejoicing industry from the drained swamp, and the cultivated waste-lands! And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c. (c).

ARTICLES FROM THE WATCHMAN. (D)

A Periodical work, carried on by Mr. Coleridge in the year 1796, *having this general motto prefixed to it:*

THAT ALL MAY KNOW THE TRUTH,
AND THAT THE TRUTH MAY MAKE US FREE!

(From No. 1, *published March* 1*st.)*

AMONG the calamities, which eventually have produced the most important blessings, we may particularize the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The number of learned Greeks, whom this event drove into the West, in conjunction with the recent discovery of printing, kindled the love of knowledge in Europe, and supplied opportunities for the attainment of it. Princes emulated each other in the patronage of men of ability, and endeavoured to excite a spirit of literature among their subjects by every encouragement which their rude policy suggested, or the genius of the age would permit. The first scanty twilight of knowledge was sufficient to show what horrors had resulted from ignorance; and no experience had

yet taught them that general illumination is incompatible with undelegated power. This incipient diffusion of truth was aided by the Lutheran schism, which roused the clergy of Europe from their long doze of sensuality, and by the keen goading of religious controversy forced each party into literary exertion. And after the Reformation it was again fortunate for the interests of Britain, that the Puritans, her first partizans for civil and religious freedom, were greatly inferior to their antagonists in acquired knowledge. The government would otherwise have been alarmed, while yet alarm could have led to prevention; and Despotism, Aristocracy, and Priesthood might have strangled the infant whom this dark tri-unity unconsciously benefited human nature by nursing and protecting. The mistake was discovered too late; but the struggle was violent, nor has it been discontinued. From the reign of Elizabeth to the present hour, the propagation of civil and religious wisdom has never been altogether free from danger; and the diffusion of general information has been impeded by accumulated taxes on paper, by stamp duties, and by every mode, direct and indirect, of preventing knowledge from coming within the circle of a poor man's expenses. In the debate concerning an additional duty on newspapers, Mr. Pitt asserted that they were fit objects of taxation, as being *mere luxuries*. A *mere luxury* for the proprietors to be informed concerning the measures of the directors!

a *mere luxury* for the principals to know what their agents are doing. But the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. The poor man's curiosity remains unabated with respect to events in which, above all others, he is most deeply interested; and, as by the enormous expense he is precluded from having a weekly newspaper at his home, he flies to the ale-house for the perusal. There he contracts habits of drunkenness and sloth; and then the depravity of his mind is urged as an argument against the melioration of his condition: the dreadful nature of the *effects* the only plausible argument for the continuance of the *causes!* The revenue too is increased; and as the publican depends for his license on the pleasure of the justice of peace, who depends for his commission on the pleasure of the minister, the ministerial prints exclusively are forced upon him: and the poor man is not only prevented from hearing the truth, but inflamed to a kind of political suicide by the false statements and calumnies, with which the creativeness of ministerial genius is accustomed to adorn its weekly or diurnal productions.

At the ale-house likewise he meets the exciseman: and hears his *impartial* invectives against reformers, with scarcely less deference, than when he listens to the equally *impartial* orator of the pulpit, who teaches him hatred in the name of the God of Love. Indeed (to use the expressive language of Arthur Young) "The abuses that are

44951

rooted in all the old governments of Europe, give such numbers of men such a direct interest in supporting, cherishing, and defending abuses, that advocates for tyranny are found in every country and almost in every company. What a mass of people in all parts of England are some way or other interested in the present representation of the people, in tythes, charters, monopolies, and taxation! and not merely in the things themselves, but in all the abuses attending them."—What a mass indeed! so large, as to form an establishment of political schoolmasters, and realize a national education! If we except honesty, sobriety, brotherly-kindness, and the art of reading and writing, what may not the poor man learn, who is employed, perhaps, by a corporator, whose landlord is a justice of the peace, who swallows all the priest teaches in the pulpit, and all the exciseman pours forth in the ale-house!

Such are the impediments to the diffusion of knowledge. The means by which Providence seems to be counteracting these impediments are—First and principally, the progress of the Methodists, and other disciples of Calvinism. It has been a common remark, that implicit faith in mysteries prepares the mind for implicit obedience to tyranny. But this is plausible rather than just. Facts are against it. The most thorough-paced Republicans in the days of Charles the First were religious enthusiasts: and in the present day, a large majority

among our sectaries are fervent in their zeal against political abuses. The truth seems to be, that superstition is unfavourable to civil freedom then only, when it teaches sensuality, as among Atheists and Pagans, and Mussulmen; or when it is in alliance with power and avarice, as in the religious establishments of Europe. In all other cases, to forego, even in solitude, the high pleasures which the human mind receives from the free exertion of its faculties, through the dread of an invisible spectator or the hope of a future reward, implies so great a conquest over the tyranny of the present impulse, and so large a power of self-government, that whoever is conscious of it, will be grateful for the existence of an external government no farther than as it protects him from the attacks of others; which when that government omits to do, or when by promoting ignorance and depravity it produces the contrary effects, he is prepared to declare hostilities against it, and by the warmth of his feelings and the gregariousness of his nature is enabled to prosecute them more effectually, than a myriad of detached metaphysical systematizers. Besides, the very act of dissenting from established opinions must generate habits precursive to the love of freedom. Man begins to be free when he begins to examine. To this we may add, that men can hardly apply themselves with such perseverant zeal to the instruction and comforting of the poor, without feeling affection for them; and these feel-

ings of love must necessarily lead to a blameless indignation against the authors of their complicated miseries. Nor should we forget, that however absurd their enthusiasm may be, yet if Methodism produce sobriety and domestic habits among the lower classes, it makes them susceptible of liberty; and this very enthusiasm does perhaps supersede the use of spirituous liquors, and bring on the same pleasing tumult of the brain without injuring the health or exhausting the wages. And although by the power of prejudice these sectaries may deduce from the gospel doctrines which it does not contain, yet it is impossible that they should peruse the New Testament so frequently and with such attention, without perceiving and remembering the precepts which it does contain. Yes! they shudder with pious horror at the idea of defending by famine, and fire, and blood, that religion which teaches its followers,—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: *for by so doing thou shalt melt him into repentance.*"

Secondly, — The institution of large manufactories; in many of which it is the custom for a newspaper to be regularly read, and sometimes larger publications. Which party they adopt, is of little comparative consequence! Men always serve the cause of freedom by *thinking*, even though their first reflections may lead them to oppose it. And on account of these men, whose passions are frequently inflamed by drunkenness, the friends of

rational and progressive liberty may review with diminished indignation two recent acts of parliament, which, though breaches of the constitution, and under pretence of protecting the *head* of the state, evidently passed to prevent our cutting off an enormous *wen* that grows upon it (I mean the system of secret influence,) yet will not have been useless if they should render the language of political publications more cool and guarded, or even confine us for a while to the teaching of first principles, or the diffusion of that general knowledge which should be the basis or substratum of politics.

Thirdly, — The number of book-societies established in almost every town and city of the kingdom; and, Fourthly, the increasing experience of the dreadful effects of war and corruption.

I shall be happy if my exertions should ever form one link, however small, in this chain of causes.

It is usual, at the commencement of works resembling the present, to make some preliminary professions, which may serve as promissory notes to the public. In compliance with this custom, I declare my intention of relating facts simply and nakedly, without epithets or comments; and if at any time the opposition and ministerial prints differ from each other in their detail of events, faithfully to state such difference. It would be absurd to promise an equal neutrality in the political Essays. My bias, however, is in favour of principles, not men: and though I may be classed with a party, I

scorn to be of a faction. I trust, however, that I shall write what I believe to be the truth in the spirit of meekness. It remains for me to speak concerning my proposed attempt to analyze important and interesting publications — a task which may seem to have been rendered unnecessary by the existing Reviews. But, in the first place, I shall never review more than one work in each number; and none but works of apparent merit, whether such as teach true principles with energy, or recommend false principles by the decorations of genius. I shall not carry with me to the perusal of unexpected excellence the ill-humour or disgust occasioned by having previously toiled through pages of frippery or dulness. Secondly, although the existing Reviews are conducted with considerable ability, yet they appear to me valuable from their wide diffusion of general knowledge, rather than as the fair appreciators of literary merit. I may safely aver (and I believe I am not singular in the complaint) that I never purchased a book entirely on the credit of the reviews, in which I did not find myself disappointed. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? So many and so varying are the writers employed by the proprietary booksellers, that it is hardly possible for an author, whose literary acquaintance is even moderately large, to publish a work which shall not be flattered in some one of the reviews by a personal friend, or calumniated by an enemy. As the last assertion ought not to be

made without accompanying proofs, out of many instances in my memory, I select the review of Combe's Horace, in the British Critic, by Dr. Parr. Far from the haunts of literary men, and personally acquainted with very few of them, if I execute my criticisms with less ability, I will however pledge myself to perform the duty, which I have undertaken, without compliment and without resentment. This, then, is my plan—to contribute my small but assiduous labours to the cause of piety and justice.

That all may know the truth; and that the truth may make us free!

REVIEW OF BURKE'S LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind,
When (blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had joined?

* * * * * *

And sure, when nature kind
Hath deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.—AKENSIDE.

WHEN men of low and creeping faculties wish to depreciate works of genius, it is their fashion to sneer at them as "*mere declamation.*"

However accurate the facts, however just the inferences, yet if to these be added the tones of feeling, and the decorations of fancy, "*it is all mere declamation.*" Whatever is dull and frigid is extolled as *cool reasoning;* and where, confessedly, nothing else is possessed, sound judgment is charitably attributed. This mode of evading an adversary's argument is fashionable among the aristocratic faction, when they speak of the French writers; and has been applied with nauseous frequency to the writings of EDMUND BURKE by some low-minded sophisters who disgrace the cause of freedom. Mr. Burke always appeared to me to have displayed great vigour of intellect, and an almost prophetic keenness of penetration; nor can I think his merit diminished, because he has secured the aids of sympathy to his cause by the warmth of his own emotions, and delighted the imagination of his readers by a multitude and rapid succession of remote analogies. It seems characteristic of true eloquence, to reason *in* metaphors; of declamation, to argue *by* metaphors.

With such notions of the matter and manner of Mr. Burke's former publication, I ought not to be suspected of party prejudice, when I declare the woful inferiority of the present work — Alas! we fear that this Sun of Genius is well nigh extinguished: a few bright spots linger on its orb, but scarcely larger or more numerous than the dark *maculæ* visible on it in the hour of its strength and

effulgence. A tender and pleasing melancholy pervades those passages in which he alludes to his Son; and renders the fierceness and vulgarity of the rest more wonderful. It might have been expected, that domestic calamity would have softened his heart, and by occupying it with private and lonely feelings, have precluded the throb and tempest of political fanaticism. But ere I begin the task of blame, I shall seize the opportunity of illuminating my pages by the following exquisitely beautiful and pathetic tribute to the memory of a departed great man:

"No man lives too long, who lives to do with spirit, and suffer with resignation, what Providence pleases to command or inflict: but indeed they are sharp incommodities which beset old age. It was but the other day, that on putting in order some things which had been brought here on my taking leave of London for ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, most of them of persons now dead, but whose society, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongst these was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar, to the day of our final separation.

"I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the

greatest and best men of his age; and I loved, and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was after his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory, what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions, with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake, I believe he felt, just as I should have felt such friendship on such an occasion. I partook indeed of this honour, with several of the first, and best, and ablest in the kingdom, but I was behind hand with none of them; and I am sure, that if to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice that was done to his virtue.

"Pardon, my Lord, the feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuse itself in discourse of the departed great. — At my years we live in retrospect alone: and, wholly unfitted for the society of vigorous life, we enjoy, the best balm to all wounds, the consolation of friendship, in those only whom we have lost for ever."

The remaining parts of the letter consist of attacks, first on Frenchmen and French principles; secondly, on geometry, chemistry, and metaphysics; thirdly, on the Duke of Bedford; and lastly, of a defence of the pension.

First, therefore, of the attack on Frenchmen and French principles. David Hartley enumerates among the causes of madness, an intense and long-continued attention to some one particular subject, falling in with an original bodily predisposition. The too frequent recurrency of one particular set of ideas makes the vibrations belonging thereto more than ordinarily vivid, and occasions that particular train to be associated with every common circumstance of life; till at length every common circumstance re-calls that particular train, and makes the recurrency perpetual; which is a species of madness. — If this be a just theory, the following is an alarming passage:

"The French Revolutionists complained of every thing; they refused to reform any thing; and they left nothing, no, nothing at all *unchanged.* — The consequences are *before* us, not in remote history; not in future prognostication: they are about us; they are upon us. They shake the public security; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. *If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted; our repose is troubled;*

our pleasures are saddened; our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation."

Indeed the phrenetic extravagance of the whole of this part of the letter, " must make every reflecting mind, and every feeling heart, perfectly thought-sick." In descanting on the excesses of the French, Mr. Burke has never chosen to examine what portion of them may be fairly attributed to the indignation and terror excited by the combined forces, and what portion ought to be considered as the natural effects of despotism and superstition, so malignant and so long-continued.

" Warm'd with new influence the unwholesome plain
" Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn:
" The Sun, that rose on FREEDOM, rose in blood!"

JOAN OF ARC.

Secondly, — on geometry, chemistry, and metaphysics. " Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough-bred Metaphysician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked spirit than to the frailty and passion of a man. It is like that of the principle of evil* himself, incorporeal, pure unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil!" — " The geometricians and the chemists bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the foot of their furnaces, dispo-

* Quere.—Is Edmund Burke a Manichæan.

sitions that make them worse than indifferent about those feelings and habitudes, which are the supports of the moral world."

Alas! how vile must that system be, which can reckon by anticipation among its certain enemies, the metaphysician who employs the strength and subtlety of reason to investigate, by what causes being acted on, the human mind acts most worthily; the geometrician, who tames into living and embodied uses the proud possibilities of truth, and who has leavened the whole mass of his thoughts and feelings with the love of proportion; and the chemist, whose faculties are swallowed up in the great task of discovering those perfect laws by which the Supreme Wisdom governs the Universe! Plato, with whom, as the dazzling Mystic of ancient days, it might have been expected that Mr. Burke would have fraternized, placed over the entrance of Academus, Οὐδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω.—But I recollect, that Plato was the first manufacturer of Utopian Commonwealths: a crime, for which even the universals and intelligential worlds of the divine anti-experimentalist will make an insufficient atonement. But the sciences suffer for their professors; and geometry, metaphysics, and chemistry, are Condorcet, Abbé Sieyes, and Priestley, generalized. It is lucky for poetry, that Milton did not live in our days: and I suppose, that Sir Joshua Reynolds only could have made a vicarious satisfaction for the crimes of David, and protected painting.—But Mr. Burke

is not the only writer who has lampooned God Almighty for having made men rational! I cannot conclude this part of my analysis in more appropriate words than these of Toland: "Such men seem perfectly distracted at the just disappointment they have met with in the loss of their interest and reputation among their friends; and to revenge themselves, having prepared a composition of rage, malice, and uncharitableness, and lighted it with a blind and burning zeal, they draw clouds of darkness all around them, put themselves into a wild confusion, and scatter their indignation (the overflowings of a disturbed fancy) at random."—[*Nature and Consequences of Enthusiasm*, p. 38.]

Thirdly,—the attack on the Duke of Bedford, for enjoying the senatorial office by hereditary right, or (to use Mr. Burke's own words) for being "nursed, and swaddled, and dandled into a legislator;" for his immense property, which overshadows and "oppresses the industry of humble men;" and for his ingratitude to him (Mr. Burke) "the defender of his order," *i. e.* of the two former charges. In other words, the Duke is sneered at for not being a Republican and an Agrarian; and reviled for his unthankfulness to the man who struggles to prevent him from being either. This is not the only instance to be met with in the course of Mr. Burke's writings, in which he lays down propositions, from which his adversaries are entitled to draw strange corollaries. The egg is his: Paine and Barlow *hatch* it.

Fourthly,—a defence of his pension; which is conducted on the following pleas: That Mr. Russell, the founder of the Duke of Bedford's family, received a much larger grant from the Crown, without having deserved any thing; that Henry VIII. from whom Mr. Russell received his grants, was by no means so good a man as King George the Third, from whom he (Mr. Burke) received his pension: that it was received unsolicited, and "when he was entirely out of the way of serving or hurting any statesman or any party:" and that it had been merited by his former services.—The two first grounds of defence are pitiably ridiculous; the third is a falsehood; the last we should be unwilling not to concede.

"When I could no longer serve them, the Ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity."

By what means did Mr. Burke serve the Ministers? By the effect which his speeches produced on the House of Commons? Or by his publications? Assuredly, by the latter! And is he not then serving and about to serve them? But did Mr. Burke receive no gratuity anterior to his retirement from public life? In the *Cambridge Intelligencer* of Saturday, November 21, 1795, we find the following paragraph;

"*When Mr. Burke first crossed over the House of Commons, from the opposition to the*

ministry, he received a pension of £1200 *a year charged on the King's Privy Purse!* When he had completed his labours, it was then a question what recompense his services deserved. Mr. Burke wanting a present supply of money, it was thought that a pension of £2000 per annum *for forty years certain*, would sell for eighteen years purchase, and bring him of course £36,000. But this pension must, by the very unfortunate act, of which Mr. Burke was himself the author, have come before Parliament. Instead of this Mr. Pitt suggested the idea of a pension of £2,000 a-year *for three lives*, to be charged on the King's Revenue of the West India 4½ per cents. This was tried at the market, but it was found that it would not produce the £36,000 which were wanted. In consequence of this a pension of £2,500 per annum, *for three lives*, on the 4½ West India Fund, the lives to be nominated by Mr. Burke, that he may accommodate the purchasers, is *finally* granted to this disinterested patriot! He has thus retired from the trade of politics, with pensions to the amount of £3,700 a-year."

If Mr. Burke's past services have merited * the pension, yet he himself confesses that money is not

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* Mr. Burke's Reform Bills, in 1782, effected an annual saving to the public of eighty thousand pounds — not the fiftieth part of the interest to be paid for the millions spent in this his war.

their proper recompense. At this time especially, when the cry against corruption is so loud and general, a good man sincerely zealous for the preservation of the present system, would have been delicate even to anxiety, and jealously disinterested. He would have remembered the words, which the eloquent Sheridan put into the mouth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"All the gentlemen, who will come forward in support of this great and glorious war, are to share in the taxes that are to be laid on the people; and accordingly look round me, and see how I have fattened and aggrandized all the persons who have come forward to my aid. No man now can make a boast of the sacrifices he has made, in order the better to oppose the friends of Brissot in England. Not merely themselves, but their nephews and cousins, to the third and fourth remove, have been loaded with spoils, and have been appointed paymasters, agents, commissaries with pensions, entailed upon the country, whatever might be their services, merely for coming over to the support of the war. Good God, Sir, what a contrast do we exhibit, that in such a moment as this, in times so big with national fate, the money squeezed from the pockets of an impoverished people, from the toils, the labours, and the sweat of their brows, should thus be squandered as the price of political apostacy! it misbecomes the honour of a gentleman to give, it misbecomes the honour of a gentleman

to take, in such a moment. This is not a day for jobs, and the little dirty traffic of lucre and emolument, unless it is meant to promulgate it as a doctrine, that all public men are impostors, that every libel of the French is founded in truth."

We feel not, however, for the public, in the present instance: we feel for the honour of Genius; and mourn to find one of her most richly-gifted children associated with the Youngs, Wyndhams, and Reeveses of the day; "matched in mouth" with

> "Mastiff, bloodhound, mungril grim,
> "Cur, and spaniel, brache, and lym,
> "Bobtail tike and trundle-tail;"

and the rest of that motley pack, that open in most hideous concert, whenever our State-Nimrod provokes the scent by a trail of rancid plots and false insurrections! For of the *rationality* of these animals I am inclined to entertain a doubt, a *charitable* doubt! since such is the system which they support, that we add to their integrity whatever we detract from their understanding:

> —— *Fibris increvit opimum*
> *Pingue: carent culpa.*
> PERSIUS, Sat. iii. 32.

It is consoling to the lovers of human nature, to reflect that Edmund Burke, the only writer of that Faction "whose name would not sully the page of an opponent," learnt the discipline of genius in a different corps. At the flames which rise from the

altar of freedom, he kindled that torch with which he since endeavoured to set fire to her temple. Peace be to his spirit, when it departs from us: this is the severest punishment I wish him — that he may be appointed under porter to St. Peter, and be obliged to open the gate of heaven to Brissot, Roland, Condorcet, Fayette, and Priestley!

COPY OF A HAND-BILL.

WHEREAS the Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT, Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer, did, on the night of Monday last, and on or about the hour of six o'clock, utter, in his place in the House of Commons, certain sentences, or phrases, containing several assurances, denials, promises, retractions, persuasions, explanations, hints, insinuations, and intimations, and expressing much hope, fear, joy, sorrow, confidence, and doubt, upon the subject of Peace, then and there recommended by CHARLES GREY, Esq. Member of the aforesaid House of Commons for the county of Northumberland; and whereas the entire, effectual, and certain meaning of the whole of the said sentences, phrases, denials, promises, retractions, persuasions, explanations, hints, insinuations, and intimations, has escaped and fled, so that what remains is to plain understandings incomprehensible, and to many good men is matter

of painful contemplation: now this is to promise, to any person who shall restore the said lost meaning, or shall illustrate, simplify, and explain, the said meaning, the sum of FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS, to be paid on the first day of *April* next, at the office of JOHN BULL, Esq., PAY-ALL and FIGHT-ALL to the several High contracting Powers engaged in the present *just* and *necessary* War!

Done at the Office of Mr. JOHN BULL's Chief Decypherer, Turnagain-lane, Circumbendibus-street, Obscurity-square, February 18, 1796.

ESSAY ON FASTS.*

(From No. 2. Wednesday, March 9.)

Wherefore my Bowels shall sound like an Harp.
ISAIAH xvi. 11.

FASTING has been commanded by every religion except the Christian. — It was practised with extreme rigour by the ancient priests; a fact which disproves the common opinion, that priests are the same in all ages. — We collect from Hero-

* "Your censures are all right: I wish your praises were equally so. The Essay on Fasts I am ashamed of. It was conceived in the spirit, and clothed in the harsh scoffing of an Infidel." Letter of the author to Mr. Poole, date 11th April, 1796. S. C.

dotus and Porphyry, that before their annual sacrifice of a cow to Isis, the Ægyptians fasted forty days: and Pythagoras, in addition to the perpetual and fishless Lent which he observed, is reported to have abstained from all food whatsoever, forty days: and so did Elijah, but with this advantage over Pythagoras, that he had double-dined on viands angelically prepared. This coincidence of number in the days seems to cast a shade of doubt on the genuineness of the beginning of the fourth chapter of Matthew and of Luke: in which the same miraculous circumstance is related of our Saviour. It was the policy of the early Christians to assimilate their religion to that of the Heathens in all possible respects. The ceremonies of the Romish church have been traced to this source by Middleton; the miraculous conception is a palpable imitation of the story of Romulus, the son of a vestal virgin, by the descent of a Deity; and so, I suppose, because Pythagoras fasted forty days, the interpolators of the Gospels must needs palm the same useless prodigy on Jesus. Indeed the conversion of the Heathens to Christianity, after the first century, does very much resemble Mahomet's miracle: as the mountain would not come over to him, he went over to the mountain. I recollect to have read of two rational fasts, and two only; and both on the same occasion. The Lacedemonians ordained a fast throughout the whole of their dominions without excepting even the domestic ani-

mals, in order that they might be enabled to spare provisions for an allied city then suffering siege. — When Tarentum was besieged by the Romans, their neighbours, the inhabitants of Rhegium, proclaimed a general fast throughout their whole territories: and threw the provisions, so nobly attained, into the besieged town. — The Romans decamped, and the Tarentines, in memory of this deliverance, instituted an annual fast: which, in my humble opinion, was not a very wise action, as an annual *feast* in the nature of things would have stimulated the gratitude of their posterity much more effectually. I have omitted to mention that some divines assert, that fasting was the first command given by God, when he forbad our first parents to eat of the *Tree of Knowledge:* they disobeyed, and were severely punished; and our divines seem to have been effectually warned by their example.

It seems the Devil which possesses the French, is of that kind "which goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." The devotional compositions appointed for all churches and chapels, contain each year an abridgment of the minister's latest harangues against the French: and the good people of this country, "in the most devout and solemn manner," tell God Almighty all that the minister has told *them.* In the new form of prayer (or, as the women bawl it about the streets, the *new former* prayer— by the bye, no *unmeaning* blunder), we are humbly to acknowledge the sins of our enemies; making

" earnest prayer and supplication in behalf of ourselves and other Christian nations exposed at this time to violence, or groaning under the oppression of apostates from the truth, who threaten desolation to every country where they can erect their standard." And we confess that their "horrible crimes and astonishing impieties," are designed by God as the punishment of our own *foibles*. For, to be sure, we ought to acknowledge with penitent hearts, that we (the church-people) have been blessed beyond other nations in the knowledge of the truth (i. e. the Athanasian Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles), and the undisturbed profession of it (no Test-acts and Birmingham mobs against *us*), and in the long possession of abundant temporal prosperity ! (*This last clause of the acknowledgment, we suppose is confined to the mahogany pews lined with green baize, the possessors of which ought indeed to have known better manners than to* " *have turned their backs on the Lord*"). Then follows the portion from Scripture selected with great care, and the significant words of which are usually marked by the priest with an emphasis, which answers all the purposes of a running commentary. The pleasure which a pious churchman receives from these appropriate chapters, is precisely the same with that which a coffee-house politician experiences when reading over a state-libel full of Mr. —— and my Lord, and the * * * * * of ——, he applauds himself for his sagacity in being able to

substitute the intended names. For instance, in the Epistle selected for this day from the Second Peter, chapter ii. " But there were false prophets also among the people *(just such ones, I suppose, as Richard Brothers and William Bryant)*, even as there shall be false teachers among you; who shall bring in damnable heresies *(Priestley and his Set — damnable indeed!)* and bring upon themselves swift destruction."—*(God be praised!)*.

The general confession, beginning with "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed, &c." is, we believe, omitted, and not without good reason: for as on these annual fast days our Legislators are expected to renew civilities with their old acquaintance the Church, it might yield an unholy pleasure to disaffected and seditious persons to hear from their own mouths; " We have left undone what we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

There are many difficulties that attend the subject of a GENERAL FAST. For, first of all, it is ridiculous to enjoin fasting on the poor (they are Pythagoreans, and already eat neither fish, flesh, nor fowl at any time), and it is the crimes of the poor and labouring classes that have brought down the judgment of Heaven on the nation. This is *probable* a priori from their being incalculably the larger number, and it is *proved* by the absurd and dangerous consequences of the contrary supposition: for if our public calamities were to be attributed to the wick-

edness of the rich and powerful, it would more than insinuate doubts of the incorruptness of our House of Commons, and the justice and the necessity of the present war — for by the rich and powerful chiefly was the present war begun and supported, and in every country, directly or indirectly, the rich and powerful hold the reins of Government. I can scarcely venture to add a suggestion of a punster of my acquaintance, " that by two recent Acts of Parliament the mouths of the poor have been *made fast* already."

Secondly,—Although the higher classes of society were inclined to make atonement for the vices of their ragged relations in the family of human nature, and fast in their behalf — yet, as it were foolish to expect total abstinence, the poor would prove ungrateful, and forsooth because *they* can afford to eat nothing but bread and cheese on Christmas days, will pretend not to be able to conceive, how a hearty dinner on salt-fish, egg-sauce, and parsnips, can be *fasting* on any day.—Thirdly, the precepts of Scripture seem to oppose this custom as superstitious or hypocritical;—Jesus Christ forbad his disciples to fast while he remained with them, although he prophesied, " The days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days;" in other words —" while I am alive, they are joyful: but after my death, they who act up to my precepts, will by these very precepts be precluded from all the customary

means of getting forward in the world. A true disciple of mine can neither lie, over reach, give votes against conscience, steal, pimp, nor flatter—and he who possesses none of these accomplishments, must fast at least one day in the week, if he would have a mouthful the other six." But the Prophet Isaiah is terrible in his eloquent irony on this *constitutional* practice, and with his words I shall conclude this desultory Essay—

"When ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: *your hands are full of blood!*"

"Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the hand of wickedness. Ye shall not fast as ye do this day. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord? This is the fast that I have chosen, *to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burthens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke:* to deal thy bread to the hungry, to bring the unhoused poor to thy table, and when thou seest the naked that thou cover him."—*Isaiah* lviii.

THE LOAN.

IN the present state of our nature we do not expect, or indeed wish, that the whole of each parliamentary harangue should consist of pure and defecated reasoning. But in obscure or involved points (such as deliberations on the expenditure of public money, &c.) it would greatly facilitate a right understanding of the subject in debate, if it were fashionable to observe the following or some similar arrangement. I. A statement of the case. II. Deductions from it. III. Reply to objections. IV. Personalities, allusions, witticisms, appeals to our common feelings, &c. These might be placed at the beginning or the conclusion, or both at the beginning and the conclusion, at the discretion of the orator: or they might even be confounded with the department of replication: but the statement and the deductions from it should be holy ground, and no sentence or syllable admitted not immediately and necessarily connected with the subject. Thus each part reflecting its appropriate rays, the eye would be enabled to catch it readily, to look on it attentively, and to trace its boundaries with precision. But now all are jumbled in each, and the result is a fatiguing and colourless confusion. That much of this perplexity is to be attributed to the legal disadvantages which attend the task of *reporting* the speeches we are willing to acknowledge;

but, wherever the fault *originates*, the effect is the same. The only mode of remedy that has suggested itself we have adopted. In all *intricate* debates we shall carefully read over the different speeches, and omitting the long preambles in excuse of length, apologies for differing from Right Honourable Friends — remarks on the disingenuous conduct of Honourable or Right Honourable antagonists; and the whole parade of egotisms and *tuisms:* we shall select from each speech whatever lines contain a fact or argument not before urged in the debate, scummed and clarified in the following manner.

A DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT

FROM ITS SIMILITUDE TO THE GRAND AND SIMPLE LAWS OF THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.

THE fifth definition of the first book of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia is as follows: "The centripetal force is that force by which bodies are from all parts drawn, driven, or do any how tend to a certain point as to a centre." Now as the Sun of the planetary, so is the Court, the centre of the ecclesiastical system; and its centripetal force is its power of conferring good livings and lucrative dignities. The Bishops are the larger bodies in this

system, some at greater, some at lesser distances, but all revolving round their Sun, and rejoicing in the heat and radiance of ministerial favour. The Moons are their Lordships' Chaplains.

Of the planets, or larger bodies, Bishop Horsley may be Venus;* and Bishop Prettyman, from his personal charms, Venus, unless Mercury be thought a more proper emblem for one who lacqueys so closely the great bestower of splendour. The words of the definition "by which bodies are from all parts drawn," imply that atheists, papists, jacobites, and jacobines are lured to the church by hopes of livings and stalls: and the words "are driven" import, that by force of parental authority or apprehensions of starving, many are compelled to subscribe what they cannot but disbelieve. The last sentence "or do *any how* tend to the centre," signifies, that in this universal gravitation towards the Sun of Royal Patronage, it is of comparatively little consequence what measures a man takes to arrive at preferment provided he get there at last.

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* A slip of the pen, perhaps, for Mars, which may have been assigned to Horsley from his polemical talents. S. C.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE MANNERS AND RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT GERMANS,

Introductory to a sketch of the Manners, Religion, and Politics of Present Germany.

(From No. 3. Thursday, March 17.)

THE dark forests of Germany were inhabited by a race of men against whom the Romans, in the time of their Republic, maintained a doubtful contest; the contest could not long be doubtful between a free nation, fierce in the enthusiasm of a warlike superstition, and the timid slaves of Rome, accustomed to crouch beneath every libertine or tyrant that oppressed them.

The manners of the Germans have been delineated by Tacitus, the most philosophic of historians. They elected their kings on account of their noble birth; their leaders for their personal valour. The table of their chief was rudely furnished, but it was furnished with abundance: and the warriors who shared his feast, and received sometimes of him a horse trained for war, sometimes a victorious and bloody lance, gratified their own favourite passion in the return they made of military service. Matters of small importance were decided by their

chiefs, but all things of moment were determined by the general assembly; here too, they elected their leaders. The field of battle was the only road to preferment, and the only method to obtain the favour of the gods, was valour.

The education of the Germans gave them strength and stature, and their strength was preserved by the remarkable continence that so peculiarly and honorably distinguished them; "but there," says Tacitus, "no one laughs at vice, nor is it called the fashion to corrupt and be corrupted." They looked upon women as their equals and companions, and whoever wished for the love of a woman, first made himself worthy of her esteem. They deemed them favoured by the gods, and we find frequent mention of Prophetesses attending upon their armies. Nor is this wonderful, for they constantly employed themselves either in war or hunting. They left the study of simples and the art of healing to the women; and the art was as mysterious as the occasion was frequent. The women were respected, and therefore they became respectable.

It has been observed, "that the refinements of life corrupt, while they polish, the intercourse of the sexes;" and the rude poverty of Germany has been assigned as one cause of the German continence. If refinement consist in "luxurious entertainments, midnight dances, and licentious spectacles," we may agree with Gibbon, that they at once present temptation and opportunity to frailty: but that only

can with propriety be styled refinement, which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners. All else enervates and depraves. If a mind skilled in the routine of etiquette, and the nothingness of *politesse*, and a body enfeebled by the delicate languor of fashion, constitute refinement, I must turn to contemplate the dignity of woman in the tent of a barbarian.

"But (says the historian) heroines of such a cast may claim our admiration; but they were most assuredly neither lovely, nor very susceptible of love. Whilst they affected to emulate the stern virtues of *man*, they must have resigned that attractive softness in which principally consists the charm and weakness of *woman*." Of this I must say with Mary Woolstonecraft, "that it is the philosophy of sensuality." The women of Germany were the free and equal companions of their husbands: they were treated by them with esteem and confidence, and consulted on every occasion of importance. What, then, is this love which woman loses by becoming respectable?

The religion of the earlier inhabitants of Germany taught the being of a supreme God, master of the universe, to whom all things were submissive and obedient: he is called in the Edda, "The Author of every thing that existeth; the Eternal Being; the Searcher into concealed things; the being that never changeth; infinite power, boundless knowledge and justice, were attributed to him." To

erect statues to this Deity, or to think of confining him within the inclosure of walls, was held absurd and impious: "it was only within woods and consecrated forests that they could serve him properly. There he seemed to reign in silence, and to make himself felt by the respect which he inspired." An infinite number of inferior deities and genii, residing in every part of nature and directing its operations, were emanations of this divinity. This Supreme Being, though irritated by the sins of mankind, was merciful, and capable of being appeased by prayer and repentance: to serve him with sacrifices and prayers, to do no wrong to others, and to be brave and intrepid in themselves, constituted all the morality they derived from religion. The breach of these was to be punished by a future state of torment, and the observance rewarded by joys without number and without end.

Such was the religion of the more antient Scandinavians; but, about seventy years before the birth of Christ, this degenerate Sabeism yielded to the institutions of Odin.

Sigge, the son of Fridulf, commanded the Ases, a Scythian people situated between the Euxine and Caspian seas, when Pompey conducted the Mithridatic war. As the priest of Odin, he assumed the name of that Deity. Sharing in the defeat of Mithridates, Odin collected together all who preferred danger and freedom to subjection, and led them towards the north of Europe, subduing the

nations in his way, and giving them to one or other of his sons or companions. This extraordinary man was the inventor of the Runic characters; and by his persuasive eloquence, his skill in extempore poetry, and his impostures, made himself respected as a deity. The Runic Chapter, or the Magic of Odin, is still preserved as his composition: he enumerates in it the wonders he could perform by his songs, mingling the operations of magic with those powerful effects which poetry has been known to produce. The death of Odin was conformable to his life: perceiving that his end drew near, he called together his friends and companions, and giving himself nine wounds in the form of a circle, told them, whilst dying, that he went to take his seat among the other gods, where he would receive those who exposed themselves fearlessly in battle and died in arms.

The religion of Scandinavia was entirely changed — Odin was worshipped as the Supreme Being, and the Father and Creator of mankind represented as delighting in the blood of men. He was styled, "the Terrible and Severe God — the God that carrieth desolation and fire—the Father of Slaughter." The Oriental system of Two Principles (an error absurd in itself, and dangerous in its consequences, which has infected every superstition, and even crept into Christianity) formed part of the Scandinavian mythology. Valhalla, the shield-roofed hall, was the palace of Odin, where he re-

ceived those who fell in fight. The joys of heaven consisted in cutting each other to pieces, and drinking ale out of the skulls of their enemies. Nishheim was the place reserved for the feeble; it was the abode of Hela or Death, the daughter of the Scandinavian Satan: Anguish was her palace — the threshold of her door was Precipice — her table Famine — her waiters were Expectation and Delay — her bed Sickness and Pain.

MODERN PATRIOTISM.

IT is advisable that men should not deceive themselves, or their neighbours, by assuming titles which do not belong to them. Good Citizen ——! why do you call yourself a PATRIOT? You talk loudly and rapidly; but powers of vociferation do not constitute a PATRIOT. You wish to be distinguished from the herd; you like victory in an argument; you are the tongue-major of every company: therefore you love a tavern better than your own fire-side. Alas! you hate power in others, because you love power yourself! You are not a PATRIOT! You have studied Mr. Godwin's Essay on Political Justice; but to think filial affection folly, gratitude a crime, marriage injustice, and the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes right and wise, may class you among the despisers of vulgar prejudices, but cannot increase the probability that

you are a PATRIOT. But you act up to your principles. — So much the worse! Your principles are villanous ones! I would not entrust my wife or sister to you — Think you, I would entrust my country? The PATRIOT indulges himself in no comfort, which, if society were properly constituted, all men might not enjoy; but you get drunk on claret, and you frequent public dinners, where whole joints are stewed down into essences—and all for your country! You are a Gamester — *you* a Patriot! — A very poor man was lately hovering round a butcher's shop — he wanted to buy a sheep's liver; but your footman in livery outbid him, and your spaniel had it! I doubt your Patriotism. You harangue against the Slave-Trade; you attribute the present scarcity to the war—yet you wear powder, and eat pies and sugar! Your patriotism and philanthropy cost you very little. If I might presume so far, I would inform you *how* you might become a Patriot. Your *heart* must believe, that the good of the whole is the greatest possible good of each individual: that *therefore* it is your *duty* to be just, because it is your *interest*. In the present state of society, taking away hope and fear, you cannot believe this — for it is not true; yet you cannot be a Patriot unless you do believe it. How shall we reconcile this apparent contradiction? You must give up your sensuality and your philosophy, the pimp of your sensuality; you must condescend to believe in a God, and in the existence of a Future State!

ORIGIN OF THE MAYPOLE.

THE leisure days after seed-time had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for folk motes, or conventions of the people. Not till after the Norman conquest, the Pagan festival of Whitsuntide fully melted into the Christian holiday of Pentecost. Its original name is Wittentide, the time of choosing the *wits* or *wise men* to *the Wittenagemotte*. It was consecrated to Hertha, the Goddess of Peace and Fertility; and no quarrels might be maintained, no blood shed, during this truce of the Goddess. Each village, in the absence of the Baron at the assembly of the nation, enjoyed a kind of Saturnalia. The vassals met upon the common green around the May-pole, where they elected a village lord, or king, as he was called, who chose his queen. He wore an oaken, and she a hawthorn wreath, and together they gave laws to the rustic sports during these sweet days of freedom. The MAY-POLE, then, is the *English Tree of Liberty!* Are there many yet standing?

ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

(From No. 4. Friday, March 25.)

WHENCE arise our Miseries? Whence arise our Vices? From *imaginary* Wants. No man is wicked without temptation, no man is wretch-

ed without a cause. But if each among us confined his wishes to the actual necessaries and real comforts of life, we should preclude all the causes of complaint and all the motives to iniquity. What Nature demands, she will supply, asking for it that portion only of *Toil*, which would otherwise have been necessary as *Exercise*. But Providence, which has distinguished Man from the lower orders of Being by the progressiveness of his nature, forbids him to be contented. It has given us the restless faculty of *Imagination*.

> *Hence* the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
> The timbrel and arch'd dome and costly feast,
> With all th' inventive arts that nurse the soul
> To forms of beauty; and by sensual wants
> Unsensualize the mind, which in the *Means*
> Learns to forget the grossness of the *End*,
> Best pleasur'd with its own activity.
> And *hence* DISEASE that withers manhood's arm,
> The dagger'd ENVY, spirit-quenching WANT,
> WARRIORS, and LORDS, and PRIESTS—all the sore ills
> That vex and desolate our mortal life.
> Wide-wasting ills! yet each the immediate source
> Of mightier good! Their keen necessities
> To ceaseless action goading human thought
> Have made Earth's reasoning animal her Lord;
> And the pale-featured SAGE's trembling hand
> Strong as an host of armed Deities!
> From Avarice thus, from Luxury, and War
> Sprang heavenly SCIENCE, and from Science FREEDOM!
>
> RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

I have the firmest Faith, that the final cause of all evils in the moral and natural world is to awaken

intellectual activity. Man, a vicious and discontented *animal*, by his vices and his discontent is urged to develop the powers of the Creator, and by new combinations of those powers to imitate his creativeness. And from such enlargement of mind benevolence will necessarily follow; benevolence which may be defined "Natural sympathy made permanent by an acquired conviction, that the interests of each and of all are one and the same," or in fewer words, "Natural sympathy made permanent by enlightened selfishness." In my calmer moments I have the firmest faith that all things work together for good. But alas! it seems a long and a dark process.

> The early year's fast-flying vapours stray
> In shadowing trains across the orb of day:
> And we, poor insects of a few short hours,
> Deem it a world of gloom.
> Were it not better hope a nobler doom,
> Proud to believe, that with more active powers,
> On rapid many-coloured wing,
> We through one bright perpetual Spring
> Shall hover round the fruits and flowers
> Screen'd by those clouds and cherish'd by those showers!
>
> *From an unpublished Poem.*

I have dwelt anxiously on this subject, with a particular view to the Slave-trade, which, I know, has insinuated in the minds of many uneasy doubts respecting the existence of a beneficent deity. And indeed the evils arising from the formation of *imaginary* wants, have in no instance been so dreadfully

exemplified, as in this inhuman traffic. We receive from the West-India Islands sugars, rum, cotton, logwood, cocoa, coffee, pimento, ginger, indigo, mahogany, and conserves. Not one of these articles is necessary; indeed, with the exception of cotton and mahogany, we cannot truly call them even useful: and not one of them is at present attainable by the poor and labouring part of society. In return we export vast quantities of necessary tools, raiment, and defensive weapons, with great stores of provision. So that in this trade as in most others the poor are employed with unceasing toil first to raise, and then to send away the comforts, which they themselves absolutely want, in order to procure idle superfluities for their masters. If this trade had never existed, no one human being would have been less comfortably clothed, housed, or nourished. Such is its value—they who would estimate the price which we pay for it, may consult the evidence delivered before the House of Commons. I will not mangle the feelings of my readers by detailing enormities, which the gloomy imagination of Dante would scarcely have dared attribute to the inhabitants of hell. For the honour of our common nature, I would fain hope that these accounts have been exaggerated. But, by the confession of all, these enormities might have been perpetrated and with impunity: and when was power possessed and not exercised? By the confession of all parties great cruelties have been in-

flicted: and therefore before I can suspect exaggeration, I must disbelieve the oaths of the humane and disinterested in compliment to the assertions of men from whose shoulders though I should take mountains of guilt, enough would remain to sink them to perdition.—These facts have been pressed on the public even to satiety. It is my present purpose to consider the objections to the abolition of this commerce — which may be reduced to the five following —First, that the abolition would be useless, since though *we* should not carry it on, other nations would. Second, That the Africans are better treated and more happy in the plantations than in their native country. Third, That the revenue would be greatly injured. Fourth, That the right of property would be invaded. Fifth, That this is not a fit opportunity.

I. That if England abolish the Slave-trade, other nations will carry it on. The same argument has been adduced by the French Planters: * a sufficient proof of its fallacy. Somebody must *begin;* and there is little reason to fear, that a wise and politic example will not be followed. As society is

* "Very soon this society of Friends to the Negroes require an abolition of the slave-trade: that is to say, that the profits which may result from it to the French commerce should be transferred to foreigners. For never will their romantic philosophy persuade the other European Powers &c." See the Address of the Planters of St. Domingo to the French Legislature.

constituted, there will be always highway robberies: it is useless therefore to prevent any *one* man from committing them. Fortunately for travellers this logic will not hold good in law. But although it cannot operate in favour of little rogues, it appears to possess wonderful power in the higher circles of villany. Assuming the universal depravity of mankind as an axiom, a corrupt member of Parliament lulls his conscience to sleep with "to be sure these bills are subversive of the constitution; but with such immense treasures to bestow, Ministry *will* secure a majority in the House: my opposition will therefore be useless to my country; and if I vote for them, I shall only assist to do what would be otherwise done without me—and why should I not have this contract, or this sinecure, as well as another man, who perhaps would make a worse use of it?" &c.

II. That the slaves are more humanely treated and live more happily in the plantations than in their native country. — If any incredulous person should entertain a doubt of this, the slave-merchants, slave-holders, and slave-drivers together with the manufacturers of neck-collars and thumb-screws, are ready and willing to take their Bible oaths of it!! — When treated with tolerable humanity the human race as well as other animals, multiply. — The negroes multiply in their native country: — They do *not* multiply in the West-India Islands; for if they did, the slave-trade would have been

abolished long ago by its inutility. — This is a fact which no perjury can overwhelm, which no sophistry can undermine.

The tyranny of the African Chiefs is in a great measure owing to the agency of Europeans, who flock to their Courts, and seduce them by bribery, and madden them by intoxication. The Africans are not slaves in their native country; slavery is their highest punishment for the greatest crimes, which their chiefs now wantonly impute to the innocent for the sole purpose of making them slaves in order to sell them to the European merchants: and with the same views the chiefs make war with each other. Wadestrom, a disinterested and religious man, who has travelled into the interior parts of Africa, informs us, that the Africans who are situated beyond the contagion of European vice, are innocent and happy. The peaceful Inhabitants of a fertile soil, they cultivate their fields in common, and reap the crop as the common property of all. Each family, like the peasants in some parts of Europe, spins, weaves, sews, hunts, fishes, and makes baskets, fishing tackle, and the implements of agriculture: and this variety of employment gives an acuteness of intellect to the negro which the mechanic, whom the division of labour condemns to one simple operation, is precluded from attaining.

III. That the Revenue would be injured. — To the friends of humanity this is indeed a cogent argument against the abolition. They will doubt-

less reflect, how worthily this revenue has been employed for these last hundred years — they will review with delight waste-lands cultivated, sciences publicly protected and rewarded, population increased, and the peasantry of England and *Ireland* instructed in useful learning, and humanized. The universal plenty, which this revenue has been applied to scatter and secure, they will recognize in every lane, hamlet, and cottage — REVENUE, the grand preventive against that fiendish composition of murder and suicide, called WAR REVENUE! that so completely precludes intoxication in the lower classes, luxury in the higher ranks, and bribery in all! — The friends of humanity may mourn that so excellent an end could not be effected by less calamitous means; but they will stifle their feelings, and lose the miseries of the West Indies in the contemplation of that paradisiacal state of their native country — for which it is indebted to this well-raised, well-applied REVENUE, which while it remains in such *pure* hands, no friend of freedom and virtue can possibly wish diminished!! — If to start a doubt were practicable, it might perhaps be hinted, that the Revenue must be always in proportion to the wealth of the nation, and that it seems to have been proved, that the West India trade is more often a losing than a winning trade—a lottery with more blanks than prizes in it. It is likewise asserted to be the grave of our seamen. This argument therefore, however cogent it would other-

wise have been, ought not to have been adduced, till these doubts had been cleared up, and this assertion satisfactorily disproved.

IV. That the right of property would be injured. — Yes perhaps, if immediate emancipation had been the object of Mr. Wilberforce's bill. But how would the right of property be invaded by a law which should leave the estate and every thing on it untouched, and only prevent the owner from *forcing* men to work for him? from *forcing* men to leave their friends and country, and live slaves in a climate so unwholesome or beneath a usage so unnatural, that contrary to the universal law of life they annually diminish? Can a man possess a right to commit actual and virtual murder? to shorten and prevent existence? It is a well-known and incontrovertible fact, that in some few plantations in which tyranny has been instructed by an enlightened selfishness to relax and soften her features, there have been no slaves bought for a series of years. By whomever therefore they have been bought yearly, yearly murders must have been committed!

V. This is not the time. — This not the time? "The French (says Abbé Sieyes) hear with delight of the numerous armaments which England sends to certain death in the West-India Islands. We make war there more effectually as well as economically by sending over a few adventurous officers to preach the rights of man to the negroes,

and furnish them with weapons to assert those rights." — What can prevent the success of these intrigues among the slaves, but the most active humanity on the part of their present masters?

Such have been the cosmetics with which our parliamentary orators have endeavoured to conceal the deformities of a commerce, which is blotched all over with one leprosy of evil. In the year 1786 its enormities became the subject of general conversation, and in the following years petitions poured into parliament from various parts of the kingdom, requesting its abolition. The bill for that purpose passed the House of Commons mangled and mutilated by the *amendments* of Mr. Dundas, and it has been dying ever since of a slow decline in the House of Lords. The jealous spirit of liberty placed the Elector of Hanover on the throne of Great Britain: and the Duke of Clarence, one of his illustrious descendants, made his maiden speech in favour of the slave trade! For the last unsuccessful attempt to expedite the abolition in the House of Commons, see the proceedings in the British Legislature in this number. Gracious God! enormities, at which a Caligula might have turned pale, are authorized by our laws, and jocosely defended by our princes; and yet we have the impudence to call the French a Nation of *Atheists!* They, who believe a God, believe him to be the loving Parent of all men. — And is it possible that they who really believe and fear the Father, should fearlessly authorize the op-

pression of his children? The slavery and tortures, and most horrible murder of tens of thousands of his children!

Yes! the wicked and malignant can believe a God — they need not the solutions, which the enlarged views of the Optimist prompt: their own hearts teach them, that an intelligent being may be malevolent; and what they themselves are, they impiously imagine of the Deity. These men are not Atheists, they are the causes of Atheism. — There are some who think Mr. Pitt sincere in his zeal for the abolition of this trade; and I must certainly applaud their charity: but charity itself will allow that there are suspicious circumstances. Several violent and unpopular bills have lately been carried through both Houses — how came this bill, (certainly not an unpopular measure) to fail? It has been generally supposed, that a majority is always at the command of the existing minister; indeed that in the present state of the constitution he could not guide the machine of government without an arranged majority. In answer to this objection, it has been confidently asserted by the advocates for Mr. Pitt, that the cabinet was divided on the subject; and at length agreed that the friends of the minister should be left, each individual to his own opinion. The cabinet therefore, we may suppose, were unanimous with regard to the late sedition and treason bills; and to this unanimity we may attribute the speed with which

they were precipitated into laws. But it may be answered, that to unloose the fetters from the limbs of their brethren was a perfectly novel employment, and that therefore we ought not to wonder, if the minister and his friends are slow and awkward and finally unsuccessful. But to fasten them on is an old job, and difficult as it appears to the inexperienced, they executed it with an ease and rapidity which might have astonished the oldest turnkey in Newgate.

The Abbé Raynal computes that at the time of his writing, nine millions of slaves had been consumed by the Europeans — add one million since, (for it is near thirty years since his book was first published) and recollect, that for one procured ten at least are slaughtered, that a fifth die in the passage, and a third in the seasoning; and the calculation will amount to ONE HUNDRED and EIGHTY MILLION! Ye who have joined in this confederacy, ask of yourselves this fearful question — "if the God of Justice inflict on us that mass only of anguish which we have wantonly heaped on our brethren, what must a state of retribution be? But who are they who have joined in this Tartarean confederacy? Who are these kidnappers, and assassins? In all reasonings neglecting the intermediate links we attribute the final effect to the first cause. And what is the first and constantly acting cause of the Slave-trade? That cause, by which it exists and deprived of which it would immediately

cease? Is it not self-evidently the consumption of its products? And does not then the guilt rest on the consumers? And is it not an allowed axiom in morality, that wickedness may be multiplied, but cannot be divided; and that the guilt of all attaches to each one who is knowingly an accomplice. Think not of the slave-captains and slave-holders! these very men, their darkened minds, and brutalized hearts, will prove one part of the dreadful charge against you. They are more to be pitied than the slaves; because more depraved. I address myself to you who independently of all political distinctions, profess yourselves Christians! As you hope to live with Christ hereafter, you are commanded to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you. Would you choose, that a slave-merchant should incite an intoxicated chieftain to make war on your country, and murder your wife and children before your face, or drag them with yourself to the market? Would you choose to be sold, to have the hot iron hiss upon your breasts, after having been crammed into the hold of a ship with so many fellow-victims, that the heat and stench arising from your diseased bodies, should rot the very planks? Would you that others should do this unto you? and if you shudder with selfish horror at the bare idea, do you yet dare be the occasion of it to others? — The application to the Legislature was altogether wrong. I am not convinced that on any occasion a Christian is justified

in calling for the interference of secular power; but on the present occasion it was superfluous. If only one tenth part among you who profess yourselves Christians, if one half only of the petitioners, instead of bustling about with ostentatious sensibility, were to leave off — not *all* the West-India commodities — but only sugar and rum, the one useless and the other pernicious — all this misery might be stopped. Gracious Heaven! At your meals you rise up, and pressing your hands to your bosoms, you lift up your eyes to God, and say, "O Lord! bless the food which thou hast given us!" A part of that food among most of you, is sweetened with Brothers' blood. "Lord! bless the food which thou hast given us!" O Blasphemy! Did God give food mingled with the blood of the murdered? Will God bless the food which is polluted with the blood of his own innocent children? Surely if the inspired Philanthropist of Galilee were to revisit earth, and be among the feasters, as at Cana, he would not now change water into wine, but convert the produce into the things producing, the occasion into the things occasioned. Then with our fleshly eye should we behold what even now Imagination ought to paint to us; instead of conserves, tears and blood, and for music, groanings and the loud peals of the lash.

There is observable among the many a false and bastard sensibility that prompts them to remove those evils and those evils alone, which by hideous

spectacle or clamorous outcry are present to their senses, and disturb their selfish enjoyments. Other miseries, though equally certain and far more horrible, they not only do not endeavour to remedy—they support, they fatten on them. Provided the dunghill be not before their parlour window, they are well content to know that it exists, and that it is the hot-bed of their pestilent luxuries.—To this grievous failing we must attribute the frequency of wars, and the continuance of the Slave-trade. The merchant finds no argument against it in his ledger: the citizen at the crowded feast is not nauseated by the stench and filth of the slave-vessel—the fine lady's nerves are not shattered by the shrieks! She sips a beverage sweetened with human blood, even while she is weeping over the refined sorrows of Werter or of Clementina. Sensibility is not benevolence. Nay, by making us tremblingly alive to trifling misfortunes, it frequently prevents it, and induces effeminate and cowardly selfishness. Our own sorrows, like the princes of hell in Milton's Pandemonium, sit enthroned "bulky and vast:" while the miseries of our fellow-creatures dwindle into pigmy forms, and are crowded, an innumerable multitude, into some dark corner of the heart. There is one criterion by which we may always distinguish benevolence from mere sensibility—benevolence impels to action, and is accompanied by self-denial.

P. S. It has been objected, that if we leave off

sugar and rum, why not the other West India commodities, as cotton and mahogany? To this we answer, First, that if the reasons adduced against the use of sugar and rum be valid and irresistible, and the same reasons apply to cotton and mahogany, why should we not disuse them? Surely no impossibility, no insurmountable inconvenience is implied. The whole objection resolves itself into this — If sugar and rum were the only West India commodities, I could be honest and act like a Christian; but because I like cotton better than linen, and think mahogany genteeler furniture than oak, it is impossible. Secondly, the disuse of sugar and rum only would in a certain number of years prove the adequate means of abolishing the whole of the trade. And there is reason to believe that the additional disuse of cotton, mahogany, &c. would not accelerate the time; for when we might proselyte fifty to the disuse of sugar, we could not perhaps make five persons converts to the disuse of *all* the West India commodities. So that what we should gain in point of time by the greater quantity of commodities disused, we should more than lose by the smaller number of persons disusing them. This the very objection makes probable. For they, who start it, do not start it in favour of a severe consistency, but in the hope of keeping themselves in countenance by the multitude of their accomplices. But thirdly, the other West India commodities do not require such intense labour in their growth and

preparation, as the sugar and rum. They might be raised by European labourers. The sugar plantations make Africans necessary, and their slavery intolerable.

I have read and heard one argument in favour of the slave-trade, which I mention chiefly on account of its seditious and treasonable tendency. It has been asserted by more than one writer on the subject, that the plantation-slaves are at least as well off as the peasantry in England. Now I appeal to common sense, whether to affirm that the slaves are as well off as our peasantry, be not the same as to assert that our peasantry are as bad off as negro-slaves? And whether if our peasantry believed it, they would not be inclined to rebel? *

WE SEE THINGS WITH DIFFERENT EYES!

HE who in company with a fine woman digests an excellent dinner, at two guineas a head, perceives *that every thing goes well.* "Thank

* This article was thus characterized by one very conversant with the subject it discusses. "The Essay on the Slave Trade may be justly distinguished as comprising a perfect summary of the arguments applicable on either side of that question." — Biog. Supplement to the Biographia Literaria by the late Editor.

Heaven, the Jacobins are suppressed, the mouth of sedition is shut. We have men and money in abundance: we shall force the French to make peace on our own terms: *shall we not, my Love?*" While this Sybarite is yawning and stretching himself in voluptuous indolence, let us turn to the man who has but one penny loaf of mixed bread, and a pound of boiled potatoes to satisfy himself, his wife, and three children, and every instant dreads the entry of his landlord demanding the long delayed payment of his rent. — Ah! (he exclaims with a groan of anguish), formerly I could buy my loaf for eight-pence —my wife had the pot upon the fire every day, and we had a joint of roast meat on Sundays.—Now I have scarcely victuals or clothes; and my neighbours are as bad off as myself. We have neither men nor money left, and *God knows when we shall have a Peace!*"

Come, come, John! (says his wife) you know, you have partly yourself to blame for this: you were for the War like all the rest: you would vote at the vestry because the Church-Wardens asked you. What business had *we* with the French? — But come, let us eat our potatoes before they are quite cold.—I wish we had a morsel of butter to them!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN. (E)

(From No. 5. Saturday, April 2.)

SINCE I have been capable of reasoning, I have beheld with compassion and indignation the state of the slaves in the West Indies. — I have longed for the abolition of the slave trade, as the abolition of the source of the evil, and for a system of laws which may finally lead to the emancipation of this oppressed race of men.— Latterly I have trembled on seeing intelligence from our Islands, lest I should read that the negroes had at length by some horrid act of justice avenged themselves on their oppressors. — One night, after having mused long on this subject, I retired to rest, when I dreamt that, removed far from the din of modern politics, I had been travelling through distant countries, and had at last arrived at the West Indies—my heart throbbed as it approached that land, which, since its acquaintance with Europeans, had witnessed every extravagance that souls the most deeply polluted could suggest — I called up all my fortitude to bear with steadiness those scenes which I anticipated — abject and oppressed slaves! — Masters in a state of disgusting luxury! —but how great was my amazement to find a people at once free and happy. On landing I was accosted with the utmost urbanity by a negro, who

with his wife walking on the shore on a lovely evening, had been observing the approach of our vessel. I was delighted to see that some at least of these people were happy. He offered to conduct me to the neighbouring town; I thanked him, and on the way began to make those enquiries so natural, concerning the state of the slaves in that country.—SLAVES! he cried, with a countenance of pity, indignation, and rapture,—we have no slaves here,—The TIME IS PASSED—almost suffocated, but yet incredulous, I asked a hundred questions without waiting for a reply.—He saw that I was unacquainted with the great revolution which had taken place during the few short years that I had been travelling among the isles of the southern ocean. He satisfied every interrogatory as quickly as I possibly could permit him. At length being in the town, he led me to a spacious square; in the midst of which, was placed on a magnificent pedestal, the statue of a negro. Behold, said he, our Hampden, our Tell, our Washington. At the foot of this statue were engraved these words:—

TO THE AVENGER OF THE NEW WORLD.

The head of the figure was naked, his arm stretched out, his eye sublime, the whole attitude noble, and commanding awe: the wrecks of twenty sceptres were scattered round him. I burst forth with renewed ecstasy. Yes, exclaimed my conductor, with a warmth equal to my transports, Nature at length produced that astonishing man, who was destined

to rid the world of the most atrocious, the most insulting and the longest tyranny;—his genius, his intrepidity, his patience and virtuous vengeance were recompensed;—he broke the chains of his countrymen — *human beings* oppressed under the most odious slavery, who wanted only the opportunity to form as many heroes; the torrent which breaks its dams, the thunder which strikes, have an effect less instantaneous, less violent:—at the same moment of time we shed the blood of *all* our tyrants,—English, Spanish, Dutch, *all* were victims to fire, poison, and the sword,—this earth drank greedily that blood after which it had long thirsted, and the bones of our ancestors, basely assassinated, seemed at that moment to rise anew and tremble with joy. The few remaining natives have reassumed the rights of man, for they are the rights of nature.—That heroic avenger, continued he, stretching forth his right arm, and pointing at the statue, that heroic avenger has given liberty to our hemisphere, and we almost worship him as a god. The inhabitants of Europe, now enlightened by pure Christianity and a liberal philosophy, emulate each other in paying homage to his memory. He came like a storm which broods over a guilty city ere it blasts it by its thunders. He was the exterminating angel whom the God of justice armed with his sword. He has demonstrated, that sooner or later cruelty shall be punished; and that Providence has instruments in reserve, whom it lets loose on the earth to re-establish that equality which

iniquity and ambition may destroy.—He ceased. A multitude who were by this time collected around, and who had sympathized with him as he spoke, after a few moments of dead silence, burst forth into a shout of such rapture, that it overcame the delusion of my mind and I awoke.

I must acknowledge that this dream made a strong impression on me, and I trust that now, when the public attention is recalled to the subject of the slave-trade by the recent rejection of the Bill for its abolition, that every good man will by that easy self-denial so well recommended in your last Number, make at least a preliminary step towards a system which may avert the too probable horrors presented to me in a dream. T. P.

Stowey.

For the two following sublime and truly original Sonnets, the Watchman is indebted to MR. ROBERT LOVELL, *Author of "Bristol, a Satire," and of some poems published in conjunction with Mr. Southey.* (F)

SONNET.

STONEHENGE.

WAS it a Spirit on yon shapeless pile?
It wore methought an hoary DRUID's form,
Musing on ancient days—the dying storm
Moans in his lifted locks;—thou, NIGHT! the while

Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,
Mother of shadows!—as to thee he pours
The broken strain, and plaintively deplores
The fall of Druid fame—Hark, murmurs faint
Breathe on the wavy air! and now more loud
Swells the deep dirge accustom'd to complain
Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd
Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane.
O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,
And 'mid the storm unheard, the song of sorrow dies.

R. L.

SONNET.

THE cloudy blackness gathers o'er the sky
Shadowing these realms with that portentous storm
Ere long to burst, and haply to deform
Fair nature's face: for indignation high
Might hurl promiscuous vengeance with wild hand,
And Fear, with fierce precipitation throw
Blind ruin wide: while Hate with scowling brow
Feigns patriot rage. O PRIESTLEY! for thy wand,
Or FRANKLIN! thine, with calm expectant joy
To tame the storm, and with mysterious force
In viewless channel shape the lightning's course
To purify creation, not destroy.—
So should fair order from the tempest rise
And Freedom's sun-beams gild unclouded skies.

R. L.

TO CAIUS GRACCHUS.*

YOU have attacked me because I ventured to disapprove of Mr. Godwin's Works: I notice your attack because it affords me an opportunity of expressing more fully my sentiments respecting

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* CAIUS GRACCHUS's letter is reprinted from the *Bristol Gazette* of Thursday, March 24. It was *paid* for as an Advertisement, which is the reason that it was not answered in the same Paper.

Messrs. PRINTERS.

THE "WATCHMAN" having within these few weeks attracted the notice of the Citizens of Bristol, through the channel of your paper, I presume to make a few comments on the execution of that work. In the first Number we observe the *Debut* of this publication upon the political theatre made with "professions of meekness." The Author's bias being towards principles not men, will lead him to write in the "spirit of meekness." The first effects of this spirit, are, an abuse of every existing review, implicating them with party and calumniating opinions — fully convinced of the little prejudice he possesses, he becomes reviewer, declaring that he will execute the trust "without compliment or resentment." The first specimen of his critical abilities is exhibited on the brilliant pamphlet of *Mr. Burke.*—His "spirit of meekness" is evident when he says "when men of low and creeping faculties wish to depreciate works of genius, it is their fashion to sneer at them as mere declamation; — this mode has been practised by some low-minded sophisters with respect to the work in question," and passing immediately from these characters

those principles.—I must not however wholly pass over the former part of your letter. The sentence "implicating them with party and calumniating opinions," is so inaccurately worded, that I must *guess* at your meaning. In my first essay I stated that literary works were generally reviewed by personal friends or private enemies of the Authors.

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to himself and his opinions of Mr. Burke, he becomes the herald of his own fame; and with his "ere I begin the task of blame" adds to the many trophies he already enjoys in his own ideas. In a few Numbers we shall, it is probable, see his

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*"—announced.

In the Court and Hand-bill news, he wished to have displayed his wit; but, as he soars above vulgar prejudices the humour is hid from the profane eye.

Odi profanum vulgus.

His "spirit of meekness" is visible in the Note under the Poem — had it been a verse of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, or the *Iliad* of *Homer*, less pomp could not have been used. I leave the public to judge of the "meekness of spirit," so evident in this. Inconsistency in the character of this Philosopher, seems a prominent feature. Thus in p. 19, does he say, "how vile must that system be, which can reckon by anticipation among its certain enemies the metaphysician, who employs the strength and subtlety of his reason to investigate by what causes being acted upon, the human mind acts most worthily." The "Enquiry concerning Political Justice" by *Mr. Godwin*, except by the prejudiced, will be allowed to be a deep metaphysical work though abstruse, yet to those who are earnest enquirers after truth sufficiently clear in its deductions from every argument. It

This I *know* to be fact; and does the spirit of meekness forbid us to tell the truth? The passage in my Review of Mr. Burke's late pamphlet, you have wilfully misquoted: "with respect to the work in question," is an addition of your own. That work in question I myself considered as mere declamation; and *therefore* deemed it wofully inferior to the former production of the venerable Fanatic. — In what manner I could add to my numerous *ideal* trophies by quoting a beautiful passage

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is a work, which, if many of the ideas are not new has concentered the whole mass of argument in a manner unequalled in the English language. — Therefore, do we class it among those productions who seek by their discussions to meliorate the condition of man. In p. 73, we find a chapter entitled "Modern Patriotism" "sententious and prejudiced";—in this *Mr. Godwin's* Enquiry is considered as vicious, and improper in its tendency. The philosopher has mentioned the arguments of *Mr. Godwin* without giving the reasons of, or the deductions drawn from them by that acute writer;— should he find himself competent let him take up the gauntlet and defend in a regular train of argument supported by reason, the system which he conceives to be injured by the work.— But the difference would be too great — the one a cool Reasoner supporting his doctrine with propriety, and waiting for the human mind to be more enlightened to prepare it for his theory, — the other an Enthusiast supporting his arguments by lofty metaphors and high-toned declamation.

Wishing that the "WATCHMAN" in future, may be conducted with less prejudice and greater liberality,

I remain, yours &c.

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

from the pages which I was reviewing, I am ignorant. Perhaps the spirit of vanity lurked in the use of the word "*I*"—"ere *I* begin the task of blame." It is pleasant to observe with what absurd anxiety this little monosyllable is avoided. Sometimes "the present writer" appears as its substitute; sometimes the modest author adopts the style of royalty, swelling and multiplying himself into "We"; and sometimes to escape the egotistic phrases of "in my opinion," or, "as I think," he utters dogmas, and positively asserts — *exempli gratia:* "*It is* a work, which, &c." You deem me inconsistent, because, having written in praise of the metaphysician, I afterwards appear to condemn the essay on political justice. Would an eulogist of medical men be inconsistent, if he should write against venders of (what he deemed) poisons? Without even the formality of a "since" or a "for" or a "because," you make an unqualified assertion, that this essay will be allowed by all, except the prejudiced, to be a deep, metaphysical work, though abstruse, &c. &c. Caius Gracchus must have been little accustomed to abstruse disquisitions, if he deem Mr. Godwin's work abstruse:—A chief (and certainly not a small) merit is its perspicuous and *popular* language. My chapter on modern patriotism is that which has irritated you. You condemn me as prejudiced — O this enlightened age! when it can be seriously charged against an essayist, that he is prejudiced in favour of gratitude, conjugal

fidelity, filial affection, and the belief of God and a hereafter!!

> Of smart pretty fellows in Bristol are numbers, some
> Who so modish are grown, that they think plain sense
> cumbersome;
> And lest they should seem to be queer or ridiculous,
> They affect to believe neither God nor *old Nicholas!*

I do consider Mr. Godwin's principles as vicious; and his book as a pandar to sensuality. Once I thought otherwise—nay, even addressed a complementary sonnet to the author, in the Morning Chronicle, of which I confess with much moral and poetical contrition, that the lines and the subject were equally bad. I have since *studied* his work; and long before you had sent me your contemptuous challenge, had been preparing an examination of it, which will shortly appear in "the Watchman", in a series of essays. You deem me an *enthusiast*—an enthusiast, I presume, because I am not quite convinced with yourself and Mr. Godwin that mind will be omnipotent over matter, that a plough will go into the field and perform its labour without the presence of the agriculturist, that man may be immortal in this life, and that death is an act of the will!!!—You conclude with wishing that the Watchman "for the future may be conducted with less prejudice and greater liberality:"—I ought to be considered in two characters—as the editor of the Miscellany, and as a frequent contributor. In the latter I contribute what I believe to be truth;

let him who thinks it error, contribute likewise, that where the poison is, there the antidote may be. In my former, that is, as the editor, I leave to the public the business of canvassing the nature of the principles, and assume to myself the power of admitting or rejecting any communications according to my best judgment of their style and ingenuity. The Miscellany is open to all *ingenious* men whatever their opinions may be, whether they be the disciples of Filmer, of Locke, of Paley, or of Godwin. One word more of "the spirit of meekness." I meant by this profession to declare my intention of attacking things without expressing malignity to persons. I am young; and may occasionally write with the intemperance of a young man's zeal. Let me borrow an apology from the great and excellent Dr. Hartley, who of all men least needed it. "I can truly say, that my free and unreserved manner of speaking has flowed from the sincerity and earnestness of my heart." But I will not undertake to justify all that I have said. Some things may be too hasty and censorious; or however, be unbecoming my age and station. I heartily wish that I could have observed the true medium. For want of candour is not less an offence against the Gospel of Christ, than false shame and want of courage in his cause.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

(From No. 6. Monday, April 11.)

POLITICAL Views.— If the resignation of Pichegru originated in his having advised *pacific* measures, and the cession of the Netherlands, this would seem to prove a spirit of aggrandisement in the government of France, which, we fear, will prove fatal to French liberty. The establishment of the Batavian Convention gives a strong probability to the opinion that the French Directory are determined to bound their Empire in the East, by the ocean only; while the devastation of the Netherlands by the excessive contributions under which they have laid the inhabitants, seems to vindicate a despair of being able to confound them with the French territories. — The French are urging the junction of the Spanish fleets with their own—They conjure Spain to feel that England is only attempting to destroy the French marine, in order to deprive her of the mines of Peru and Mexico; that the capture of Tringuemale, Batavia, and the Cape of Good Hope, tend to nothing less than to render Great Britain mistress of the commerce of Asia; that therefore it behoves the Spanish nation to recover Gibraltar and Jamaica, and to unite herself with France and the Porte, in order to resume that preponderance which she ought to

have in the Mediterranean and in Africa.—But Peace is, beyond all doubt, a far more certain means of giving to France a superiority over the world, than any territorial acquisition, however vast. Peace would heal up her wounds, revive agriculture, manufactures and commerce; consolidate the government, and give it security, by lessening the number of those whom hunger or hope long delayed have driven into royalty or jacobinism. The juvenile ardour of a nascent republic would carry her on, by a rapid progression, in a splendid career of various improvement; and a large increase of wealth and knowledge would render her capable of the greatest achievements of war: if indeed in that progress towards the perfection of human nature, which is her favourite philosophical tenet, she should not attain so much wisdom as to be persuaded that national glory, as well as felicity, may be increased in a far superior degree by peace than by the deeds of blood.—In the natural course of events, the Netherlands would be united in some way or other, and by some means or other, with France; and her empire bounded only by the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Rhine, and the Ocean, might form and execute grander designs than ever were formed and executed, or ever conceived by the greatest emperors; designs not of political ambition and conquest; not of stupendous Pyramids; or mountains hewed into gigantic statues; but miracles of philosophy for the amelioration of nature, and the general comfort of all that live!!

AMERICAN STATES.

THE seat of government and the offices annexed thereto, are to be removed to the borough of Lancaster, until the permanent seat is fixed by a future legislature. In the Morning Chronicle of Jan. 28th, 1796, is the following paragraph.—"The magnificent city of Washington, in America, has already seven thousand houses built in a very handsome style; and they continue building in a very rapid manner." And Mr. Winterbottam in his history of America, vol. ii. p. 72, says, "*The city now makes a noble appearance.*" In opposition to these statements we quote a paragraph from a pamphlet recently published, entitled "Look before you leap;" but by no means making ourselves responsible for the truth of its information. "The city of Washington, which is to be the seat of the American Legislature in the year 1800, does not at present contain forty brick houses, and these not half finished; the remainder are wooden houses, of a very bad kind; and the five streets so pompously laid out in the mass are *avenues cut through the* woods with not a solitary house standing in either of them. This place is the mere whim of the president of the United States, and lies contiguous to his own estate. During his life it may out of compliment to him be carried on in a slow manner; but I am apprehensive

(and that not without reason) as soon as he is defunct, the city will also be the same. *There are not above* 150 *mechanics of all descriptions employed there at present.*"

It has been ever our opinion, that in England the people are better than the government; in America that the government is better than the people. The Americans are lovers of freedom because their ledgers furnish irrefragable arguments in favour of it; but the vital spirit and high internal feelings of liberty they appear not to possess. In looking over some printed accounts of the affairs of religious societies in America, we were particularly struck with the following paragraph:

Extracts from minutes of the Baptist Association held at Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 7, 8, 1795.

" On application for assistance to build a Meeting House in Savannah Georgia, large enough to admit some hundreds of blacks in the galleries, we recommend to the churches to make subscriptions or collections for the above purposes, and to forward the amount to Mr. Ustich, which Mr. U. is requested to convey by the first opportunity, together with a letter of condolence to the above *mentioned blacks* and our ardent wishes that Providence may interfere in their favour, *at least so far* that their masters may be moved to allow them the free enjoyment of public and private worship."

CHARETTE.

TO have waged a war for three years, in the heart of a potent military nation, with resources almost *self-derived;* to have mocked all the efforts for so long a period, which wisdom could devise, or terror employ, shewed a genius worthy of Hannibal, and which the pen of a Cæsar should convey to posterity. We speak not now of principle. — The man is dead, though the hero lives; and we pay a willing tribute to gallantry and enthusiasm.

This event is certainly decisive of the war in La Vendée — a war on which Mr. Pitt so confidently reckoned to increase the "pressure" on the French republic; and which, we are also free to add, was dreaded even more by its successive rulers than all the combined efforts of their external enemies! It was in this country the boast and the *resource* of ministers and their agents. Were our Allies defeated at Fleurus—there was Charette, at the head of 100,000 men, to avenge it in La Vendée! Were we compelled to retreat with loss in any engagement — 40,000 republicans bit the dust in La Vendée! Thus was the public mind, if not *consoled,* at least *diverted,* from its immediate object. — The consolation and the diversion are now no more.

Another important event, is the death of Cha-

rette. Entirely defeated by the republican army — his troops dispersed and incapable of being rallied — himself closely pursued, Charette assumed the dress of a peasant, with a hope of eluding the strict search that was making after him. He wandered for some time among the fields alone, and was at length discovered and pursued by a republican patrole. His strength being at last exhausted, he sunk upon the ground, and was taken by two grenadiers, who carried him on their shoulders to the next post, from whence he was conveyed to Angers. At Angers he was tried and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was immediately carried into execution. Every idea of there being any powerful body of rebels in La Vendée must now be relinquished, for, as a French paper well observes, " if there be any such a body, would the most renowned chiefs of the rebels have been forced to conceal themselves, and to fly in disguise from place to place unattended and alone?"

After the death of Charette, the most important intelligence is the resignation of General Pichegru: this event seems to have taken place in the interval of which we have not the papers, and we are therefore unacquainted with the cause. Whatever it may be, it is highly important to the war; for, if we may trust to the report of this great man, made by the English and Germans, to whom he was opposed, he was as exemplary in his conduct as humane and generous an enemy, as he was con-

summate in military genius, in gallantry and in skill. He was the author of a new scheme of tactics, the value of which he demonstrated by success. When called to the command of a multitude of undisciplined boys, he found no one principle of an army upon which to act, except enthusiasm in the cause in which they were engaged; he seized upon this great passion and made it equal to all the rest; discipline, science, maturity, fell before it.—With enthusiasm only as his support, he attacked the veteran armies of Germany *in mass*, and to the astonishment of a surrounding world, *for thirty-three successive days*, he brought this unorganized multitude to the charge, disciplined them in the midst of actual fire, and moulded them into a regular army upon heaps of slain. He exhibited a new scene in the history of arms. To be repulsed was not to him a defeat—to have his squadrons broken was not to be put into disorder—and he was the first general who could so rally his men, that though driven back to-day, he returned to the field with the same alacrity to-morrow, and as the incessant drop pierces the stone, converted his series of defeats into the most brilliant conquest. Such was the splendid opening of his military character towards the close of 1793, when he took the command of the motley host of requisition men, to resist the impetuous inroad of General Wurmser, who had cut through the lines of Weissembourg, and penetrated almost to the capital of Alsace. The whole

of his military career since that time has been equal to the promise of his outset. He recovered all that the treachery of General Dumourier had lost, and accomplished even more than his bombast had promised, and while he drove the veteran armies of Europe from the plains of Cambray to the Weser before him, his course of victory was stained by no acts of violence — his reports to his country by no vain exultation.

Such is the general, who has retired from the command of their army! It is not unbecoming in an enemy to do justice to such talents, and when the passions which now blind mankind shall subside, and the characters of the present day come to be fairly estimated, such, we prophesy, will be the tribute paid to his name! We may therefore be allowed to say, that his retirement, if true, is a most important thing to the cause of the French, and of course to the cause of the Allies. It is very material indeed to the Germans, when they have no longer a Clerfaye to lead them on, that they have no longer a Pichegru to oppose.

The present ministers have the singular good fortune of discovering, not by the brilliancy of their success, but by the uniformity of their misconduct, to what point confidence may be carried, and how far a nation will bear to be ruined by their profusion, and disgraced by their incapacity. At any other period than this, with any other sentiments than the people of this country

now display, the fate of the West-India expedition would have produced a torrent of just indignation and complaint, which no minister could have withstood. He would have been arraigned by the public voice, he would have been tried at the bar of public opinion, and he would have been compelled to come fairly upon his defence, and to vindicate his innocence, or he would have fallen. But now every fresh disaster is added with careless indifference to the mass of misfortunes which in their turn have in vain demanded the public regard and indignation. The defeat of an enterprize creates as little emotion as the change of the wind, and the minister may determine upon another campaign that will devote thousands of human beings to destruction, with as little opposition as would be given to a canal or inclosure Bill.

Of late a practice is creeping into the House of Commons which entrenches on its established rules, and of which its independent members ought to be jealous: it is an endeavour on the part of ministers to consider every office which has any mixture of military duty in it, as an office purely military, and that therefore it does not vacate the seat in Parliament. This was attempted in the case of Sir Gilbert Elliot, and no writ was issued until the question was agitated by the opposition; and the same thing is now done on the appointment of Lord Hood. We are told that the governorship of Greenwich Hospital is entirely military, though

a very considerable civil trust belongs to the office; and certainly it was usual to vacate the seats of members, as may be seen by the following precedents:

" Admiral Aylmer, member for Dover, vacated " his seat, being appointed Master of Greenwich " Hospital, and a new writ issued on the 20th " March, 1717.

" Sir John Jennings, Knight, member for Ro- " chester, vacated his seat on the same appointment, " and a new writ issued the 8th December, 1720."

On Thursday the Stadtholder and his suite, in ten heavy carriages, set off from this country for the Continent. His departure gives rise to a variety of speculations, which, as it is impossible for us to fathom, it is idle to state. It is not improbable that he considers the conduct of England in regard to the foreign Colonies of the United States, as at least suspicious, since instead of being taken, as the ships of the late King of France were at Toulon, *in trust* for his serene Highness, the surrender has been made without qualification to his Majesty; and perhaps he may, therefore, consider himself as abandoned to his fate.

On Thursday government began issuing their new Exchequer Bills, issued on the vote of credit lately passed, and with which they are to pay off a part of the army arrears. A small part of them was issued to the army clothiers; and yesterday, to the pretended surprise of ministers, they bore a

discount of £4 10*s.* per cent. What they will fall to, when the whole are issued, it is impossible to foresee. It is such a lesson to government as, we trust, will be useful; for it is such a sign of an exhausted country as England never before exhibited.

Let it be considered, that this is a new order of Exchequer Bills, and that they bear 5 per cent; the ordinary Bills bear only 3*d.* per day, which is £4 11*s.* 3*d.* per cent per annum: and yet, before £200,000, of them are issued, they fall to this enormous discount.

Surely, it cannot be the design of ministers to issue these Bills to the national creditor at par, when they see that they bear this discount. It would be a kind of composition with our creditors, inconsistent with national faith; for, in the first place, the services now to be discharged have been performed, and the money expended for the use of government more than 18 months ago: and the public creditor has been in advance all that time. The fair interest of his money for that time is £7 10*s.* per cent; and, if he is to receive a bill for every £100 which is worth but £95 10*s.*—he is in truth paid £12 per cent. short of his debt.

A correspondent writes that at Birmingham, a man has just been taken up for sedition: The charge against him is, that being at a public-house, he heard it said that the king had been shot at by some person, but that the man missed him — then

said the fellow " he must have been a damn'd bad marksman." The barrister who may chance to be employed in defence of this poor fellow, will surely find it easy to prove the speech a *libel* upon the man that *shot;* instead of *sedition* against the great personage *shot at;* and he may quote by way of precedent, Lonsdale versus Peter Pindar, for likening the Lord to the Devil. — Mr. Erskine remarked that the action for libel should have come from another quarter — that the poet had complimented his lordship, but that the Devil might certainly bring his action for damages, could he but come into the Court with clean hands.

ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF THE WATCHMAN.

(From No. 10. *Friday, May* 13.*)*

THIS is the last Number of the WATCHMAN. — Henceforward I shall cease to cry the state of the political atmosphere. While I express my gratitude to those friends, who exerted themselves so liberally in the establishment of this Miscellany, I may reasonably be expected to assign some reason for relinquishing it thus abruptly. The reason is short and satisfactory — the Work does not pay its expenses. Part of my subscribers have relinquished it because it did not contain suf-

ficient original composition, and a still larger number, because it contained too much. Those, who took it in as a mere Journal of weekly events, must have been unacquainted with FLOWER's Cambridge Intelligencer; a newspaper, the style and composition of which would claim distinguished praise, even among the productions of *literary leisure;* while it breathes every where the severest morality, fighting fearlessly the good fight against Tyranny, yet never unfaithful to that religion, "whose service is perfect freedom." Those on the other hand, who expected from it much and varied original composition, have naturally relinquished it in favour of the New MONTHLY MAGAZINE; a work, which has almost monopolized the talents of the country, and with which I should have continued a course of literary rivalship with as much success, as might be supposed to attend a *young recruit* who should oppose himself to a Phalanx of disciplined warriors. Long may it continue to deserve the support of the Patriot and the Philanthropist, and while it teaches Rational Liberty prepare its readers for the enjoyment of it, strengthening the intellect by Science, and softening our affections by the Graces! To return to myself, — I have endeavoured to do well. And it must be attributed to defect of ability, not of inclination or effort, if the words of the Prophet be altogether applicable to me, "*O Watchman! thou hast watched in vain!*"

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MORNING POST IN THE YEARS 1799, 1800, AND 1802. (E)

(Thursday, December 26, 1799.)

FROM the article in our yesterday's paper our readers have learnt that the new constitution will be solemnly presented to the whole French nation, for their acceptance or rejection. On the first view, nothing can appear more bold and republican than this preliminary measure; but it has the misfortune of stamping a character of absurdity on the whole constitution, which is to be the object of their votes. The whole people, without exception, are called upon to judge, and of course supposed capable of judging, upon a constitution complex almost to entanglement; a thing of checks and counter-checks, that might almost seem intentionally formed to exhibit a metaphysical posture-master's dexterity in *balancing*. The whole people, without exception (both those who *can* sign their votes, and those who must "cause them to be signed"), are called upon to judge upon a constitution, as momentous as it is intricate; a constitution, which gives an influence vast and kingly to the chief magistrate; transfers all responsibility from him to his own creatures; and confers upon

him, at the same time, the more than kingly prerogative of being the proposer of all possible laws, in a government of which he and two inferior associates form the executive; a constitution which elevates the great functionaries and powers of the State into a separate order, never more to become one again with their fellow-citizens; nobles for life, and judges and revisers of the acts of the 300 legislators, whom they themselves had previously elected. On all this, and upon far more than all this, the whole nation is called upon to judge and decide by a constitution, whose prime, leading, and fundamental principle it is, that the great mass of the nation have just virtue and wisdom enough to choose their *constables*, and no more! By this appeal to the universal suffrage, the sovereignty of the people is admitted in its widest extent; and the people are called upon to exercise it, as the suicide exercises his power over life, only to destroy it for ever. The indefeasible validity of *personal* rights is thus expressed, as fully as the wildest democracy could vote it, by a constitution as oligarchic as ever that of Venice was, and which pronounces the people at large a foul and unwholesome element, unfit to be employed in the simplest offices, without long processes of filtration. But this, however, we may, perhaps, pass over, as a courtly grimace to amuse the half-jacobins; an act of pure tenderness to the genius of democracy, now on its death-bed: and it would be too rigorous to expect consistency

in a mere compliment. Sieyes and Buonaparte are, we presume, sufficiently assured of the affections of the soldiers, and the terrors and hopelessness of the nation, to know, that no real deliberation will be called forth, no actual power exercised by the people. Happy will it be for France, if the new constitution involve no absurdities more pernicious. This production of the Abbé's political science, in our humble opinion, carries with it few marks of wisdom; though it is strongly featured with cunning and personal ambition. Yet it has such an imposing air of novelty, that we feel ourselves puzzled and perplexed, from what point we should first survey it. In countries where the favour of an hereditary monarch, to whom obedience is secured by superstition, forms the predominating impulse of the state, we may expect to find a sense of honour, and all the dubious virtues that flow from pride tempered by chivalrous courtesies; in a democracy, in which the continuance in the great public functions is short, and the elections depend immediately on the esteem and affections of the people, we might hope to meet with all that is graceful, showy, and energetic in genius and intellect; and though we believe such a state in its nature impermanent and unadapted to man, we are compelled to admit, that while it lasted it would be a *hot-bed* for individual talent and occasional heroism; in a government founded in property, and in a nation among whom property was the ruling

spirit, we might look with confidence for active industry, attachment to law and order, and aversion from innovation. We are fortunate enough to live in a country in which, with all its defects, the national character is made up, though in different quantities, by all these three principles, the influence of a court, the popular spirit, and the predominance of property. We find ourselves of course disposed to hail with astonishment, but "with no friendly voice," a constitution, in which all legislative functions are places of government, legislature itself a lucrative profession, and preferment in it to be expected neither from the honorary favour of an hereditary monarch, nor from the privileges of rank, nor the influence of property, nor from popular favour; but, as it should seem, by secret intrigue in the palace of a military dictator, or in the different courts of the great all-electing conservatory senators, who are themselves that, which they are, by a species of organization almost as mysterious as that of mushrooms and funguses. For who are to elect the senate? Not the people, whose power of acquiescence we have shown to be a mere trick of French politeness — but the Committees! And who elected the Committees? Sieyes and Buonaparte. And here we must pause — we can rise no higher in this system of causation. These are self-elected — the power and the wisdom of France impersonated in an Abbé and a commander in chief. On the following days we hope

to employ more detailed investigation of this novelty. We have given our opinions, and shall continue to give them, not without that self-distrusting scepticism which our very imperfect acquaintance with the present state of the parties in France imposes on us. Convinced, too, that whatever constitution France may have at present, cannot possibly be its constitution ten years hence, we are disposed to hope more from the personal characters and talents of the immediate functionaries under the most absurd form, than from the theoretical excellency of the best code, considered in and for itself alone. If Sieyes have virtue and penetration enough to place the legislative power of France in the hands of four or five hundred temperate men, not without talents, France will revere his memory as a nation, when only her *antiquaries* know any thing about his codes of constitution. *But we doubt*, and our faith cannot remove mountains.

ON THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

(Tuesday, December 31, 1799.*)*

A LEGISLATIVE assembly, the elected representatives of a mighty nation, is attacked and dissolved by a military faction. The leaders of this faction assume the supreme power with all its royal patronage and emoluments, and, not content

with this, create moreover four or five hundred places with high salaries under the titles of senate, legislature, and tribunate; partly to reward their immediate creatures, and partly from the same motives with which puppet-shewmen are hired by cut-purses, viz. to amuse the crowd while they are picking their pockets. These enormities they modestly submit to the suffrages of the great nation, "proclaim them at the head of the military," and begging, like the mendicant in Gil Blas, with levelled musquets, crave the great nation to call them a constitution, and, as the last act of its indefeasible sovereignty, to vote itself enslaved for ever! The eighteenth century is now at its close — a century venerable for its discoveries, terrific in its events! This impudent offer of these mountebank liberticides — was it to mortify human pride, that *this* is doomed to be the *last* incident of such a century? Is it to deaden the extravagance of human hope, that the general acceptance of it will probably be the *first* incident of the new age? Alas, poor human nature! Or rather, indeed, alas, poor Gallic nature! For Γραῖοι ἀεὶ παῖδες: the French are always children, and it is an infirmity of benevolence to wish, or dread aught concerning them.

The general detection of this gross imposture required little penetration: but in the more wearisome task of exposing the detail and *minutiæ*, we may fairly lay claim to some degree of that patience, which we are obliged to solicit from our readers.

The fourth article of the first chapter declares the right of citizenship forfeited, by affiliation with any foreign body, which supposes distinctions of birth. The second chapter begins by constituting, in effect, such a body in France; for it constitutes eighty unremoveable senators, privileged to fill up their own vacancies. Those among our readers who have made themselves acquainted with the ordinary course of succession to the senatorial dignity in the imperial towns of Germany will perceive at once, that these nobles for life would, if the order continued long enough, become in reality, if not in name, *hereditary* nobles. But we need not travel so far for an analogy. What member of a self-elected corporation in our corporate boroughs does not struggle to bring in his own nearest relative as corporator? And as all have the same wish, mutual interest at length introduces mutual accommodation. It is not here the place to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of privileged orders. Our nobles in England, from the largeness of their landed estates, have an important stake in the immediate prosperity of their country; and, from the antiquity of their families, may be reasonably presumed likely to associate with it a more deeply-rooted and partial affection. By the more delicate superstition of ancestry they counteracted in former ages, and to a certain degree still counteract, the grosser superstition of wealth. Let us not forget too, that by occasion of their younger children they were the

original founders of an order of gentlemen among us, into which order a liberal education and polished manners have at length the privilege of incorporating any man, whatever his parental rank might have been: and thus, by the introduction of a greater *social* equality among us, they more than compensate to us for their *political* superiority. Meantime their legislative capacity, which gives them dignity and public usefulness, excites no jealousy in the people, their power and *direct* influence being constitutionally less than that of the popular and representative branch. Of the conservative senators the number is not large enough to affect in any degree the manners of society; nor is it provided that they should be men of property; nor can the people possibly attach to their rank and origin those associations of splendid or venerable, which necessarily hang round a feudal nobility: meantime, in their political capacity, they are then only not idle when they exercise an enormous power, and that too robbed from the people, of whom exclusively it is the rightful attribute — the power of election. Still had eighty senators, so privileged, been nominated by the whole nation, if they had been selected and chosen by the free votes of their fellow-citizens, however pernicious the institution might be, yet the individuals would doubtless have possessed an origin at least as honourable, as the most adulatory herald dares attach to the most ancient nobility. But *these*, the creatures of

a renegade priest, himself the creature of a foreign mercenary — these, the stones which Buonaparte, the Deucalion of this new inundation, found beneath his feet, and flinging them behind him metamorphosed into senators — what but fear, mingled with scorn, can attach to *these?* — But if their good or kind auspices are undiscoverable, not so their evil influences. To secure to their own relatives places of honour and emolument, each senator becomes at once an intriguer, and a centre of intrigues: he to the government, the government to him, and all to each other.

Except that it is convenient for Buonaparte to have eighty places of a thousand a year each at his disposal, we remain wholly in the dark concerning the intention, or possible utility of this new conservative. It *makes* the whole of the political machine, and it can suspend its operations. Other occupation it has none. Like the god of the mechanic materialists, it has no other attributes but those of creation and miracle. The people have no promise or security that it will possess wisdom, talent, or integrity, and no appeal if it possess them not.

It were wasting our readers' attention to direct it particularly to the other branches of the legislature, the hundred tribunes who are to talk and do nothing, and the three hundred legislators whom the constitution orders to be silent. What a ludicrous Purgatory for three hundred Frenchmen! The shamelessness of calling that a legislature which

can neither propose nor reason, and whose acts are annullable *ad arbitrium*, can only be equalled by the exquisite absurdity involved in the very notion of splitting the intellectual faculties, and subdividing the business of thought, almost as curiously as that of a pin manufactory. However, all these different law-manufacturers are well salaried; yet not so as to place them out of the temptation of corruption. Even the chief consul must find it necessary to bribe high to secure his re-election, by influence, by promises, and not improbably by taking the pay of foreign governments. Indeed, never was a government framed which lay so open to corruption, both in itself, and from external powers! There exists no appearance of a preventive, in a nominal legislature, for which no property is requisite, in which no talent can be exerted, and where no popularity can be gained. The whole constitution betrays a rooted contempt of the people, and a distrust of human virtue in general, yet leaves to none, whom it invests with power, any of those common assistants to well doing which the most virtuous man does not profess to deem useless. It has indeed divisions and sub-divisions even to superfluity; but how, under any circumstances these could be a check on each other, or on the consulate, no where appears. It is indeed mere fraud and mockery. Checks and counterpoises can only be produced by real diversity of interests, of interests existing independent of legislative functions; but these cham-

bers are all alike filled with the creatures of the dictator, by him chosen, feeding on his stipends, and acting under his controul. But it cannot last: for to what body of men or species of interest can it appeal for love or protection? Property, talent, popular spirit, the prejudices of the royalist, the priest, and the jacobin, are all injured, insulted, trodden under foot by it. And what are idle promises of individual liberty in a constitution which recognises in the chief consul the right of suspending it *ad arbitrium*, and which does not recognise in the nation that which is worth a thousand tribunates, that without which no nation can be free or happy under the wisest government, the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS?

(Wednesday, January 1, 1800.*)*

YESTERDAY, at noon, we received by express the Paris papers to the 28th ult. The installation of the new government is consummated, and has been accompanied by the happy omen of a victory over the Austrians in the Genoese, which, however, is probably more important to the ruling faction, by its tendency to put the French people in good temper, than from any permanent advantage to be expected from it.—On the 14th ult. General Klenau, reinforced by a corps of Russians from Leghorn, advanced against General St. Cyr, in the eastern border of Genoa, while General Kray

attacked General Watrin in the positions of Villageo and the Bochetta. Kray was repulsed, and, as the French accounts say, with great loss. Klenau appears at first to have been successful. The advanced posts of General St. Cyr fell back; but the general soon made dispositions to attack Klenau in his turn, which he did with full success, putting his army to complete rout. The number of the slain is stated in the *Moniteur* at 2,000; the French have taken 1,800 prisoners and four pieces of cannon, and state their own loss at 200 men killed or wounded. These victories may suspend, perhaps, the fate of the Genoese, which, as well as the French army in their territory, are admitted to be labouring under the most cruel necessities. It is added, however, that eighty ships laden with provisions have entered the ports of Liguria, and that one hundred and fifty more were following them, and in sight. The capitulation of Coni on the 3rd is confirmed, and the articles are given at length in the *Moniteur* of the 27th, but they have nothing remarkable that requires insertion.

Hedouville, general in chief of the army of England, in a proclamation dated the 22nd ult. announces that he has conceded to the Chouannese Insurgents, that there shall be no requisitions of money until it shall be decided if a resumption of hostilities shall take place or not. At a time when the enormous power of deciding on the fate of all the persons exiled, or imprisoned by prior factions,

is given to Buonaparte, under pretence of the danger which might follow from the re-admission of a few individuals affected to royalism, these armistices and conciliations, and pacificatory overtures to the chiefs of a royalist banditti, actually in arms against the government, have a most inconsistent and mysterious appearance. Are the French government really so weak? Or are they only *finessing?* Has the extirpation of Chouannerie been purposely procrastinated by each ruling faction, in order that there may always remain a pretext for keeping up a large standing army in the interior? Is the predatory warfare of these rebel banditti serviceable to the republican cause, by alarming the men of landed property against royalism? Or are they permitted to exist merely as decoy-birds that procure for the republic arms, ammunition, and large sums of money from England, for which they return continual supplies of *hope* to our secretary of war, and his young associates, towards their projected march to Paris?—A commerce, of which, it must be confessed, the balance is greatly in favour of France! Or, lastly, are the countries most tainted with royalism secretly destined to be divided among the soldiery, on the realization of a peace with Austria? and is even the spread of royalism beheld with a concealed satisfaction, as increasing the probable extent of the boon? It is not indeed impossible that each and all of these reasons have a share in the true causes of the *phænomenon.*

Among the contents of the Paris papers, the most immediately interesting is of course the account of the proceedings on the installation of the new constitution. We have given them at large, with the proclamations of Buonaparte. The first, to the French nation, is pure common-place; a confused bundle of puerile generalities, on order, justice, and moderation, which came with peculiar grace and modesty from the man who, after having entered the House of Legislature with a band of grenadiers, has erected a daring and unmodified despotism in that country, which had confided in him to dotage, which, with the effusion of its best blood, had earned all his laurels for him;—and which had done this, and more than all this, because they believed him an enthusiast for their liberty. The second proclamation, to the French soldiers, and the third to the army of Italy, are well-written, eloquent, and affecting; but to us chiefly interesting, as open denunciations that all hopes of peace are at an end. The allies seem determined to press into France from all quarters, and the Chief Consul without noticing, retorts the menace. "Soldiers! it is no longer your frontiers that you must defend; it is the enemy's states that must be invaded."—Through all these proclamations the fierce confidence, and proud self-involution of a military despot, intoxicated with vanity, start out most obtrusively; and it is still more glaring and offensive in his letter to General St. Cyr, on

the victory over the Austrians. This was written the day after his installation, and never did epistle from an Oriental monarch to some slave he meant to honour, affront the principles of equality with a more stately egotism. Let our readers turn to the letters of Paul the First to Cardinal Ruffo, and those to his victorious General Suwarrow; and they will find the great *Autocrat* of all the Russias modest and humble in the comparison. This insolence in the Usurper is, however, fully equalled by the servility of his creatures. The last speech in the council of five hundred by Jacqueminot, on Christmas eve, could only have been ventured in a nation, whose riotous holidays were over, on the *black Monday* of its recommencing slavery. It has all the sacrilegious adulation of the age of Louis XIV. without its elegance and genius. On the supposition that this despotism should maintain itself for a few years, it remains a deeply interesting question in what degree it is likely to increase or diminish the military energy, and consequent ambition of France. Our thoughts on this subject we mean to offer to our readers on some future day.

(Thursday, January 2, 1800.)

THE report of a messenger from France having arrived at Dover on Monday with propositions of peace resembled so much the stock-jobbing falsehoods repeatedly given to the public, that we

were cautious of allowing it credit in our paper of yesterday. But we find, by a letter from Dover, that a messenger from the French government certainly did arrive, with a letter from Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign affairs at Paris, to Lord Grenville. The messenger was not suffered to proceed further than Dover, where he was detained in custody, and no person but his keeper allowed to come near him; but the chief officer of the customs came up express with the French despatches to Lord Grenville's office, where he arrived on Tuesday forenoon. These despatches certainly contain overtures of Peace from France to the British government. A request is made, we understand, to open a negotiation; ministers have long been prepared to expect such a request, and now endeavour by every means to prove it would be impolitic to listen to it. The proposal is extremely embarrassing to them, who wish to continue the war, with the grace of being desirous of peace; and it is believed that a negotiation must be opened. We anticipate no favourable result. — We believe ourselves guilty of no rashness in thinking, that peace and the restoration of monarchy in France are wishes which do not exist separate in the minds of the English ministry. A peace concluded with the present government of France would tend to confirm its power, would render the cause of monarchy more hopeless than ever, and be an acknowledgment on the part of our ministers, that

they retired from the main object of their hopes baffled and disappointed. The events too of the last campaign, contrasted with those of the former, cannot but be encouraging to men whose impetuosity in *wishing* forbids us to believe them capable of forming rational *expectations*. Nor is it to be forgotten, that Russia is not reconciled with Austria, and is pouring down armies to the seat of war; and that Austria, who has certainly received propositions of peace from the French government through the Spanish Ambassador, has as certainly rejected them. Never was a moment, in which our ministers were less likely to wish a peace, and in which the people, who do, and ought to, wish it, are less authorised to hope or expect it. The possession of the whole of the north of Italy is too important to the House of Austria to be voluntarily relinquished, and the circumstance of having reconquered it is too flattering an appendage to the possession.—Nor is it to be expected on the other hand that Buonaparte would consent to give up, without a struggle, all the scenes of his conquests, and so make confession that his most brilliant victories were of no permanent utility, but only blazed and crackled, and then ended in smoke and ashes! The late language of the Chief Consul, and the vigorous military preparations on all sides, demonstrate that France now despairs of a continental peace for this campaign. The consulate of course made offers to Austria before they applied to this

country, since, were France wholly disengaged from a continental war, that circumstance might have operated, as a motive of peace, on England. But having failed in their proposals to Austria, they know the inveterate temper of our Cabinet sufficiently to be well aware that they will fail with England also. Propositions of peace, or proposals for negotiation, at this time, can only have for their object the popularity of the new government. They enable Buonaparte at once to throw the odium of continuing the war on the allies, while he secures to his own government the character of moderation and justice, and fulfils the promises he has made, of being as forward in pacification, as he has been brilliant in warfare.

Juvat ora tueri
Mixta notis Belli, placidamque gerentia Pacem.

Such are our reasons for believing that we have no prospects of peace, without at least another campaign; and what are our prospects in the war? The Archduke Charles, in his late proclamation to the Austrian circles, and indeed in all his proclamations, has avoided all mention of the restoration of French monarchy. The war is evidently by him considered as a war of territory. He states as reasons against peace, that the present faction are probably not sincere in their professions, and if sincere in their professions, there is yet no ground for believing them secure in their power. But the last sentence of his proclamation, like the postscript

of a woman's letter, lets out the real truth. He professes to wish a peace, which cannot be had without another campaign — "*a peace, that may recompense the multiplied sacrifices, by which we have for a long time since sought to procure it.*" As a sufficient comment on these ominous words, we refer to the conferences at Seltz, and in short, to the whole conduct and palpable aim of the Austrian Court, through the whole of the war. The secession of Russia, and the ambiguous conduct of Prussia, may probably have induced the Emperor to make some indefinite concessions concerning the re-establishment of the old governments in Italy; but is the necessity of making a promise always followed by the disposition to keep it? Is it quite an unexampled thing with an ambitious and wily Court first to avail itself of services, and afterwards to evade the conditions? Austria, it is asserted, claims the former Venetian islands as dependencies on Venice, while Russia is bent on the re-establishment not only of the old Venetian government, but of the old governments and respective territories in all the other Italian states? Is it credible, that Austria should all at once become a convert to the honest enthusiasm of Paul the First? Or that with opposite final views they should continue to co-operate cordially? Much has been said on the effect of past experience; but while ambition and vanity exist, the light of experience, like the lights placed in the stern of the vessel, illumine only the

track that is already passed over. Russia, it is asserted, is in future to act separately. In all probability she will endeavour to pierce into France through Switzerland. This will create a powerful diversion in favour of Austria, whatever may prove the ultimate fate of the invading army. What that fate is *likely* to prove, Austria perhaps sees more clearly than his more enthusiastic brother Emperor. One thing, however, is plain and palpable, that no two armies of different nations ever acted long together without such rivalries and jealousies, as more than overbalance the advantage in number gained by the junction; and that if to avoid these jealousies they act separately, it is made easy to the enemy, even with inferior forces, to destroy both. No rapidity of mutual communication can be expected from different armies of different nations, equal to that which the armies of a single nation, acting under one plan, will easily realise.

Let us be permitted to press this too on the public attention. Is it not probable that the dangers with which the republic is menaced by the allies, may have influenced the French people in the acceptance of the new constitution? Is it not possible, that even the lovers of liberty there may perceive an increased necessity, that all the powers of the republic should act in concert, and that this would be most surely realized by admitting a military dictatorship? If this be the case, if national terror have suspended political apprehensions, if Buonaparte retain his popularity, and the people

their enthusiasm, then it would follow that France will open the new campaign with advantages which she has never before possessed.

Stung by a sense of injury from rejected peace; united by apprehensions of a threefold invasion, which will transfer the seat of war into the heart of the republic; and acting under one commander in chief, who at the same time has at his own immediate disposal all the powers and all the resources both of the government and of the nation; France becomes sufficiently formidable to render hostility with her for slight or avoidable differences as little prudent as it is humane! It may fairly be demanded of our ministers, to what purpose do we continue the war? To reduce the republic to the *status ante bellum*, would be scarcely admitted as a justifiable motive from us, who, by the war, have annihilated the whole naval and commercial power of the republic; at least, it would come with an ill grace from us, since our late vast and important acquisitions in the East. And French principles, let them be as detestable as they may, have assuredly lost all their popular allurement, and, consequently, can neither be object of alarm, nor reason for hostility.

(Saturday, January 4, 1800.)

YESTERDAY a cabinet council, consisting of Mr. Pitt, Lords Grenville, Spencer, and Camden, and Mr. Windham, sat in Downing-street, upon the two letters received from the French

government, the one from Buonaparte, addressed to the King, the other from Talleyrand, addressed to Lord Grenville; and we have no dread of being wrong when we assert, that their decision was against entering into, even a negotiation. — The language of ministers and their friends warrants this conclusion; and another excellent guide, the funds, confirms it. For we have often had occasion to notice, that somehow or other, important events which affect the funds find their way into the Stock Exchange; and accordingly stocks fell about one per cent. It may be recollected that some time ago we gave as the cause the funds rose, the prospect of a negotiation for peace; a measure which Buonaparte was pledged to attempt. The hope has now disappeared, and the funds will probably decline still farther.

The delay in deciding upon the French despatches arose partly from the necessity of taking the opinion of several cabinet ministers, who were in the country passing their holidays. Yesterday, however, the answer, written by Lord Grenville, and addressed to Buonaparte, was sent off by Mr. Stow, chief officer of the customs at Dover, from whence it will be forwarded by the courier to Paris. Ministers, we believe, will soon publish a declaration of their sentiments and views in the further prosecution of the war, in which they will attempt to justify their present conduct.

The public will not be persuaded that because

the French government is an usurpation, a despotism, or a tyranny, we therefore must prosecute the war. This was not the argument of ministers themselves on former occasions. They contended that the war was justifiable to extinguish French principles and reduce French power; but they always disavowed any determination to persevere, merely to change the *form* of the French government. Their motives for rejecting overtures of peace, at this period, must therefore be an opinion that the principles of the present government in France are dangerous to surrounding states, or that they have a certain prospect of reducing her power. In our paper of yesterday we endeavoured to prove that wild Jacobin principles having received a mortal blow by the last revolution, can be no longer dangerous; and that prospects of conquest from France will prove delusive, the history of the war gives too much reason to dread. These, therefore, are unwise motives for continuing hostilities.

But we are told France is insincere in professing a desire of peace! If that were known to be the fact, ministers would certainly treat with her, since they would again secure the support of the British people in the war, and expose the ambition of the enemy. We rather suspect that ministers know France is *sincere*, and are apprehensive a negotiation would either entrap them into a peace, or shew, in a forcible manner, how desperately and unreasonably they are bent on the further prosecution of

the war. No period was ever more favourable than the present for accommodation and adjustment. The last campaign has checked the views of France, and our reverses in Switzerland must have checked the views of the allies also. Neither party has great cause of joy at the result. This temper of mind, neither elated nor depressed, is of all others the most favourable to negotiation. From the commencement of the war till now, France has been either insolent and flushed with victory, or thrown under the power of the Jacobins by defeats. Now for the first time her ambition has been checked; and Jacobinism, if not mortally wounded, yet requires all the aids of a war against France, to its resuscitation. As events vary, so our ministers vary their tone! Are we successful? The object of the war is to extirpate Jacobinism. — Are we beaten in all points? It then becomes necessary to check the progress of French ambition. It is melancholy that the war has produced, with rapid alternation, the two evils, for the prevention of which it is carried on and justified. We profess to wage the war against Jacobinism and ambition: and the moment France is threatened by our successes, Jacobinism revives and flourishes. The war began with Austria and Prussia, May 1792, and on the 10th of August following, royalty was overthrown, and the Brissotine republicanism substituted. In February 1793, we joined the allies; and the war was triumphant in every quarter. In

the West the Chouans, who brought at once 80,000 men into the field; General Wurmser in the East; the English on the South; and the Anglo-Austrians on the North. We took Toulon, Valenciennes and Condé. What was the effect? The Brissotine party, comparatively at least humane and enlightened, was overturned by the faction of Robespierre, and the furies of Jacobinism were let loose on the devoted country. In May 1794, the Duke of York took Landrecy, and in imagination we were already the conquerors of France. Jacobinism still predominated, till in June the weathercock of success shifted. The French conquered Flanders, drove back Austria, and even foiled the Duke of York; and in this flush of victory Robespierre and his party were annihilated. Then victories flowed in upon France in full tide; and the public opinions became more temperate, as the nation was less and less in danger from foreign enemies. The last constitution was framed; our ministerial papers, and then the minister himself, spoke of the existing government in France as a power that might be treated with. We endeavoured to treat; France was insolent and vindictive; and the succeeding campaigns effected a reverse of fortune. The conquests of France in Italy were reconquered. Her armies ill organized and ill supported, and her frontiers threatened. What was the effect? The clubs were re-opened. Jacobinism was again brought into play, and became active and powerful in exact

proportion to the degree of our success. Hence it appears that the war against France as a republic, produces in the French republic ambition and insolence by its failure, and Jacobinism by its success; nor is this difficult of explanation. When a nation is in safety, men think of their private interests; individual property becomes the predominating principle, the lord of the ascendant; and all politics and theories inconsistent with property and individual interest give way, and sink into a decline, which, unless unnaturally stimulated, would end in speedy dissolution.—But is the nation in danger? Every man is called into play; every man feels his interest as a *citizen* predominating over his individual interests; the high, and the low, and the middle classes become all alike politicians; the majority carry the day; and Jacobinism is the natural consequence. Let us not be deceived by words. Every state, in which all the inhabitants without distinction of property are roused to the exertion of a public spirit, is for the time a Jacobin state. France at present is only *preparing* to become so.—If the present consulate can conclude a peace, the glory attached to it will, for a while, reconcile the people to an Oligarchy, which can only exist while it is popular; and as manufactures and commerce revive, the spirit of property will regain its ascendency, and the government of France will be modified accordingly.

LETTERS,

From the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, and from General Buonaparte, with the answers returned to them by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

(Published by Authority. *Monday, January* 6, 1800.)

No. I. Letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, with its translation.

No. II. Letter from General Buonaparte, with its translation.

No. III. Letter from Lord Grenville to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France.

No. IV. Official Note.

COPY.

MILORD,

J'EXPEDIE par l'ordre du Général Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la République Française, un Courier à Londres. Il est porteur d'une lettre du Premier Consul de la République pour Sa Majesté le Roi d'Angleterre. Je vous prie de donner les ordres nécessaires pour qu'il puisse vous la remettre sans intermédiaire. Cette dé-

TRANSLATION.

MY LORD,

I DESPATCH, by order of General Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic, a Messenger to London: he is the bearer of a letter from the First Consul of the Republic to His Majesty the King of England. I request you to give the necessary orders that he may be enabled to deliver it directly into your own hands. This

marche annonce d'elle-même l'importance de son objet.

Recevez, Milord, l'assurance de ma plus haute considération.

(Signé)

CH. MAU. TALLEYRAND.

Paris, le 5 Nivose, An 8 de la Rép. Fr.

step, in itself, announces the importance of its object.

Accept, my Lord, the assurance of my highest consideration.

(Signed)

CH. MAU. TALLEYRAND.

Paris, the 5th Nivose, 8th year of the French Republic (Dec. 25, 1799.)

COPY.

République Française—Souveraineté du Peuple—Liberté —Egalité.

Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la République, à Sa Majesté le Roi de la Grande Brétagne et d'Irlande.

Paris, le 5 Nivose, An 8 de la République.

APPELE par le vœu de la Nation Française à occuper la première Magistrature de la République, je crois convenable en entrant en charge d'en faire directement part à votre Majesté.

La guerre qui depuis huit ans ravage les quatre parties du monde, doit-elle être éternelle? N'est-il donc aucun

TRANSLATION.

French Republic — Sovereignty of the People—Liberty—Equality.

Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Paris, the 5th Nivose, 8th Year of the Republic.

CALLED by the wishes of the French Nation to occupy the first Magistracy of the Republic, I think it proper, on entering into office, to make a direct communication of it to your Majesty.

The war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, must it be eternal? Are there no

moyen de s'entendre ?

Comment les deux nations les plus éclairées de l'Europe, puissantes et fortes plus que ne l'exigent leur sûreté et leur indépendance, peuvent-elles sacrifier à des idées de vaine grandeur, le bien du commerce, la prospérité intérieure, le bonheur des familles? Comment ne sentent-elles pas que la paix est le premier des besoins, comme la première des gloires ?

Ces sentimens ne peuvent pas être étrangers au cœur de votre Majesté, qui gouverne une Nation libre, et dans le seul but de la rendre heureuse.

Votre Majesté ne verra dans cette ouverture que mon désir sincère de contribuer efficacement pour la seconde fois à la pacification générale, par une démarche prompte, toute de confiance, et dégagée de ces formes qui, nécessaires peut-être pour déguiser la dépendance des états faibles, ne décèlent dans les états forts que le désir mutuel de se tromper.

means of coming to an understanding ?

How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, powerful and strong beyond what their safety and independence require, sacrifice to ideas of vain greatness the benefits of commerce, internal prosperity, and the happiness of families? How is it that they do not feel that peace is of the first necessity, as well as of the first glory ?

These sentiments cannot be foreign to the heart of your Majesty, who reigns over a free nation, and with the sole view of rendering it happy.

Your Majesty will only see in this overture my sincere desire to contribute efficaciously, for the second time, to a general pacification, by a step, speedy, entirely of confidence, and disengaged from those forms, which, necessary perhaps to disguise the dependence of weak states, prove only, in those which are strong, the mutual desire of deceiving each other.

La France, l'Angleterre, par l'abus de leurs forces, peuvent long tems encore, pour le malheur de tous les peuples, en retarder l'épuisement; mais j'ose le dire, le sort de toutes les nations civilisées est attaché à la fin d'une guerre qui embrase le monde entier.

France and England, by the abuse of their strength, may still, or a long time, for the misfortune of all nations, retard the period of their being exhausted. — But I will venture to say it, the fate of all civilized nations is attached to the termination of a war which involves the whole world.

De votre Majesté,

(Signé) BONAPARTE.

Of your Majesty,

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

Downing Street, Jan. 4, 1800.

SIR,

I HAVE received and laid before the King the two letters which you have transmitted to me; and His majesty, seeing no reason to depart from those forms which have long been established in Europe for transacting business with Foreign States, has commanded me to return in his name, the official answer which I send you herewith inclosed. I have the honour to be, with high consideration,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) GRENVILLE.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc.
at Paris.

NOTE.

THE King has given frequent proofs of his sincere desire for the re-establishment of secure and permanent tranquillity in Europe. He neither is, nor has been, engaged in any contest for a vain and false glory. He has had no other view than that of maintaining, against all aggression, the rights and happiness of his subjects.

For these he has contended against an unprovoked attack; and for the same objects he is still obliged to contend; nor can he hope that this necessity could be removed by entering, at the present moment, into negotiation with those whom a fresh Revolution has so recently placed in the exercise of power in France. Since no real advantage can arise from such negotiation to the great and desirable object of general peace, until it shall distinctly appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and in more than one instance, renewed.

The same system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has also involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown to the practice of civilized nations.

For the extension of this system, and for the extermination of all established governments, the resources of France have from year to year, and in the midst of the most unparalleled distress, been lavished and exhausted. To this indiscriminate spirit of destruction, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, the Swiss Cantons (His Majesty's antient friends and allies,) have successively been sacrificed, Germany has been ravaged: Italy, though now rescued from its invaders, has been made

the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. His Majesty has himself been compelled to maintain an arduous and burthensome contest for the independence and existence of his kingdoms.

Nor have these calamities been confined to Europe alone; they have been extended to the most distant quarters of the world, and even to countries so remote both in situation and interest from the present contest, that the very existence of such a war was perhaps unknown to those who found themselves suddenly involved in all its horrors.

While such a system continues to prevail, and while the blood and treasure of a numerous and powerful nation can be lavished in its support, experience has shewn that no defence but that of open and steady hostility can be availing. The most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggression; and it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion.

For the security, therefore, of these essential objects, His Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out by all those who have successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe; and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all, from the beginning, and uniformly, incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace.

Greatly, indeed, will His Majesty rejoice, whenever it shall appear that the danger to which his own dominions, and those of his allies, have been so long exposed, has really ceased; whenever he shall be satisfied that the necessity of resistance is at an end; that, after the

experience of so many years of crimes and miseries, better principles have ultimately prevailed in France; and that all the gigantic projects of ambition, and all the restless schemes of destruction, which have endangered the very existence of civil society, have at length been finally relinquished: — But the conviction of such a change, however agreeable to His Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience, and from the evidence of facts.

The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence would be the restoration of that line of Princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad; such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its antient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means.

But, desirable as such an event must be both to France and to the world, it is not to this mode exclusively that His Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification. His Majesty makes no claim to prescribe to France what shall be the form of her government, or in whose hands she shall vest the authority necessary for conducting the affairs of a great and powerful nation.

His Majesty looks only to the security of his own dominions and those of his allies, and to the general safety of Europe. Whenever he shall judge that such security can in any manner be attained, as resulting either from the internal situation of that country, from whose internal situation the danger has arisen, or from such other

circumstances of whatever nature as may produce the same end, His Majesty will eagerly embrace the opportunity to concert with his allies the means of immediate and general pacification.

Unhappily no such security hitherto exists: no sufficient evidence of the principles by which the new government will be directed; no reasonable ground by which to judge of its stability. In this situation it can for the present only remain for His Majesty to pursue, in conjunction with other powers, those exertions of just and defensive war, which his regard to the happiness of his subjects will never permit him either to continue beyond the necessity in which they originated, or to terminate on any other grounds, than such as may best contribute to the secure enjoyment of their tranquillity, their constitution, and their independence.

(Signed) GRENVILLE.

Downing-street, Jan. 4, 1800.

To the Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc. at Paris.

(Tuesday, January 7.)

WE present our readers with the correspondence between Buonaparte and the British government. The letter of the former does not contain "a mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions." It is the first direct overture which this country has received from France; in the affirmation that both Great Britain and France are already "powerful and strong beyond what their safety and independence require," it renounces

all schemes of conquest; and in the admission that His Majesty "reigns over a free nation," it likewise renounces all *revolutionary* projects.

The concluding paragraph seems in the most respectful language to hint, that the consequence of continuing a war, which is professedly carried on for the preservation of "things as they are," may be the dislocation of all civilised nations. The whole letter is manly, and unsullied by the least inflammatory insinuation against the government or the country. It were contemptible folly to suppose, that France conceived herself in nothing aggrieved by this country; but her government gives the best possible pledge of its "sincere desire to contribute efficaciously to a general pacification," by a complete abstinence from the mention of all such supposed grievances.

The letter is now before our readers; and it is scarcely possible, that the bitterest enemy of the French government should accuse us of having represented its contents untruly. The official Note, in answer to this letter, begins with the *assertion*, that His Majesty's Ministers have given frequent proofs of their sincere desire for the re-establishment of general peace: and then, as if impatient even "of general professions of pacific dispositions," proceeds immediately to revive old grievances by the affirmation, that the war originated "in an unprovoked attack," which, whether true or false, is no reason for or against a negotiation at

present, unless it be contended that a war begun unjustly by one party, must be continued *ad internecionem*, by both parties. Having thus manifested its anti-pacific disposition; the Note goes on to assign in justification of them, that "the causes, which originally produced the war, have not ceased to operate." None either here or in France will affect not to understand what Ministers mean by these causes. Yet there is something insidious in their not being specifically stated. Had Ministers, instead of a general phrase, used the direct words "Ambition and Jacobinism," it was probably foreseen that the dullest reader would have objected that the new government is manifestly built on the ruins of Jacobinism, and that both Jacobinism and ambition in reference to this country are solemnly renounced in its overture.—These causes, however, are stated to have produced in Europe "a long and destructive warfare," and to the prevalence of the same system, it is said, "France justly ascribes all her present miseries." Whom do ministers mean by France? The Royalists and Chouans? For surely the Republicans do not attribute all the miseries of their country simply to Republicanism? We can forgive a rhetorical figure, by which a small part is assumed for the whole; but we cannot avoid censuring severely this ungenerous mode of conveying into a country a proclamation against its government, under pretence of an official answer to a pacific overture made by that government. In a

similar strain of invective, the ravages committed in Holland, the Netherlands, the Swiss Cantons, and Germany, are alluded to; and Italy is marked out by a particular sentence, as having "been made the scene of *unbounded* rapine and anarchy, though now rescued from its invaders." This low and peevish personality on the man, in answer to whose letter the Note was written, we might have expected from Ministers; but we did not expect that they would so palpably bring a bill of indictment against themselves for their negotiations at Lisle.—These they themselves solicited: they *made* overtures to France, not *received* them; and yet at that time these very outrages not only existed, but had been newly perpetrated by the identical government to whom they made those overtures, and while France gloried in her ambition, with Jacobinism scarcely suspended, certainly not subdued. Has ministerial resentment put out the eyes of their prudence? And is this Note sent as a *payment in kind* for the insolence with which they were then repelled? The reference which follows to the intrigues with Tippoo Saib must be a wilful sophism. For ministers are not so grossly ignorant as not to know, that our ejection from India was a darling scheme of the antient monarchy, and that the attempt to realise it by the kings of France and Spain was only prevented by the revolution: with the principles of which the late attempt, which ended in the fall of Tippoo, was wholly and absolutely unconnected.

These charges and invectives lead to the heart-withering declaration, that open war is deemed by ministers our only defence, as long as the present system in France shall continue; in other words, as long as France shall remain a Republic. This declaration is justified by an assertion, that "the most solemn treaties have only prepared the way for fresh aggressions." Has it then been proved, that Austria had no share in the guilt? Has Austria given no proofs of an ambition equally enormous? Has Austria yet done what the French government now does—has she given any assurance of recantation?

The succeeding paragraphs declare this a war of principles, leaving the nature of those principles insidiously undefined; and then inform the Chief Consul, that "the best and most natural pledge" that such offensive principles are permanently abolished, "would be the restoration of that line of Princes which for so many centuries maintained France in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad: Such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace?" This is a repetition of the insult which we censured in the former part of the Note. Surely, with such power of communication with France as ministers possess, there might have been found another vehicle for smuggling in a proclamation to the royalists, than an official answer to the Chief Consul's

overture. Besides, is it true, that the restoration of royalty would be a pledge, that ambition and Jacobinism would be no more? Till the arguments have been answered, which we have in our late papers adduced to the contrary, we shall continue to hold, that it will be no pledge. This paragraph is succeeded by an explanation, that "it is not to this mode exclusively that His Majesty limits the possibility of secure and solid pacification." But no syllable occurs which enables us to conceive, that other mode will be admitted. It can, indeed, be regarded only as a miserable loop-hole, through which ministers mean to escape from the charge of inconsistency, in case republican France, by her victories, should once again lay her enemies at her feet.—Then, when she is insolent with prosperity; *then* she will be allowed, perhaps, to have achieved *that other mode*, which renders negotiation possible. The whole concludes by proclaiming the continuance of "*defensive*" war against an enemy who petitions us for peace. This official Note is disorderly in its arrangement, vague and indefinite in its expressions, and barbarous in its style; worthy of ministers, but not worthy of their country.

ON THE LATE NEGOTIATION.

(Wednesday, January 8, 1800.)

IN our paper of yesterday we could only throw out some few remarks upon this important transaction; this day we resume the subject more at length, but even now not to the full extent of our wishes. In discussing it we are entitled to attention, since our former observations, (particularly in a long article "*On Peace,*") are now proved to have been prophetic. (11) We then endeavoured to show that Mr. Pitt's administration was in its nature preclusive of peace.—We again repeat, upon the reasons then stated, that *an honourable and permanent peace never will be concluded by the present Ministry.* — We sincerely wish that this were no more than a bare *assertion;* but, unfortunately, all the facts, from the commencement of the war to the present hour, have combined to render it almost a *truism.* Ministers are entangled with promises; their character and pride are at stake; they are heated in the game; when they deem themselves prosperous, they offer insult; in adversity they receive it in return; and the first use which they make of their recovery from this adversity is to retaliate the retaliation. Alas! during this play of personal passions, tens of thousands are massacred, the interests of millions sacrificed, to whom "the very existence of such a war might

have been unknown," had they known those things alone, in the events of which they were really interested!

The official Note of Lord Grenville contains precisely that which we had before stated it as likely to contain — recurrences, and criminations, and insult! only that it is still more, than we dared anticipate, calculated to strengthen while it irritates the new government; to revive the hopes and reanimate the exertions of the Jacobins; and to inspire all parties of the revolution with mingled contempt and horror towards royalty. We did not dare anticipate that ministers would display such ignorance, or such forgetfulness, of that proud nationality which is rooted in the hearts of all Frenchmen, as to proclaim to a mighty nation, that the restoration of an emigrant "would confirm to it the unmolested enjoyment of *its antient territory.*" We have destroyed the whole colonial power of France; we have annihilated her commerce; we have ruined her navy; our own colonial, naval, and commercial power, we have more than doubled; Austria is feasting on spoils: and lo! we proclaim to France, as a lure and an encouragement to royalty, that the restoration of kingly power "would confirm to her the unmolested enjoyment of its *antient territory.*" To the nation, which has secured to itself Belgium, and a great part of Germany, which still hovers upon Italy, which has driven the forces of two Emperors out of Switzer-

land, which has forced us to *ransom our army* out of Holland;—to this nation *we* offer as its reward for a restoration of monarchy, that "it would confirm to it the unmolested enjoyment of its *antient territory!*" We abjure all speculation at present, concerning the good or evil, which might result to France, from the re-adoption of monarchy, nobility, and an established priesthood; we look only to the immense aggrandisement of England and Austria, the rivals of France, and to the immense power and acquisitions of France, which counterbalance them. Contemplating the subject from this point of view singly, we should not hesitate to affirm, that the event implied in the confirmation to France, "of the unmolested enjoyment of its antient territory," would in its effects be nearly tantamount to dismemberment: that if this be the necessary consequence of royalty, Louis XVIII. would purchase his throne at the price of his country. By the encouragement of the Chouans, ministers had already associated with royalism a conduct which we must not mention; and now what would they teach Frenchmen to associate with royalty itself? There are moments of reverie, in which having long dwelt on such measures and such proclamations as these, we have regarded the dreams of Barruel and Robison with a transient faith; and have conceived it possible, that Illuminati and Jacobins may have crept into the cabinets of monarchs, in order to carry on the war against

Jacobinism with deep-laid blunders and dexterous infelicity.

Bonaparte deserted the gallant army which his own ambition had led into Egypt; and, on his return into France, instead of the death which was due to him, he procured the unshared possession of the supreme power. Bonaparte is a fugitive and an usurper. These are our opinions; and, in a tranquil season, these would be the opinions of Frenchmen. It will remain to ministers and their allies to menace the republic, till the love of liberty is suspended by the sense of national danger; to alarm and confuse the minds of its inhabitants, till they consider the very crimes of their usurper only as traces of an high and mysterious destiny; till in their distempered imaginations his flight from Egypt becomes a call from heaven for the saving of his country; and his usurpation is believed to have suspended the forms, only to increase the energies, of freedom, even as the air acquires its explosive power by being condensed. If a fanatic veneration of their leader have metamorphosed the dark and hopeless serfs of the north into warriors, what may not a similar fanaticism produce on the susceptible and visionary mind of France?

Besides, is it absolutely certain that France will remain without an ally? Does there exist no great military power, who has an hereditary fear of Austria, and whose meanest subjects (since the wars of their hero king) draw in with their mothers' milk

a feeling towards Russians, little favourable to the present contest?

All fear of Jacobinism is removed from this power: the revolution, which has established itself on its ruins, was probably concerted under his influence. What then justifies the supposition, that this power will stand by and behold a country reduced to an impotence, which at the same moment will render his own existence and that of his kingdom hazardous and improbable? Is it certain or likely that this power wishes the restoration of the Bourbon family in France? May he not have reason to fear, that personal gratitude to Russia and Austria for recent services might so far weaken in the minds of this family the influence of political duty, as that France, his natural ally, should be perverted into an enemy; or at least be induced to remain neutral during his ruin? It is possible, that the conclusion of Bonaparte's letter meant more than meets the ear; and that he did not shelter himself under the licensed inaccuracy of a general sentiment, when he "ventured to say, the fate of *all* civilised nations is attached to the termination of a war which involves the whole world."

Let these conjectures be well-founded, or without foundation, there remains enough to fear, and nothing to hope, from the war. It has already transferred the whole trade of Europe into our hands, and it can do no more; if we conclude a peace, the surplus of our revenues may be applied successfully

to the diminution of our national debt; commerce will not leave an accustomed channel all at once; nor is it possible for any nation suddenly to acquire the capital and confidence necessary to turn it from us; and ere any successful rival can arise to cut away from us one branch of trade, other branches may have shot out, and enabled us to bear the loss. War, we repeat, can do no more for us than it has already done: and the longer it is prolonged, the heavier will be the burthens which it will leave behind it; and if peace *should* operate to diminish our revenue, the less we shall be capable of sustaining that diminution. We may indeed make ourselves masters of new colonies; but this would only substitute the *en-bon-point* of dropsy for the muscular habit of health, if indeed it be not already substituted.

The ministers, however, have passed "sentence for open war." We protest solemnly against that sentence, *because we are Anti-Gallicans, and Anti-Jacobins;* because, if the war be unsuccessful, it will inflame anew "the gigantic projects of French ambition;" and if it be successful, it will raise Jacobinism from its present state of suspended animation into new and frantic life. All vulgar minds are indiscriminating. Accustomed to fight blindly under some leader whom choice or chance have given them, they take for granted, that the man who is the enemy of one faction, must needs be the partizan of its opponent. When we speak

in due terms of aversion concerning French absurdities or enormities, a whisper is propagated that we are become the friends of the minister. When we drop this subject, as exhausted or self-evident, and plead for peace, because these absurdities have lost the dangerous gloss of novelty, and have been disowned in their very birth-place; immediately the hirelings of ministry join in a concert of abuse against us, as shifting our opinions at the breath of an employer. We exhibited lately our detestation of Bonaparte as an usurper; a few days afterwards we admitted him to be a great General. And this, forsooth, is self-contradiction! We represented his constitution as a dictatorship, and that its pretensions to the name of a representative system were fraud and mockery; shortly after, on the question, What would be the internal power of France in case of the continuance of war? we admitted the *military* resources of a popular and enlightened dictatorship as immense and formidable. And this too, forsooth, is self-contradiction! We have repeatedly pressed upon the attention of our readers the impracticability of all theories founded on *personal rights;* we have contended zealously, that the security and circulation of property, with political power proportioned to property, constitute a good government, and bring with them all other blessings, which our imperfect nature can, or ought to expect. We have stated it as a necessary event, that the government of France will modify itself

sooner or later into a government of property, and the war against France, by calling too many individuals without property into political importance, is the true cause of the delay of this event. Immediately after, an overture for negotiation is made by the new government; and using and repeating these very arguments, we raise our voice and suffrage for peace!—And this too is self-contradiction! —We affirmed, that the wickedness and folly of any government, of Algiers or of Thibet, did not, simply as wickedness and folly, preclude negotiation, or constitute in us any right of interference; —but that if the follies and crimes became really *dangerous* to ourselves, this *might* preclude negotiation, this *would* give us a right of interference by the great paramount law of self-defence. An hireling of ministry accuses us before the public of the sentiment conveyed in the former part of the argument, and drops all mention of the conclusion; nay, has the shamelessness to answer the former part of our argument in his own person, with the very clause which we ourselves had annexed, or rather, indeed, the clause to which the former part of the argument was only introductory; — and he too charges us with self-contradiction! We have laboured to prove (and we believe successfully) that the constitution established by Bonaparte, however much in speculation we may despise or abhor it, contains *nothing dangerous* to this country, should we make *peace* with France (that on the

contrary it would make us contented with our own constitution, by force of contrast); but that if we continued the war, a mighty republic, subjected to a popular dictator, full of enterprise, genius, and military experience, *did* contain circumstances full of peril—and, therefore, we raised again our voice and suffrage for peace! — and this too was self-contradiction!

We are sensible how wearisome and uninteresting to the public are the altercations and squabbles of Journalists. We have hitherto anxiously avoided them. We deviate from this line of conduct, not because we have felt pain from the calumnies or misrepresentations of corrupt or ignorant writers; not because we wished to sweep away dirty webs, which the insect will soon repair from his bag of poison, and weave afresh before the morning; but because it gives us a valuable opportunity of impressing the important truth, that to labour for peace at this present time is most eminently *their* duty and *their* interest, who most rootedly disapprove of revolutionary fanaticism. Ministers flatter the Jacobins most grossly, and pay them a false and wicked compliment, in commanding their writers to rail at the wish for immediate peace as Jacobinical. If there exist in this country such a mysterious being as an enlightened Jacobin, we affirm, and we have *proved*, that it would be his province and his interest to promote the continuance of the war. This truth we have endeavoured to exhibit to the

public in every various light of which it is capable; and we congratulate ourselves with an honest pride, that we have produced no ordinary sensation. One proof we find in the virulence with which we have been lately assailed by the Treasury journals. We must do these writers the justice to admit, that they are never irritated without cause. Imprudent party-speeches, conveyed in Gallican phraseology, or more imprudent palliations of French folly, suggested by the spirit of opposition to the minister, these furnish to the aforesaid writers only subjects for amusing paragraphs, and self-complacent sneers. The viper basks at his ease, and varies his colours in the light. But when he swells, hisses, and vibrates his tongue, then be assured a more formidable enemy has approached — the enemy to whom this animal has the most instinctive antipathy! This is the man, who, attached, and avowing his attachment, to his country and its constitution, subjects himself to the title of Jacobin, rather than not oppose a minister, whom he deems the true fosterer and dry-nurse of Jacobinism both here and in France.

(Friday, January 10, 1800.*)*

OUR readers will find in our Paper of to-day some important additions to the foreign intelligence which we yesterday communicated. Austria makes vigorous preparations for war, and is

levying an income tax throughout her dominions; and we are assured, that ministers have so won upon the condescending spirit of the Emperor, that he has actually consented to receive a loan of *three millions* from this highly obliged, and (we trust) grateful country. — This, it is said, will be among the first measures submitted to parliament. — The plan of invasion is completed :—the French armies of the Rhine, the Danube, and Italy, are first to be completely routed; and Suwarrow, with an hundred thousand Russians, marches strait into Franche Comté, declaring himself Regent of France, by virtue of powers granted from Louis XVIII. The Archduke Charles takes possession of Alsace; Melas is to preface his after more important conquests by first over-running Dauphin and Provence; and Great Britain is to lead the Chouans to Paris, though it is said (we doubt the fact) that the French government concluded a treaty of peace with them on the 30th of December. On the other hand a French journal states, that the King of Prussia has declared to the belligerent powers, that if they do not accede to certain proposals of peace, he will join France. We give this, however, merely as the statement of a journal, and without deciding on its truth or probability. If Prussia join France, what smaller Powers, who have hitherto remained neutral, may be annexed to either party, we can conjecture, but do not deem it either safe or proper to give such conjectures publicly. We doubt the

account of the revolution at Naples, in which the Neapolitan and Russian troops were said to have been defeated, and the city seized by the Insurgents. If we understand the decree of the 13th Nivose, by which the embargo on neutral ships in the ports of the republic is taken off without restriction, the letter of Bonaparte to the Hamburghers is honourable to his character. He reproaches them openly, and silently remits their punishment. His decree, which orders funeral honours to the Pope, considered in itself only, would appear amiable, and dictated by the spirit of that truly liberal philosophy, which regards as awful, and not to be irreverently approached, whatever possesses the reverential awe, and attaches to itself the feelings, of a large mass of our fellow-men. But taken in context with the latter part of his proclamation to the inhabitants of the Western departments, it becomes to the eye of a just observer no more than a handsome patch in the motley coat of a Charlatan —one trick more in the low Harlequinade of Usurpation! — Bonaparte, who so ambitiously prefixed the title of Member of the National Institute to Commander in Chief — Philosopher in Egypt — Mahometan in Syria, has now commenced preacher of the great mystery of Transubstantiation. "May the ministers of the God of peace return to those temples that are again opened for them, and offer with their fellow-citizens that sacrifice (*i. e.* the consecrated wafer), which will expiate the crimes of

war, and the blood which it has shed." This language, which in the mouth of the poor wretches who might believe it, would shock every enlightened Christian for its loathsome superstition, becomes blasphemy in the man who knows it to be superstition. A Papist and an Atheist are the only sects who dare use it without a sense of horror. Besides, whom does Bonaparte hope to deceive? Can he suppose the Chouans so ignorant as not to know his real opinions? Surely the metaphysician Sieyes is sufficiently acquainted with the eternal constitution of mind to have informed his friend (the acting partner in this new government firm) that every, the meanest creature, feels himself insulted by an unsuccessful attempt to deceive him, and both hates and despises the man who attempted it. But it is a common weakness with men in power, who have used dissimulation successfully, to form a passion for the use of it, dupes to the love of duping! A pride is flattered by these lies. He who fancies that he must be perpetually stooping down to the prejudices of his fellow creatures, is perpetually telling himself how much higher he is than they. — But no real greatness can long coexist with deceit.—The whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to noble energies; and he who is not in earnest, self-mutilated, self-paralysed, lives in but half his being.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

(Friday, January 10, 1800.)

MR. EDITOR,

AN unmetrical letter from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville has already appeared, and from an authority too high to be questioned: otherwise I could adduce some arguments for the exclusive authenticity of the following metrical epistle. The very epithet which the wise antients used, "*aurea carmina*," might have been supposed likely to have determined the choice of the French minister in favour of verse; and the rather, when we recollect that this phrase of "*golden verses*" is applied emphatically to the works of that philosopher, who imposed *silence* on all with whom he had to deal. Besides, is it not somewhat improbable that Talleyrand should have preferred prose to rhyme, when the latter alone *has got the chink?* Is it not likewise curious, that in our official answer, no notice whatever is taken of the Chief Consul, Bonaparte, as if there had been no such man existing; notwithstanding that his existence is pretty generally admitted, nay, that some have been so rash as to believe, that he has created as great a sensation in the world as Lord Grenville, or even the Duke of Portland? But the Minister of Foreign Affairs,

Talleyrand, *is* acknowledged, which, in our opinion, could not have happened, had he written only that insignificant prose-letter, which seems to precede Bonaparte's, as in old romances a dwarf always ran before to proclaim the advent or arrival of knight or giant. That Talleyrand's character and practices more resemble those of some *regular* governments than Bonaparte's I admit; but this of itself does not appear a satisfactory explanation. However, let the letter speak for itself. The second line is supererogative in syllables, whether from the oscitancy of the transcriber, or from the trepidation which might have overpowered the modest Frenchman, on finding himself in the act of writing to so *great* a man, I shall not dare to determine. A few notes are added by

Your servant,

GNOME.

P. S. As mottoes are now fashionable, especially if taken from out-of-the-way books, you may prefix, if you please, the following lines from Sidonius Apollinaris:

> Saxa, et robora, corneasque fibras
> Mollit dulciloquâ canorus arte!

Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, to Lord Grenville, Secretary of State in Great Britain for Foreign Affairs, Auditor of the Exchequer, a Lord of Trade, an Elder Brother of Trinity House, &c.

MY Lord! though your Lordship repel deviation
From forms long establish'd, yet with high consideration,
I plead for the honour to hope, that no blame
Will attach, should this letter *begin* with my name;
I dar'd not presume on your Lordship to bounce,
But thought it more *exquisite* first to *announce!*
My Lord! I've the honour to be Talleyrand,
And the letter's from *me!* you'll not draw back your hand
Nor yet take it up by the rim in dismay,
As boys pick up ha'pence on April fool-day.
I'm no Jacobin foul, or red-hot Cordelier,
That your Lordship's *un*gauntleted fingers need fear
An infection, or burn! Believe me, 'tis true,
With a scorn, like your own, I look down on the crew,
That bawl and hold up to the mob's detestation
The most delicate wish for a *silent persuasion.*
A *form long establish'd* these Terrorists call
Bribes, perjury, theft, and the devil and all!
And yet spite of all that the Moralist* prates,
'Tis the keystone and cement of *civilis'd States.*

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* This sarcasm on the writings of Moralists is, in general, extremely just; but had Talleyrand continued long enough in England, he might have found an honourable exception in the second volume of Dr. Paley's Moral Philosophy; in which both Secret Influence, and all the other *Established Forms*, are justified, and placed in their true light.

Those American **Reps!* And i'faith, they were serious!
It shock'd us at Paris, like something mysterious,
That men, who've a Congress—But no more of't! I'm proud
To have stood so distinct from the Jacobin crowd.

My Lord! tho' the vulgar in wonder be lost at
My transfigurations, and name me *Apostate*,
Such a meaningless nickname, which never incens'd me,
Cannot prejudice you or your Cousin against me:
I'm Ex-Bishop. What then? Burke himself would agree,
That I left not the Church—'twas the Church that left me.
My titles prelatic I lov'd and retain'd,
As long as what *I* meant by Prelate remain'd:
And tho' Mitres no longer will *pass* in our mart,
I'm *episcopal* still to the core of my heart.
No time from my name this my motto shall sever:
'Twill be "*non sine pulvere palma*"† for ever!

Your goodness, my Lord! I conceive as excessive,
Or I dar'd not present you a scroll so digressive;
And in truth with my pen thro' and thro' I should strike it;
But I hear that your Lordship's own style is just like it.
Dear my Lord, we are right: for what charms can be shew'd,
In a thing that goes straight like an old Roman road.
The tortoise crawls straight, the hare doubles about,
And the true line of beauty still winds in and out.
It argues, my Lord! of fine thoughts such a brood in us,
To split and divide into heads multitudinous,
While charms that surprise (it can ne'er be deni'd us),
Sprout forth from each head, like the ears from King Midas.
Were a genius of rank, like a common-place dunce,
Compell'd to drive on to the main point at once,

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* A fashionable abbreviation in the higher circles for Republicans.—Thus *Mob* was originally the Mobility.

† *Palma non sine pulvere*—in plain English, an itching palm, not without the yellow dust.

What a plentiful vintage of initiations*
Would noble Lords lose in your Lordship's orations.
My fancy transports me! As mute as a mouse,
And as fleet as a pigeon, I'm borne to the House,
Where all those, who *are* Lords, from father to son,
Discuss the affairs of all those, who are none.
I behold you, my Lord! of your feelings quite full,
'Fore the woolsack arise, like a sack full of wool!
You rise on each Anti-Grenvillian Member,
Short, thick, and blust'rous, like a day in November!†
Short in person, I mean: for the length of your speeches,
Fame herself, that most famous reporter, ne'er reaches.
Lo! Patience beholds you contemn her brief reign,
And Time, that all-panting toil'd after in vain,
(Like the Beldam who rac'd for a smock with her grandchild),
Drops and cries — were such lungs e'er assign'd to a manchild?

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* The word *Initiations* is borrowed from the new Constitution, and can only mean, in plain English, introductory matter. If the manuscript would bear us out, we should propose to read the line thus — "What a plentiful *Verbage*, what Initiations!" inasmuch as Vintage must necessarily refer to wine, really or figuratively; and we cannot guess what species Lord Grenville's eloquence may be supposed to resemble, unless, indeed, it be *Cowslip* wine. A slashing Critic, to whom we read the manuscript, proposed to read, What a plenty of flowers — what Initiations! and supposes it may allude indiscriminately to poppy flowers, or flour of brimstone. The most modest emendation, perhaps, would be this—For Vintage, read Ventage.

† We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy of this simile. For, as Lord Grenville, though short, is certainly not the shortest man in the House, even so is it with the days in November.

Your strokes at her vitals pale truth has confess'd,
And zeal unresisted entempests your breast! *
Tho' some noble Lords may be wishing to sup,
Your merit self-conscious, my Lord! *keeps you up*,
Unextinguish'd and swoln, as a balloon of paper
Keeps aloft by the smoke of its own farthing taper.
Ye SIXTEENS† of Scotland, your snuffs ye must trim;
Your Geminies, fix'd stars of England! grow dim,
And, but for *a form long establish'd*, no doubt,
Twinkling faster and faster, ye all would *go out*.
A propos, my dear Lord! a ridiculous blunder

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* An evident Plagiarism of the Ex-Bishop's from Dr. Johnson.

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisting Passion storm'd the breast."

† This line and the following are involved in an almost Lycophrontic tenebricosity. On repeating them, however, to an *Illuminant*, whose confidence I possess, he informed me (and he ought to know, for he is a Tallow-chandler by trade), that certain candles go by the name of *sixteens*. This explains the whole; the Scotch Peers are destined to burn out — and so are candles! The English are perpetual, and are therefore styled Fixed Stars! The word *Geminies* is, we confess, still obscure to us; though we venture to suggest, that it may perhaps be a metaphor (daringly sublime) for the two eyes, which noble Lords do in general possess. It is certainly used by the Poet, Fletcher, in this sense, in the 31st stanza of his *Purple Island*.

"What! shall I then need seek a patron out,
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout,
And shine upon me with her *geminies*?"

Of some of our Journalists caus'd us some wonder:
It was said, that in aspect malignant and sinister,
In the Isle of Great Britain a great Foreign Minister
Turn'd as pale as a journeyman miller's frock coat is,
On observing a star that appear'd in Bootes!
When the whole truth was this (O those ignorant brutes!)
Your Lordship had made his appearance in boots:
You, my Lord, with your star, sat in boots, and the Spanish
Ambassador thereupon thought fit to vanish!
But, perhaps, dear my Lord, among other worse crimes,
The whole was no more than a lie of *The Times*.
It is monstrous, my Lord! in a civilis'd state,
That such Newspaper rogues should have license to prate.
Indeed, printing in general—but for the taxes,
Is in theory false and pernicious in praxis!
You and I, and your Cousin, and Abbé Sieyes,
And all the great Statesmen, that live in these days,
Are agreed, that no nation secure is from vi'lence,
Unless all, who must think, are maintain'd all in silence.
This printing, my Lord—but 'tis useless to mention,
What we both of us think—'twas a cursed invention,
And Germany might have been honestly prouder,
Had she left it alone, and found out only powder.
My Lord! when I think of our labours and cares,
Who rule the department of foreign affairs,
And how with their libels these journalists bore us,
Tho' Rage I acknowledge than Scorn less decorous;
Yet their presses and types I could shiver in splinters,
Those Printers' black Devils! those Devils of Printers!
In case of a peace—but perhaps it were better
To proceed to the absolute point of my letter:
For the deep wounds of France, Bonaparte, my master,
Has found out a new sort of *basilicon* plaister.
But your time, my dear Lord! is your nation's best treasure,
I've intruded already too long on your leisure;
If so, I entreat you with penitent sorrow
To pause, and resume the remainder to-morrow.

(Tuesday, January 14, 1800.)

THE account, which we gave yesterday, that the Brest fleet was ready for sailing, has been magnified into its being actually at sea. It is not probable that this would happen pending a negotiation; and it is just only possible, that the result of this negotiation could have been (even by the Telegraph) notified to the French government time enough for such orders to have been issued to, and executed by, the fleet, so early as the date of the present report. And indeed, after sedulous inquiry, we have no reason to hesitate in pronouncing it a mere rumour, without foundation or plausibility. We turn therefore to consider a more interesting subject — the state of the parties in France. The first and least numerous is, the Anarchical, or that of the absolute Equalizers, who, since the death of Babœuf, have remained without any ostensible leader.—Among these new *Fifth Monarchy-men*, are to be found some men of crazy talent, the Sir Harry Vanes of France; but the mass is composed of the dregs of Paris, though it is believed that the restless activity of Babœuf had spread these wild visions among the day-labourers in the provinces. Next to these are the absolute Despotists; enthusiasts who fight at the command of priests in the full faith that they shall gain in the next world that paradise, which the Anarchists dream they can produce in this. The third party is that of the

Parisian Royalists; the fine ladies and fine gentlemen of the metropolis, and the bold free-thinkers who, when royalty was the established form, were republicans; and now that republicanism is the legal government, have become royalists. From these three parties nothing is to be hoped, and nothing feared. There follow to these the men who, believing that political liberty is not possible in a country so menaced by foreign and civil war, and so newly revolutionized as France, are advocates for a temporary dictatorship, disguised from the grosser eye of the public as decorously as possible. With these may be ranked the men who hold that liberty is at no time practicable, yet deeming that hereditary nobility and a dominating priesthood are evils necessarily attached to the restoration of the old family, but not necessarily inherent in monarchy simply considered, prefer from principle the Chief Consul Bonaparte to Louis XVIII. These two classes are the admirers of the new constitution, and, together with that herd of flatterers and fanatics, which a romantic good fortune has secured to the Chief Consul, form the ardent supporters of it. This party is called by their opponents the *Military Faction*. The Jacobins, who wish to form a government on personal rights, independent of property; and the moderate Republicans, who deem that the highest possible quantity of civil and political liberty will exist in governments, that take property for their chief basis; are the enemies, or

at least the jealous *tolerators* of the new government, and are styled the *civil faction*. Among the most moderate of these, and perhaps the most distinguished for talent, is Benjamin Constant, who is at the head of the opposition in the Tribunate. We shall hereafter give the introductory and philosophical part of his masterly speech on the first proposals of the government. His sentiments ask and merit the most serious attention.

It has been the opinion of wise and good men, that to act effectively, we must act in *parties*; that is, that men, who *really* agree with each other in certain *great* points, should keep up an *appearance* of agreeing in *all* points, and act and vote accordingly. If they deem of the men in power, that their fundamental principles are vicious, they conceive themselves justified in opposing systematically every particular measure of these men, though it should be good in itself, as becoming evil from its connection with their general system; and because by harassing, they hope to distress and weaken the government, of which they disapprove. An opposition conducted on these principles, Benjamin Constant condemns and abjures; 1. Because it tends to encourage the principles of self-delusion; disguises, while it flatters, the love of power; and introduces the jesuitical morality of practising evil for uncertain good. 2. Because such practices must necessarily disturb and deceive the intellectual powers of the opposition party, and substitute

that poor and heartless dexterity in argumentation, which belongs to hired advocates in law-courts, for the comprehensive views, and plain *straight forward* reasoning of legislators. 3. Because it really disappoints its own purposes, and enables a bad government with much plausibility to throw odium on the general principles of the party, by detecting and exposing inconsistencies in the detail of its conduct. 4. (and of most importance) Because it diffuses among the people a spirit of indifference to the sentiments and reasons produced during legislative discussions, in consequence of their belief that the persons themselves who bring forward such arguments and feelings are but playing a part; and that it thus prevents a legislature from realizing its highest possible utility, that of being the great organ of national instruction, and (of course) intrinsic and permanent amelioration. From these motives Constant pleads most emphatically for the perpetual exercise of individual judgment, and contends that by this means a bad government will be most certainly demonstrated to be bad, and fall in consequence; while a good government will derive strength and activity from it, as from a *ventilation* at once mild and perpetual. Ministers might at length be accustomed to see particular measures opposed without feeling any opposition to themselves; to oppose might be conceived of as only an attempt to enlighten; infallibility would be pretended to by neither party; and the executive and

deliberative branches avoid the fatal and common evil, of committing mutual follies from mutual irritation. No opposition to a government, and a systematic opposition, are founded on the same principles, and produce the same effects. They are both alike justified on the pretended necessity of sacrificing individual judgment to general harmony; they both teach mankind to consider discussion as implying discord; the former makes a legislature one army and subjects it to military law; the latter forms a separate and hostile body, but acts, in itself, on the same principles.

(Tuesday, January 21, 1800.)

A COUNCIL of the cabinet ministers was yesterday held at Lord Grenville's office, which continued near three hours: the result was laid before His Majesty at Buckingham-house; and we expect the French courier will be immediately sent back with no other answer than that which was given to the former communications.

The official letter from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to Lord Grenville, which was brought on Saturday by the former messenger, has not yet been *officially* published. From the outline given in the ministerial papers, it should appear to be a controversial answer to Mr. Windham's Note. With respect to the origination of the war, it retorts

the charge of aggression on the English ministry, and supports it by reference to proclamations, manifestoes, and other public acts of our government. In answer to the invectives against the former rulers of France, and the inference that nothing better is to be expected from the present, Talleyrand acknowledges (we quote from a ministerial paper) "that some of the different rulers who have governed France since the revolution have given *real* cause to its inhabitants for anger, and have afforded *just* motives for alarm and complaint to foreign powers; but the opposition which they have met from part of the French people, excited and supported by the foreign powers, leagued with us in their designs of overturning the liberty of the French, and of forcing on them their old form of government, affords a *justification* of their conduct." How the inhabitants of a country can have *real* cause of anger, or foreign powers *just* motives of complaint, against a government, whose conduct is *justifiable*, we confess ourselves at a loss to explain. And unless Talleyrand's words have been reverberated to us by a sort of *Irish echo*, which has contrived to improve on the original, by a blunder of its own, we "must proceed to confess," that Talleyrand and Mr. Windham are most happily matched! — Would to Heaven no other shot might pass than their paper-pellets, and no other wounds be inflicted than theirs on logic and grammar! The letter concludes by contending that no

causes exist of a nature to prevent the propriety of immediate negotiations for peace. "He therefore presses our ministers to accede to a conference, and proposes that it shall be held at Dunkirk, or any other place which shall be deemed more convenient." Our ministers, it is stated, will make replication to this reply; but will refer to the first note with respect to the proposals for negotiation. As this note, therefore, is appointed *Atlas* for life, to bear on its shoulders the whole weight of ministerial argument, we are compelled, however reluctantly, to pay it once more the compliment of a confutation. Ministers are tender perhaps of their *untouched* proofs, and humanely consider that no subsequent confutation can affect arguments already confuted. It were well for poor Humanity, if the same use could be made of the men that have been already "*killed off;*" if the War Secretary could imitate the magician in the old romance, and march against the enemy an army of dead soldiers, "thrice slain," yet fighting still!—The French government appears to us to have proposed to itself two objects in its letter; first, to convince the people of England, that their first proposals were not mere professions, held forth to obtain popularity for itself, and throw odium on its enemies, but proceeding from a serious and earnest desire of peace. And this object the letter has already answered, for the ministerialists now waive all their former suspicions of insincerity, and affirm that the Chief Consul is

desirous of peace from feelings "of his own interest —it is his inability to support the war — it is then from conviction that war must overturn his power, and that peace may perhaps maintain it. It is not a peace of principle but of necessity." This is very natural language from the organs of the ministers; for men almost uniformly attribute to others those motives which alone, they are conscious, would influence themselves. It proves however, undeniably, that this second application from France has removed all doubt of the Chief Consul's sincerity; and this we stated to have been the first object of the letter. The second object seems to have been, officially to contradict the assertion contained in our note, that the present French government, in *its official capacity*, had admitted all the preceding governments to have been incapable of concluding, in the name of the nation, treaties of peace, and of maintaining the same. And this object too has been answered: for we find it already admitted, that in relation to foreign powers, the preceding governments are justified by the present rulers of France, and that "by this justification Bonaparte has put himself in a common cause with them." This was the second object. But the passage in our Note here answered is curious, and deserves a further comment. — "His Majesty cannot place his reliance on the mere renewal of general professions of pacific dispositions. Such professions have been repeatedly held out by all those who have

successively directed the resources of France to the destruction of Europe; *and whom the present rulers have declared to have been all from the beginning, and uniformly incapable of maintaining the relations of amity and peace.*" The latter clause of this period was doubtless considered by its author as a *home-stroke.* And were the subject of the official Note no more than a paper war between Mr. Windham and Bonaparte, we should admit it to be a dexterous controversial *thrust* — a missile from a dwarfish intellect, driven into the forehead of the Goliah of France. But the Note lays claim to a higher character: it is an answer decisive of the lives of thousands, from England to France; nor can we remember one other instance, in which a foreign nation has built a national argument on the basis of a party assertion. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a figure of rhetoric, which may be admissible in the warmth of senatorial retort, and which is certainly very useful in pointing newspaper paragraphs; but it is most unworthy of a man writing or speaking in the person of his Sovereign. But it is with the War Secretary, as with bad actors; he can represent no character but his own, and his own character is interesting only to himself, and formidable only to devoted emigrants on Quiberon expeditions. His mind is coarse and anarchical; and possessing the irritability without the inspiration of genius, he forgets the solemnity of declaration in the pertness of debate; and carries

with him the habits of a disputing club into the *adyta* of the Cabinet. Our ministers ought to have specified treaties made by one ruling party in France, and afterwards broken by the party that succeeded them, in order to give any weight to the argument deduced from "a fresh revolution" in France. Revolution! a change of ministry in England could be accompanied with no less convulsion, and would, we trust, in reality, though not in forms, be attended by a much greater change of measures. Had Bonaparte, instead of an intemperate personal sally against the *ci-devant* directors, declared, as Chief Consul, that he would respect no treaty concluded by them in the name of their country, then, indeed, he would have furnished an argument not only against himself, but likewise against the nation which tolerated his government. Besides, what security has any government for the faithful observation of the treaties concluded with it, except its own strength, and the interest of the party treating? Was ever treaty kept after it had become the interest of the contracting party to break it? In what cause but ill-faith in the observation of treaties have the whole series of modern wars originated? But we are, perhaps, uselessly employed in detecting absurdities so glaring. The Note was not meant for the statesman, Bonaparte. The Chouans! the Chouans! They have warmer passions and less logic: and the ministerial retainers at home, who are more fearful of silence, than ambi-

tious of sense, wish only to have some words put in their mouths; with these they can answer all arguments with the promptness of parrots, and with as obstinate and *unadding* a fidelity. Mr. Windham may apply to Bonaparte the words of the famous Lulli to the Virgin Mary. This great composer, as he entered a church, hearing some light music of his most inappropriately set to a very solemn hymn, exclaimed, " Pardon me, holy Mother! but indeed it was not meant for you!"

(Thursday, January 23, 1800.)

A MESSAGE from the King yesterday communicated to the House of Commons the particulars of the two attempts in favour of a negotiation from the Chief Consul, and the answers of our Government. Monday next is the day appointed for taking them into consideration. The second letter from France with its inclosure, and the answer from Lord Grenville, we this day present to our readers. We stated in our Tuesday's paper the two objects which appeared to us to have influenced the Chief Consul to this repetition of his proposals, and reply to our ministers' objections, viz.—to remove all suspicion of his sincerity in the former proffer; and secondly, to repel the charge of incompetency in *any* French government since the Revolution to preserve the relations of peace and amity, either as having existed in itself, or as having been acknow-

ledged by *him* in his official capacity. These objects are of the first importance; in the means adopted to realise them, it became necessary to notice the assertion of our government, that the war originated in an unprovoked attack from France, lest silence should be construed into assent, and this too be hereafter adduced, as "an express testimony (given at the time) of the government of France itself." The French note commences, therefore, by retorting the charges of aggression on England, and supports them by an enumeration of facts, particularly by that of the dismissal of the accredited minister of France. It then alludes to the selfish and ambitious projects of the powers leagued against her; projects which our ministers themselves have never had the confidence to deny. Thus attacked, and thus menaced, "the republic could not but extend universally her efforts of self-defence;" and if amid that unexampled career of victory, which rewarded the energy of her resistance, "the depositaries of her executive authority did not always shew as much moderation, as the nation itself had shewn courage;" let it be remembered, that "the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France," leave them not wholly unjustified. "The circumstances of the internal situation of France were critical;" the immense revenues of Great Britain were still at the disposal of the same ministers, who in the season of her distress had threatened

her with extermination, and whom the terror of her successes, and the necessity of satisfying the people at home, had impelled to pacific conferences, not any real alteration in their feelings towards the French republic, or any sincere recantation of their opinions. The French executive had to choose between open and concealed war, and in the then critical state of her internal circumstances, they deemed the former less formidable to the republic than the latter. Their desire of conquest was made reasonable by the annihilation of their commerce and navy, and justifiable on the system of a defensive war by anticipation; even as *we* now justify our late conquests in the Mysore. The Chief Consul's eagerness for a general peace (the power of Great Britain continuing in the present hands) evidences his convictions of "the strength and solidity" which the present constitutional system both contains in itself, and has secured to the interior of France, and his sagacity in acting unhesitatingly on the great political axiom, that the bad principles of an enemy present an obstacle to a peace, only while they remain dangerous. "But why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, on either side, should not attention be rather paid to the means of terminating it?" Why is the imprescriptible right of the people to confer the sovereign power, under what "form and with what limitations they please," acknowledged and recognized, and yet an interference in the internal affairs of the republic exercised by in-

sidious invitations which tend palpably to excite and encourage internal commotions? By what species of argument can the English ministry ward off the charge of gross inconsistency, in having petitioned for a negotiation from France in the moment of her triumphs, when the principles of her leaders were less assimilated to those of other governments, and refusing to accept the offer of negotiation now, when "the present and reciprocal situation of affairs promises a rapid progress to them." "The Chief Consul proposes therefore to put an immediate end to hostilities by agreeing to a suspension of arms, and naming plenipotentiaries on each side, who should repair to Dunkirk, or any other town as advantageously situated for the quickness of the respective communications, and who should apply themselves without any delay to effect the re-establishment of a peace and good understanding between the French republic and England." Such is the substance of the letter—such is the *spirit* of the argument. We have arranged and elucidated the reasoning, but not altered it. This we have done, partly because the English translation is so inexpressibly barbarous, so utter a jargon, as to be only not unintelligible; and partly because we wished to exemplify the determination which we have ever and uniformly professed, of preserving sacred the distinction between the personal crimes of Bonaparte, as an usurper, and his political sagacity and moderation, as the existing chief magistrate. The an-

swer, which our ministers have returned, is but a slovenly and ill executed *da capo* of their former note. The spirit and the style are such, that we conjecture it must have been composed originally by some emigrant priest, and translated into a *resemblance* of English by Mr. Windham or Alderman Anderson. The first sentence is as exquisite in language, as it is dauntless in assertion. "His Majesty cannot forbear expressing the concern with which he observes in that note, that the unprovoked aggressions of France, the sole cause and origin of the war, are systematically defended by her present rulers under the same injurious pretences, by which they were originally attempted to be disguised." The ministers must attribute to His Majesty a large stock of superfluous concern, if they suppose that he has any to lavish on so natural an occurrence, as that of a nation's refusal to acknowledge itself an unprovoked aggressor! That were an instance of candour of which we know no precedent in times past or present. Lord Grenville might, with reason, have repelled such an unexampled *deviation from the forms long established in the intercourse between civilized States!* "With respect to the object of the note, His Majesty can only refer to the answer which he has already given. He has explained without reserve the obstacles which, in his judgment, preclude, at the present moment, all hope of advantage from negotiation; all the inducements, &c. the personal disposition, &c. the power of in-

suring the effect, &c. and the solidity of the system, &c. all these are points which can be known only from that test, to which His Majesty has already referred them; the result of experience, and the evidence of facts." Excellent!—In order to prove the pacific dispositions of a government, and by way of giving a fair trial to the solidity of a system newly established, 100,000 Russians, twice as many Austrians, and a vast army of Englishmen, are to pierce into France in three different directions, and Suwarrow to be proclaimed regent! And this is the test which Bonaparte's pacific dispositions, and the internal solidity of the new system are to undergo! —Even so the child will not remain satisfied with the sound of his drum without the test of experience, and the evidence of facts: and in consequence, he proceeds to bore a hole in the parchment!

THE OVERTURES FOR PEACE.

(Saturday, January 25, 1800.)

WE detected and exposed, in our paper of Thursday, the two leading absurdities of Lord Grenville's second note, viz. that of expecting from a great nation an acknowledgment that it had been an unprovoked aggressor, and that of continuing a tremendous war against a country which petitions for peace, as the means of arriving at facts to evidence such pacific dispositions; but the late-

ness of the hour, and the limits of our paper, prevented us from analysing this note with that minuteness which its importance, though not its merits, demanded. We shall now resume it; nor will our readers yield us a reluctant attention. It is the popular faith that stars, on reaching the earth, are turned at once into shapeless and offensive jellies; but offensive and shapeless as it might appear to our earthly senses, yet who would be weary of examining a star? It is sufficiently dignified by the place from whence it came down to us.

"His Majesty cannot forbear expressing the concern, with which he observes that the unprovoked aggressions of France, the sole cause and origin of the war, are systematically defended by her present rulers, &c." If these professions of concern be any thing more than the common-place hypocrisy of a state declaration, they argue in the ministry a gross and unthinking spirit. Were France justly criminated, yet that she should herself confess the justice of the crimination, so far from becoming an object of expectation, ought not even to be wished. To have been the sole and wilful cause of a war like the present, involves such enormous guilt, that the latest posterity of that nation would be weighed down under the load, and suffer the punishment of *imputed* iniquity. We are not unconnected with the crimes of our ancestors. Let a few years elapse, and will there be a man who would not, spite of his reason, feel the shame of guilt, if it were truly objected to

him, that his father had been a slave-merchant, or the planner of a Quiberon expedition? or that his forefather had served the British ministers as scalp-commissary in America, and had aggrandised his family by the per centages which he had received for his purchases from the savages, purchasing scalps for tomahawks? We are the creatures of sympathy and imagination; therefore the goodness of Providence has almost uniformly involved, in a wise obscurity, the real origination of so vast a horror as a war. Mutual accusations have proved only mutual guilt: the genuine documents have been destroyed, or, if preserved, have been jarring and contradictory; aggressions have referred to former aggressions; and causes and effects have been alternated; till the whole argument moves in a giddy circle, and history either leaves the controversy undecided, or is permitted to pronounce a mock-decision, only because the passions and feelings of men are no longer interested in its truth or falsehood. These unprovoked aggressions, however (the opening of the Scheldt, &c.), were the sole cause and origin of the war! If this were indeed true, how grossly have not Mr. Pitt and Mr. Windham calumniated themselves in the whole series of their parliamentary declarations! In what ignorance must they not have kept the poor Duke of Portland, who declared in the House of Lords that the cause of the war was the maintenance of the Christian religion! Mr. Burke's pension seemed to imply the existence of

no small confidentiality between him and the government; yet Mr. Burke declared, that the true cause of the war had never yet been officially stated to the people, and blamed ministers for their reserve and timidity in this respect. If no miserable subterfuge be attempted, if the internal revolutionary regulations in France, religious and political, be not classed among her unprovoked aggressions; we commit this assertion undoubtingly to the common sense and common honesty of the people of England for trial and for judgment. "His Majesty will not enter into a refutation of allegations now universally exploded, and (in so far as they respect His Majesty's conduct) not only in themselves utterly groundless, but contradicted both by the internal evidence of the transactions to which they relate, and also by the express testimony (given at the time) of the government of France itself." *Universally* exploded! Does the present French government explode them? Are there no exceptions among the myriads of enthusiastic Anti-Anglicans throughout France?—Have Mr. Burke's 80,000 incorrigible Jacobins exploded them? Has Mr. Erskine, and all the numerous converts which his pamphlet made in the score or two of editions through which it passed, exploded them? What facts have ministers lately adduced of an evidence so overwhelming, as to produce this universality of assent to a question so involved and complicated? These allegations have been repeated and repeated, till those who are

the most convinced of their truth have become weary of repeating them; and it has been the policy of ministers to answer them by abusive epithets and a feigned contempt, as some have been said to have scared away a lion simply by staring him full in the face. But the phrases "ridiculous," "stale nonsense," "exploded absurdities," &c. are a defensive armour which has been so long used in controversial warfare, that it is now completely worn out, and is as ridiculous as the barber's bason on the head of Don Quixote, which the fancy of that valorous knight had transmuted into Mambrino's helmet. As to the express testimony of the government of France itself, it ought to have been distinctly and circumstantially stated. Was it an *official* testimony, or was it only a party speech, or perhaps a *report* of a party speech? One of these express testimonies, on which our former note founded its main argument, the testator himself has solemnly and officially contradicted.

Allegations, in order to have been "universally exploded," must, we should suppose, be "not only in themselves utterly groundless," but be likewise "contradicted by internal evidence," if not by "express testimony." The allegations of the French, against the coalition in general, are (it is asserted) universally exploded. What then can this "*and (in so far as they respect His Majesty's conduct)*" signify—this conjunction of *accession*, and this cautious parenthesis? Are they intended to convey

the idea, that the assertions which follow do not apply to His Majesty's *allies*, but only to His Majesty's own conduct? or that ministers *doubt* whether they do or no? or at least dare not pretend to affirm them with *equal* certainty? This, or something like this, the parenthesis must mean, or it means nothing at all. And if this *be* the meaning, with what justice can the allegations against the allies be said to be *universally* exploded, when, as it should appear by this parenthesis, the ministers themselves do not presume wholly to explode them? Let it not be too hastily thought, that we are captious and hypercritical. The contradiction, deducible from this parenthesis, *may* indeed have arisen merely from the want of logical precision in the mind of the man who drew up the note. But we appear to ourselves to have discovered a more important cause. We appear to ourselves to have detected, both in this and in the following paragraph, proofs of no mean presumptiveness, that the unanimity, which is assumed in the senate, does not always exist in the cabinet. The contradictions in certain religious articles, which even our most determined theologians have found so difficult to reconcile, history explains at once; for history has preserved the fact, that the drawers up of these articles were themselves not of one mind, and that their disputes were finally settled, not by mutual conviction, but by mutual *compromise*. Each threw in his opinions; and the whole was left at once to

combine and to counteract, like the drugs in an old prescription.—We confess, that our late official notes exhibit to us this same complexion. Mr. Pitt, and the disciples of Mr. Burke, may differ essentially in politics, practical and theoretic, nor is it quite certain that "the king's friends" do not differ from them both. What *were* the *real*, and what *ought* to be the *ostensible*, causes of the war; under what character we ought to class the conduct of all the allies in the former, and of Austria in the latter, campaigns; with what degree of strength England is entitled to press for the restoration of the old monarchy, and with what degree of definiteness other possible conditions of peace ought to be stated; these are difficult questions, that have been prolific of dissensions among the junto in power! But finding discussion fruitless, and considering inconsistency as a less evil than inco-operation, they have at length agreed to mingle up all their notions as decorously as possible, in an *olla podrida* of mutual accommodation; and these official notes have been the result. The restoration of monarchy is demanded as the condition of peace with all Mr. Windham's *Chouannerie;* but somewhat has been conceded to the opinions and fears of Mr. Pitt, and "in explicit terms," the *possibility* is admitted, that other circumstances undescribed and indescribable may arise, which shall be capable of realizing the same good purpose. This admission answers two ends; it is a corps of reserve to cover some future

retreat, and it is a concession to the feelings of those, who, it is whispered, on the late discussions in the cabinet, have voted in the minority. The personal friends of a great personage, who think a government with the forms of freedom preferable to an avowed despotism, chiefly because these forms, by multiplying the modes of patronage, render power more intense; Mr. Pitt and his friends, who think that their own importance depends on the constitution, containing *something* more than the forms of freedom: and Mr. Windham, &c. who are so panic-struck from Jacobinism and Atheism, that they do not *think* at all; these are heterogeneous elements, combined by reluctant affinities, easily decomponible by mere accidents, and indebted to a felicity of accident for their preservation from decomposition. They are indeed rather held in suspension, than combined; and, sooner or later, one or other of the compounds will necessarily be *precipitated*. Mean time, in consequence of their joint love to the people of France, they will heap taxes, even to exhaustion, on the people of England, in order to send into France almost half a million of men, commissioned to — do all, that is meant by the goodly phrase of a *vigorous defence!* Unfortunate France, alike unfortunate in thy pretended guardians, within and without! Hylax, a wolf-dog (said the admirable Lessing, from whom we translate the fable), was guarding a sheep. Cæsar, who (like Hylax) both in hair, snout, and ears, resembled a wolf, ra-

ther than a sheep-dog, flew with open mouth against him, exclaiming,—"Wolf! what art thou doing with that sheep?"—"Wolf indeed! (cried Hylax) Impudent ruffian! *thou* art the wolf! away! or thou shalt soon find that I am placed here, as the sheep's defender!"

This answer of course enraged, not convinced, the wolf-dog, Cæsar; he proceeded to take away the sheep from Hylax with force and fury; with no less force and fury, Hylax struggled to retain it; and the poor sheep (O such excellent defenders!) was torn in pieces between them!

LORD GRENVILLE'S NOTE.

(Probably January 22, 26, or 27, 1800.) [*]

WE think *in* words, and reason *by* words.—The man who, while he is speaking or writing his native language, uses words inaccurately, and combines them inconsequentially, may be fairly presumed to be a lax and slovenly reasoner. False reasoning is perhaps never wholly harmless; but it becomes an enormous evil, when the reasoning, and the passions which accompany it, are to be followed by the sacrifice of tens of thousands. If

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[*] Numbers 22, 26, and 27 are missing in the file of the Morning Post for 1800, which I had to examine. S. C.

this be a true statement, even a merely verbal criticism on an important State-paper merits the attention of the public; and believing that it is a true statement, we shall proceed to consider Lord Grenville's Note, relatively to the language and style. "Until it shall distinctly appear that those causes have ceased to operate, which originally produced the war, and by which it has since been protracted, and in more than one instance renewed." Here the simple and intelligible word "war" must have had a species of ministerial *duplicity* imparted to it: for how can one and the same thing be at once "protracted and renewed?" That which is protracted cannot have been finished; and that which has never been finished cannot possibly have been renewed. "The *same* system, to the prevalence of which France justly ascribes all her present miseries, is that which has *also* involved the rest of Europe in a long and destructive warfare, of a nature long since unknown *to* the practice of civilized nations." Here the connective word "also" should have followed the word "Europe." As it at present stands, the sentence implies that France, miserable as she may be, has, however, not been involved in a warfare. The word "same" is absolutely expletive; and by appearing to refer the reader to some foregoing clause, it not only loads the sentence, but renders it obscure. The word "to" is absurdly used for the word "in." A thing may be unknown *to* practitioners, as humanity and

sincerity may be unknown to the practitioners of State-craft, and foresight, science, and harmony may have been unknown to the planners and practitioners of Continental expeditions; but even "cheese-parings and candle-ends" cannot be known or unknown "*to*" a practice!!

"For the extension of this system." Christ *extended* the moral law of Moses; but the Apostles did not *extend*, they *propagated* the system of Christ. "Germany has been ravaged: Italy, *though* now rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy." Is this a figure of speech? And is the whole put for a part? We have always understood, and even the ministerial writers have not contradicted it, that *Naples* "*though*" rescued from its invaders, has been made the scene of unbounded rapine and anarchy. But that Suwarrow, "*though*" he had rescued the North of Italy from its invaders, should have pillaged and anarchised it in so unbounded a manner—this we did not expect to hear asserted in a State paper, written by the ministers of his good and generous ally! "it is to a determined resistance alone that is now due whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, or for the free exercise of religion." This may be all excellently good *Grammar*, Mr. Windham! but it is most villanous *English!*

"Such professions have been repeatedly *held*

out by all those who have *successively* directed the resources of France." Young children, who have been lately *held out* by their nurses, often talk as vulgarly. The latter part of the sentence should have been, " who successively have directed," not " who have successively directed." — Is not Mr. W. metaphysician enough to perceive the difference?

" But the conviction of such a change, however agreeable to His Majesty's wishes, can result only from experience, and " — What is to follow this " and?" Experience we apprehend to mean " the evidence of facts." We will substitute this definition, and then observe what follows — " But the conviction of such a change can result only from the evidence of facts, and (what else?) the evidence of facts! Mr. Windham! your writings will die of a *plethora* of meaning.

" It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its antient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means." Are tranquillity and peace then *means?*

Louis the 14th left no pernicious example of disturbing the security of nations; this was a mushroom of republican growth! But hush! our criticism must be *verbal;* else we could have smiled in observing, how curiously and expressly the sovereignty of the people is admitted and recognised in

the following paragraph: "or in whose hands she shall vest the authority," &c. But we have given enough "by which to judge." 'Twere a wearisome and idle task to pluck *all* the nettles and stinking henbane out of a ditch where not a flower grows to be injured by them.

From a metaphysician we naturally expect a logical combination of sentences; from a scholar, accuracy in the use of words; from a gentleman, ease and elegance of style. Mr. Windham is believed to be at once gentleman, scholar, and metaphysician. Can it then be true, that Mr. Windham is the author of the Official Note? In almost every paragraph we meet with solecisms "unknown *to* the practice" of any classical writer. So endless are the repetitions and recurrences in this Note, that it seems almost to explain by analogy the curious difficulty how the same thing can be at once "protracted and renewed." Indeed so obscurely is it worded, that it appears little calculated to produce an "*extension*" of ministerial power at home, or a *propagation* of their system abroad.

Through the whole of this note we may observe the clearest marks of labour strangely modified by two opposite principles, the consciousness of debility, and the self-complacent pride of office. The forms of connection are multiplied unnecessarily, and in the most obtrusive manner; but the connection itself is sufficiently slender for a Pindaric Ode. The same idea is repeated in a variety of

phrases, than which no stronger proof can be given of dimness in the intellectual, and vanity in the moral, character. It is a mad beggar's dream of riches. We conclude with two quotations, one from Lord Rochester, the other from Geoffrey Chaucer; and leave the application of the first to our readers.

> " Nature's as lame in making a true fop,
> As a philosopher: the very top
> And dignity of folly we attain
> By studious search and labour of the brain—
> God never made a coxcomb worth a groat."
>
> ROCHESTER.

" And if it be so, that we have yshewed in our lith English trewe conclusions, conne us the more thank, and praye God save the King that is Lord of this language, and all that him faith bereth, and obeieth everiche in his degree, the more and the lass."—CHAUCER's *Astrolabie.*

(Probably January 22, 26 or 27, 1800.)

THE result of the Irish debates has confirmed our opinion of the ungroundedness of the hopes which the Anti-Unionists appeared to have entertained. We know too well the materials of which that faction is composed, who form a large part of the parliamentary Anti-Unionists. On the question itself, in all its bearings, we shall have frequent occasion to deliver our sentiments; at

present we shall only express our surprise and regret, that Sir Laurence Parsons should have rested so much of his argument on the merits of the Irish parliament. His very motion, as Lord Castlereagh justly observed, was in direct contradiction to his argument. What must that assembly be, in which a question of such immense national importance can be lost or carried by a low manœuvre? Twenty writs are issued. It is known that the persons returned will be creatures of government; and we must therefore anticipate this intrigue by a trick of our own. Thus must the motion be construed: it admits of no other construction. "But (says Sir Laurence) if the subserviency of the Irish parliament were a fair ground to call for its extinction, would not the argument be at least as strong against that of England? Let any man state to me an instance of base servility to the Minister by the Irish Senate, and I will pledge myself to find him one, equally base and servile in the British Parliament." Let this be accurate or erroneous, it does not appear that the question of the Union is affected by it; for even on the hypothesis that both parliaments were involved in one character, it would by no means follow that it is better and more *œconomic* for the empire to have two vicious assemblies than one. An honest man, who should give his real opinions on certain subjects, would probably exhibit more *truth* than *prudence;* but were we to enter on the comparative merits of certain great assem-

blies, we should be inclined to decide in favour of one of them, not only from national partiality, but because, if, as Mr. Burke observed, "*vice* loses half its evil, by losing all its grossness," corruption may be more pernicious by being more palpable, even though it should not be more intense.—"*I keep up appearances, Sister!*"

ON THE LATE DEBATE.

(Saturday, February 1, 1800.*)*

LORD GRENVILLE on Tuesday night stated, "That peace was an object, not only to be devoutly wished for, on the score of humanity, but that the interests of our commerce likewise were decidedly in favour of so desirable an event." The Earl of Liverpool, on the same evening, found his arguments so completely anticipated by Lord Grenville, and their opinions so perfectly *similar*, as to leave him little occasion to develope them in his own person: and almost immediately hereupon proceeded, in words of the following import: "Our commerce, since the war, has prospered beyond example. In fact, we may almost be said to have the whole commerce of the world in our hands. Our trade, manufactures, and agriculture, also flourish extremely. Ought we, then, to consent, by a premature peace, to open the ports of France, to

let them share our commerce, and to enable the Republic to revive their manufactures and trade?" We shall not insult the discernment of our readers by pointing out the perfect *similarity* in the opinions of the two noble lords, nor animadvert on the enlarged policy of pleading against a *premature* peace by an argument which either proves nothing at all, or proves the propriety of perpetual war with France, or a war to be terminated only by her utter destruction. Two rival tradesmen were engaged in the same line of business: the one of them, by a fortunate train of circumstances, had already *ruined* the other; and, not content with this, he perseveres in a plan to murder him and his family. And why? Simply, because if he do not, it is possible that the man and his family may once more set up against him! The Earl of Liverpool is distinguished by his enlarged policy; for, as Lord Grenville observed, "an enlarged policy is necessarily built on *humanity*." Still, however, this argument of Lord Liverpool's is the *only argument* which was adduced by ministers during the whole of the debate; it is the chief, and, perhaps, only argument, which affects the minds of men out of parliament; and as such it demands from us a fuller and more detailed examination. That our commerce has been greatly increased since the war, and by the war, is as undoubted a fact, as that our manufactures and agriculture must have been, more or less, injured by it. The injury which

our agriculture has sustained *may* be only *negative.* That is, the progression of improvement cannot have been equal to that which it must have been, had all the men now in our fleets and armies, who belonged to agriculture, been still employed in it. Whether some positive injury may not have been suffered likewise, is a question which we are not competent to answer. The injury sustained by our manufactures is both negative and positive. That they had not increased, our commerce having been so greatly increased, would have been a sufficient proof of the former; and that they have decreased, the whole county of Devonshire, the manufacturing towns of Norfolk, the multitude of untenanted houses in Manchester, and even Birmingham, and the immense multitude of recruits from Norwich, Manchester and Birmingham, yield an accumulation of evidence. These injuries (viz. the negative injury sustained by our agriculture, and the injuries, both negative and positive, inflicted on our trade and manufactures) have been occasioned wholly by the war; nor is there a shadow of reason to doubt that they would be wholly removed by the consequences of a peace. The questions, therefore, are, 1st. To what degree, if at all, will a peace decrease our commerce? And 2nd. To what degree may our commerce be decreased without real detriment to our national interests, or, at least, with no greater detriment than may be counterbalanced by the increased prosperity of our manufactures and agri-

culture? Now, first of all, it is certain, that it is opposite to the very nature of commerce for it to quit an accustomed channel suddenly, or otherwise than slowly. This, which is true at all times, will be eminently true in the present case, from the novelty and revolutionary nature of the French government, and from the insecurity and want of credit arising from that, and from other sources. We should stand against France as one banker, who has stood firm in a general crash, against a repeated and fraudulent bankrupt. The very energies which France will make to restore her manufactures, &c. will, by the reviviscence of a commercial spirit, of itself greatly increase the demand for our manufactures, and for the raw articles, which she will be able at first to gain from us only. Thus, for a while, our commerce would probably continue to increase; and, ere France could aspire to any degree of rivalry, we are justified, by every analogy of the past, in expecting that new branches would shoot forth, which would compensate us for those that had been lopped off, and planted in the possessions of our rival. Thus the renewal of a vigorous trading and commercial spirit in France would, at first, be a benefit and stimulus, even to our commerce; but it would be still more importantly beneficial, both to us and to the quiet of all Europe, in a political light, by giving the death blow to Jacobinism, by reviving all the wholesome and Anti-Revolutionary influences of property, and by

that assimilation of the pursuits and feelings of the French nation to our own, which must infallibly end in assimilating the *spirit* of their government to that of ours. The restoration of the old monarchy we scarcely think possible, and if possible, yet by no means desirable. (That so many of our commercial politicians in power think it so desirable for us, is indeed an involuntary confession that it is not desirable for France; and proves, that, spite of their contempt for French freedom, they *now* fear a peace with the Republic, not from apprehension of Jacobin principles, but from an anticipation of republican energies). Yet, though we profess ourselves no friends to the restoration of the monarchy, and though we believe such restoration barely possible, yet we do not hesitate in affirming it as our opinion, that peace is a far more likely mean thereto than war. For war never has been, and never will be, able to bring about aught else but a stormy alternation of Jacobinism and Dictatorship; while peace, by reviving the spirit of permanent property, *might* incline men to the old government, if only from that idea of security associated with all that is old, and therefore seemingly consecrated by experience. Add too, that a peace granted to France, on fair and honourable terms, would naturally incline her to a favourable leaning towards the government which had granted it; but peace rejected insolently, and war with threats of a threefold invasion, and accompanied by mutual pledges between

two Emperors, not to intermit it till they have forced a king on the country—what other effect can these circumstances produce, than to create or deepen the general hatred in France of emperors and kings, and all that relates to them? But on the supposition that by a perpetual continuance of the war, or by a restoration of despotism, or by any other means, we could be and remain the monopolists of the commerce of Europe, is it quite ascertained, that it would be a real *national* advantage? Is it quite certain, that the condition and morals of the lower and more numerous classes would not be progressively deteriorated? Is it quite certain, that it would not give such a superiority to the moneyed interest of the country over the landed, as might be fatal to our constitution? Has not the hereditary possession of a landed estate been proved, by experience, to generate dispositions equally favourable to loyalty and established freedom? Has not the same experience proved that the moneyed men are far more malleable materials? that ministers find more and more easy ways of obliging them, and that they are more willing to go with a minister through evil and good? Our commerce has been, it is said, nearly trebled since the war; is the nation at large the happier? Have the schemes of internal navigation, and of rendering waste lands useful, proceeded with their former energy? Or have not loans and other ministerial job-work created injurious and perhaps vicious objects for moneyed spec-

ulations? — And what mean these Committees for the labouring poor? These numerous soup-establishments? These charities so kindly and industriously set on foot through the whole kingdom? All these are highly honourable to the rich of this country! But are they equally honourable to the nation at large? — Is that a genuine prosperity, in which healthy labourers are commonly styled "the labouring *poor*," and industrious manufacturers obliged to be fed, like Roman clients, or Neapolitan Lazzaroni? It was well said of revolutions,

> In principatu commutando civium
> Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.

And other goodly names, besides that of Liberty, have had still *worse* effects.

Finally, commerce is the blessing and pride of this country. It is necessary, as a stimulus to the agriculture which sustains, and as the support of the navy which defends, us; but let us not forget that commerce is still no otherwise valuable than as the means to an end, and ought not itself to become the end, to which nobler and more inherent blessings are to be forced into subserviency.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE. (1)

(Monday, February 3, 1800.)

Sed unum hoc ego per hanc dignationis vestræ sinceram audientiam rogo, ut præsente Synodo, quæ nunc de *pace* litigat, pauca me de Epistolis Egyptiacis dignemini audire. —Hilarius ad Constantium.

THE authenticity of these letters hitherto has not been publicly disputed. Have they then received the suffrages of all men of sense, as authentic? And is this the cause, that they have remained unquestioned? Or is it agreed upon by all men of sense, that they are forgeries? And may not this circumstance (joined to *prudent* apprehensions respecting the government under whose auspices the letters were published) have produced the silence? These are possible queries. We think, therefore, that we shall perform no unimportant service to the public in general (but especially to the *believers*), if we subject the letters to some trial, and cross-questioning.

Should our objections appear trifling, sophistical, and vexatious, we shall yet have given a proof, which, without us, would not have existed, that the authenticity of the letters is admitted from the want of reason and ability to evince the contrary, and not from the absence of courage or inclination to make the attempt. It is the high privilege of truth, to transmute objections into proofs; and with the

stones, that had fallen short of her, to build up a wall, which not only insures her security, but prevents even all future *attack*. Promising ourselves therefore no unfavourable hearing, we proceed directly to offer some *doubts (Jovi Congregatori Nubium sacræ)* respecting the three pamphlets, which are affirmed to be faithful and uninterpolated "copies of original letters from the French army in Egypt." — These pamphlets were published at different times, and the letters are said to have been intercepted at different periods; as therefore the authenticity of one part does not necessarily imply the authenticity of the other, we shall examine each part separately.

Any work, which claims to be held authentic, must have had witnesses, and competent witnesses; this is external evidence. Or it may be its own competent witness; this is called the internal evidence. Or its authenticity may be deduced from indirect testimony, such as the absence of all contradiction; or from the *absurdity* of supposing it to be a forgery, as in the case of the works of Virgil, Cicero, &c. which the Jesuit Hardouin contended to have been forged by Monks, in the dark ages.

First, then, what is the external evidence of the first part of the intercepted correspondence? Who are the witnesses? are they competent witnesses? "It was intercepted at different periods by the Turkish and English ships of war." So we are informed by an anonymous editor; and this is all

the positive testimony which the public has received. Why were not the ships of war named? Why, in a work, the impression and importance of which have been the subject of so much ministerial eloquence, were no affidavits given from the commanders of the vessels, both that they had intercepted certain letters, and that these were without interpolation the identical letters which they had intercepted? No single name has been given. We are told, that the letters speak for themselves; and that the originals lie open for inspection. — Ridiculous! Who were to inspect them? What could we inspect? Letters. That they were originals or not originals, no inspection could prove but that of those acquainted with the hand-writing of the different correspondents. To have attempted at proofs, and to have brought forward *such* proofs as the result of the attempt, is a circumstance that justifies suspicion. But it is said, their authenticity is proved from indirect testimony: they have not been contradicted in France. That they *will* not be contradicted, at least some of them, we have had no proof given us: and that they *have* not been contradicted proves nothing, until it be shewn by what means they *could* have been contradicted, even on the supposition that they were forged. Who was to contradict them? The persons to whom the letters were addressed? But the best answer to this is contained in the following extracts from the introduction to the second part—" We begin then with

a bold assertion, it is, that with the exception of such packets as were on board the Généreux, and which might reach Paris by the way of Ancona, the Directory have not received a single original dispatch, nor the people of France a single original letter from the Army of the East, since the capture of Malta." "The uncontrollable dominion which we possess in the Mediterranean, and the annihilation of the French flag in that sea, have rendered what before was a matter of extreme difficulty, almost an impossibility. All the intercepted letters are full of complaints of the want of intelligence: none is received, and none is sent, unless to be taken before their eyes by our cruisers. Nay, so completely are the French in Egypt secluded from the world, that we find them ignorant of the three events, which most concern them, the hostility of the Turks, the revolt of the Maltese, and the renewal of the war in Italy. Bonaparte himself is so sensible of the innumerable obstacles which oppose his communicating with France, that he has long since ceased to attempt it in the usual way. From the period of his defeat by Ibrahim Bey, he has ceased writing altogether, and has had recourse to the press." Pages 12, 13, of introduction to the second part. How then were the persons in France to receive letters which might enable them to contradict the authenticity of the intercepted ones? How could they send to inquire? If ministers wished the circumstance of these letters

not having been contradicted in France, to have had any real weight with thinking men, the letters ought to have been deposited in Paris, not in London: and even then, it would remain a doubt whether a genuine letter had not been intercepted, and the hand-writing imitated.

The last mode of proof, *ab extra*, still remains: the *argumentum ex absurdo*. They are authentic: for an absurdity is involved in the idea of their being otherwise. What absurdity? Was there no much-desired end to be answered from their forgery? Is the immaculate veracity of the persons concerned a self-evident truth? We appeal to any man possessed of calmness and common-sense! Let him read the introduction and notes to these letters (introduction and notes beyond all doubt authorised by the ministers), and then let him declare, whether he can pronounce any *pious fraud* too gross for men so fanatically distempered! For men, who, substituting their wishes for their knowledge, can describe the country of Egypt, as an accumulation of "nauseous and peculiar diseases, intolerable heats, pestilential winds, devouring myriads of venomous insects, and the stench and putrefaction of ten thousand stagnant pools;" and yet afterwards allow it to be "a very fine country!" Some of our readers may recollect the pretended letter of Mons. de Barbaczy to the Archduke Charles, published in The Sun, Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1799. This was a manifest forgery, for the

purpose of transferring to the Directory the horrible guilt of the assassination of the French Ambassadors; and we have adduced it here, as an instance that *such forgeries have been, and for what they have been, and by whom they have been, either executed or patronized.* If then fanaticism, as experience demonstrates, be at all times, and almost by an inevitable process, the parent of imposture, much more must it render the mind an easy *dupe* of imposture. Where is the impossibility that these letters had been forged by French emigrants, or hired deserters, or traitors,—and purposely thrown in the way of capture? Were there no ends to be answered by the forgery? All correspondence with France having been cut off, was it not an excellent opportunity to represent Bonaparte as a *monster*, leagued with the Directory, to sacrifice 40,000 chosen men of France to a foreseen and miserable fate; and by this representation to make the people of France disgusted with all which had thrown glory and splendour on their revolution, and consequently disgusted with the revolution itself? To trace the possibility of this hypothesis step by step, would be no insurmountable difficulty, it might be accomplished with a little ingenuity, but not without a large share of *fool-hardiness.* THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT IS SUSPENDED!

It appears to us, therefore, that the first part of the intercepted correspondence has deduced its authenticity from no species of external evidence. So

far from having brought forward competent witnesses, it has brought forward no witnesses at all! So far from there being any absurdity in the assumption of the correspondence being a forgery, there are more hypotheses than one, which would render the mode of its being forged easily conceivable! And as to the indirect evidence arising from the authenticity not having been hitherto contradicted in France, we have shewn, that such contradiction was impossible; that those who appeal to this argument, have themselves given evidence to prove its impossibility; and that this appeal following an evidence so inconsistent, renders it probable, that the knowledge, that the authenticity *could not* be contradicted, was the encouragement to the forgery!

So much for the external evidence. But, perhaps, the internal evidence will make amends: "*penes me habeo fidem, exteriore non egeo.*" The letters speak *too plainly* for themselves, says the editor: and we assent to his words, though not to his meaning, with an emphatic *Amen!* We must, however, defer our detailed investigation, and content ourselves for the present with a few cursory remarks. First then, we were struck with the very small number of allusions to particular persons, their fates and fortunes. The writers are reasoning and criticising on the expedition, praising the English, and heaping contempt and ridicule on their own exploits, when we should have expected them to

have filled their letters with incidents of themselves, and their acquaintances. The No. 22, is in particular a great curiosity; and we shall conclude our remarks for the present, with paying it the tribute of our admiration. Speaking of the capture of Alexandria, in which he had been himself engaged, the writer informs his father and mother that "men, women, old, young, children at the breast, ALL are MASSACRED!" Now the *truth* of this is far more than problematic (it contradicts not only the French, but the Turkish accounts); and that a French officer should thus speak of an affair in which he himself had acted, and in a letter to his father and mother — that a Frenchman should thus describe himself and his countrymen,—it is a mountain, and we have not faith enough to remove it! This same impartial and humane young officer indulges himself, p. 159, with a sneer on the abolition of the slave trade!!—The hand-writing and signature of this letter are undistinguishably similar to that of the preceding letter, which is signed *Boyer*. But some little incautious *contradictions* in the two letters had been discovered; and the ingenious editor found it convenient to suspect that these two letters could not have had the same author. But two men writing a hand undistinguishably similar in the same army — it is rather remarkable! But that these two men should be both called Boyer; nay, that is somewhat *too* remarkable! So the editor left the difficulty unsolved. But since the

publication of the two first parts it has been discovered, that there is an officer in the Egyptian army, named Royer; and doubtless, he it is to whom the second of these letters does by right belong! Royer and Boyer! Their hand-writing not to be distinguished from each other! Curious coincidence! Happy solution!

Our limits oblige us to defer our further remarks. But one circumstance in Bonaparte's Letter (p. 21. of the third part, the first edition), *must be* anticipated by us; and we shall conclude our strictures for the present, by pressing it on the attention of our readers. Bonaparte is made to write these words: "Of all the chiefs which its inhabitants may rally under, there are none less to be apprehended by us than the Cheiks, who are all timorous, unacquainted with arms, and, *like all other priests*, know how to inspire the people with fanaticism, without being fanatic themselves." To this the editor has annexed the following note — "Bonaparte's ignorance is inconceivable. He has been amusing himself for fifteen months with hunting out and destroying Arabs, Turks, and Copts: and yet he seems to know as little of their distinct policy as if he had never left home. Who ever heard before of Cheik Priests? A Cheik is an Arabian Chief, neither timorous nor unacquainted with arms, as he has frequently found to his cost, &c." To all this we fully subscribe. A Cheik is an Arab Chief, practised in arms from his youth, and no

priest, or connected with priesthood. That Bonaparte, almost a year and a half in Egypt, employing himself with ambitious zeal, and all his well-known indefatigable sedulity, to make himself acquainted with the manners and policy of the country; that Bonaparte should be ignorant of this; that Bonaparte, near a year and a half in Egypt, and engaged in treaties with Cheiks; that he should make a blunder which no common reader of a book of travels ought to have made; — this is not only inconceivable, but morally impossible. READER! IN THE FOURTH EDITION OF THIS THIRD PART THE EDITOR HAS OMITTED HIS NOTE! *May he not have been made conscious, that he has betrayed his own friends!* and that in his exultation over the supposed ignorance of Bonaparte, he has excited the incredulity of his readers to a pitch that may lead to the detection of a very ignorant and very impudent forger?

ANALYSIS OR SKELETON OF THE DEBATE

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1800.

(February 6, 1800.)

Ministerial Arguments.

France was the original and unprovoked aggressor in the war. This is evinced, 1. by the opening of the Scheldt; 2. by the decree which allowed the French armies to pursue their enemies into neutral countries; 3. by the decree of the 19th of November 1792, offering assistance to all nations against their governments; and, lastly, by the decree of the 15th of December, authorising the generals to impose a republican constitution on all countries, into which they should enter. — *Dundas, Canning, and Mr. Pitt, at great length.*

Arguments of the Opposition.

It is on the whole more probable, that this country was the aggressor; and out of all doubt, that Austria and Prussia were. Concerts of different kinds had been entered into, not indeed to dismember France, but most certainly to interfere by means of great armies in her internal government, Austria and Prussia declared themselves ready to attack France, and force the French people to restore their antient line of kings, as soon as the other princes shall agree to co-operate with them. The decree of the 19th of November was a wild and insane act against all nations, not against England in particular; and it was explained away by Chauvelin. If this explanation was not satisfactory, we should

England was not the aggressor. She sent away Chauvelin, it is true; but Chauvelin was the accredited minister of Louis the Sixteenth, and of course his credentials fell away on the murder of that monarch.—That England did not wish to interfere in the internal affairs of France is proved by a document sent from His Majesty's ministers to our minister at Petersburgh, implying the wish of ministers to prevent all such interference, provided France would bind herself to refrain from all aggressions and conquests.—*Pitt.*

The republican government of France from the commencement of the revolution had been oppressive, perfidious, have told him so, and demanded another; but we dismissed him, which dismissal, by the treaty of commerce, was a declaration of war. But what avail these recriminations? Our present concern is, not how we got into the war, but how we are to get out of it.—*Erskine and Fox.*

The document is an admirable paper, well composed, and of the truest principles. Pity that ministers *acted* in direct contradiction to it; pity, that instead of being sent to our minister at Petersburgh, to be heard of now for the first time, it had not been sent openly to Paris. The document proves nothing, or only proves that the ministers acted against their better knowledge.—Chauvelin received new credentials; our refusal to accept of them was in itself an act of aggression, a direct interference in the justice or injustice of the existing government in France.—*Fox.*

The crimes and follies of the French republic are admitted; but it is contended, that they are no greater than

ambitious, breakers of treaties, &c. &c.

those of the partitioners of Poland; that all the acts and schemes of the republic have been but imitations of the acts and schemes of the Bourbon family; that the Bourbons, unmenaced, unalarmed, unagitated by revolutionary enthusiasm, had been oppressive, perfidious, ambitious, and, above all, breakers of treaties. Yet who ever refused to conclude a treaty of peace with them?—*Whitbread and Fox.*

France has been engaged in war with every established government but two; and even these two had been obliged to withdraw their Ambassadors from Paris. She has been at war with Austria, the Empire, Prussia, Spain, Great Britain, Genoa, Modena, Sardinia, Venice, Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Russia, and the Porte. These are incontestable facts; and can they have been the effect of accident?

Every established government in Europe, but two, has been engaged in war with France. Can this be the effect of accident? No! of mutual folly; and, above all, of the intrigues of Ministers. What had France done to Russia?

We cannot expect that France will keep any treaty. She has broken almost every treaty which she ever made. —*Dundas, Canning, Pitt.*

What government observes treaties longer than its interest induces, or its weakness compels it? France has observed her treaty with Prussia. Why

so? Because it is her interest. Our security for her observation of treaties is as great as it ever was in the time of the French monarchy, and even greater, because our commerce and navy are greater. — *Whitbread, Erskine, Fox.*

Bonaparte, on whose character and stability the security of the treaty must depend, is a sanguinary monster, a hypocrite, a Mahommetan, &c. &c. &c. Above all, his name is attached to almost all the treaties which France has made; and all which he made he has broken. — *Dundas, Canning, Pitt.*

Bonaparte!! Suwarrow!! We must not be too minute in examining the personal characters of men, lest our allies and their generals should come off still worse than our enemies. The expedition to Egypt, and the designs on India, originated in the old monarchy; and Mr. Whitbread confuted the broad assertion, that Bonaparte had never observed any treaty which he made: it has never been pretended that the preliminaries of Leoben were broken, or in the smallest degree infringed; the punishment of the Cisalpine republic was the act of the executive Directory; the armistice was not broken; and as to the treaty of Campo Formio, that could not be broken by Bonaparte; for at the time of the breach of it, he was not

in France, nor had been from almost the time of his having made it. Besides, it is false, that the observation of any treaty which Bonaparte may conclude as first consul depends on his stability. What treaty has been broken by any government in France, because it was entered into by its predecessors? What government has denied the legal power of its predecessors, or the bindingness of their agreements with foreign countries?—*Fox and Whitbread.*

Bonaparte himself, through his organ, Boulay de Meurthe, "tells us," that all the preceding governments were incompetent to preserve the relations of peace and amity.

Now there exist no better reasons for his competency, than for that of his predecessors. Can we have better proof of the unfitness of a negotiation?

Ministers negotiated at Lisle, because it was necessary to give the people a palpable proof of the unavoidableness of the war, in order to gain their concurrence to

Bonaparte himself, as chief consul, tells us officially that the governments of France were at all times competent. The report of Boulay de Meurthe was the report of a party-man in the struggle of party; and the French might, with equal justice, adduce against ministers an indiscreet speech in the House of Commons as an act of government.

The repeated offer of the French proves, that war *is* avoidable. We have tenfold greater reason for negotiation now than for that at Lisle. Then the French were inso-

a new mode of finance. That cause no longer exists; why then should we negotiate? *Mr. Pitt.*

Even if we should make a peace, such is the state of principles in France, that it must be a narrow and jealous peace; a peace that will admit of no liberal or confidential intercourse. A peace would be as expensive as war. Suppose at the present moment a treaty of peace was to be signed, would you wish His Majesty to disband his troops, or dismantle his fleets? Prussia has at this instant a very large army in the field, for the purpose of protecting a line of demarcation; we have also a line of demarcation to protect. The same forces we have now on foot would be equally necessary in the midst of peace. We must be equally guarded at all points, both for the protection of possessions at home and abroad. We must be prepared lent with victory; now, neither party have much to boast of. And surely, the people will require as strong reasons for the continuance, as they were justified in requiring for the commencement, of this new mode of finance.—*Mr. Fox.*

A peace would not be as expensive as war. We should be burthened with no subsidies, no Chouannerie, no continental expeditions.—Prussia has a very large army in the field; yet Prussia finds peace far less expensive than war! Besides, is there no other argument against war, but that of expense? Are the crimes, massacres, and miseries of mankind nothing?

with troops for the defence of our colonial possessions, and we must keep our fleets in pay for the same purposes.—*Dundas and Pitt.*

We have strong hopes, that in the next campaign we may complete the successes of the last. Let gentlemen consider what was the situation of Europe, and of Italy in particular, previous to the last campaign. — *Dundas and Canning.*

Let gentlemen consider what was the situation of Europe, &c. previous to the last campaign. What has been may be again. The reverses of the French were owing, in great measure, to the misconduct and ignorance of the Directory. Military misconduct and ignorance will scarcely be attributed to Bonaparte. But jealousies and inherent differences of final end are attributable to us and our allies; and the evil consequences which have accrued from them may accrue again. It is shocking to build the rejection of proposals for peace on a presumptuous confidence in victory. —*Whitbread and Erskine.*

We have now great hopes of restoring monarchy, in consequence of the successes of our allies, and the assistance we shall be enabled to lend the Chouans. The argument adduced by Mr. Erskine against the possibility of a

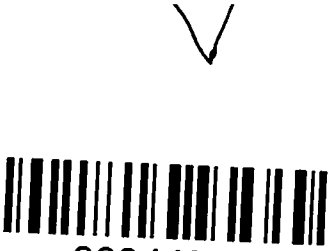
The successes of the allies and Chouannerie have hitherto produced, and given energy to Jacobinism. France has appeared favourable to moderate principles at home exactly in proportion as she has been secure or victorious

counter-revolution, from the great transfers of property which it would occasion, is ungrounded; for how can that prevent a counter-revolution, which did not prevent the revolution?—*Pitt.*

abroad. Mr. Erskine's argument is irrefragable. Property is now more divided than it was before the revolution: and if the transfers of property which followed in consequence of the revolution had been foreseen or feared, the revolution itself *could not* have taken place. Now they are foreseen, and a counter-revolution is, in consequence, in the highest degree improbable.—*Fox.*

The experiment is worth making. If we are beaten and frustrated, then we can make peace with Bonaparte. —*Pitt.*

It is not clear that the substitution of Louis XVIII. for Bonaparte is an experiment worth making. Let us remember too, that though *one* can make war, there must be *two* to make peace. If we should be beaten and frustrated, we shall wish very naturally to make peace with Bonaparte; but is it quite so natural that Bonaparte will wish to make peace with us? What is this declaration of ministers less than this—we will have no peace without monarchy in France, except in consequence of our defeats —that is—we will have no peace with the republic, but a disgraceful peace!—*Fox.*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